

No. 22
DEC.
JAN.

Featuring **NERO FOX**
THE JIVE-JUMPING EMPEROR OF ANCIENT ROME



Leading COMICS



WHY SHOULD
I BOTHER DIETING
WHEN I HAVE
A MIRROR
LIKE **THIS** ?!?



Brownie Reflex previews your pictures!



You see them actual size in the "magic mirror"

You can be sure of getting what you want. This fine, low-cost Brownie Reflex shows your picture sharp and clear—in actual size—before you press the button! Anyone can get good pictures with it, easily enlarged.

The Brownie Reflex is a smart, streamlined camera. You'll want it the minute you see it at your dealer's. Ask him to show it to you.

Always use Kodak Verichrome Film. You press the button—it does the rest! Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester 4, N. Y.

Braided neck cord comes with Brownie Reflex.

Matched lenses—the top one shows you your picture; the lower makes it. No focusing.

Brownie Reflex comes with or without the Flashholder (extra) for making Photoflashes, night or day, indoors or out.



Snap or time exposures at the flick of a lever.

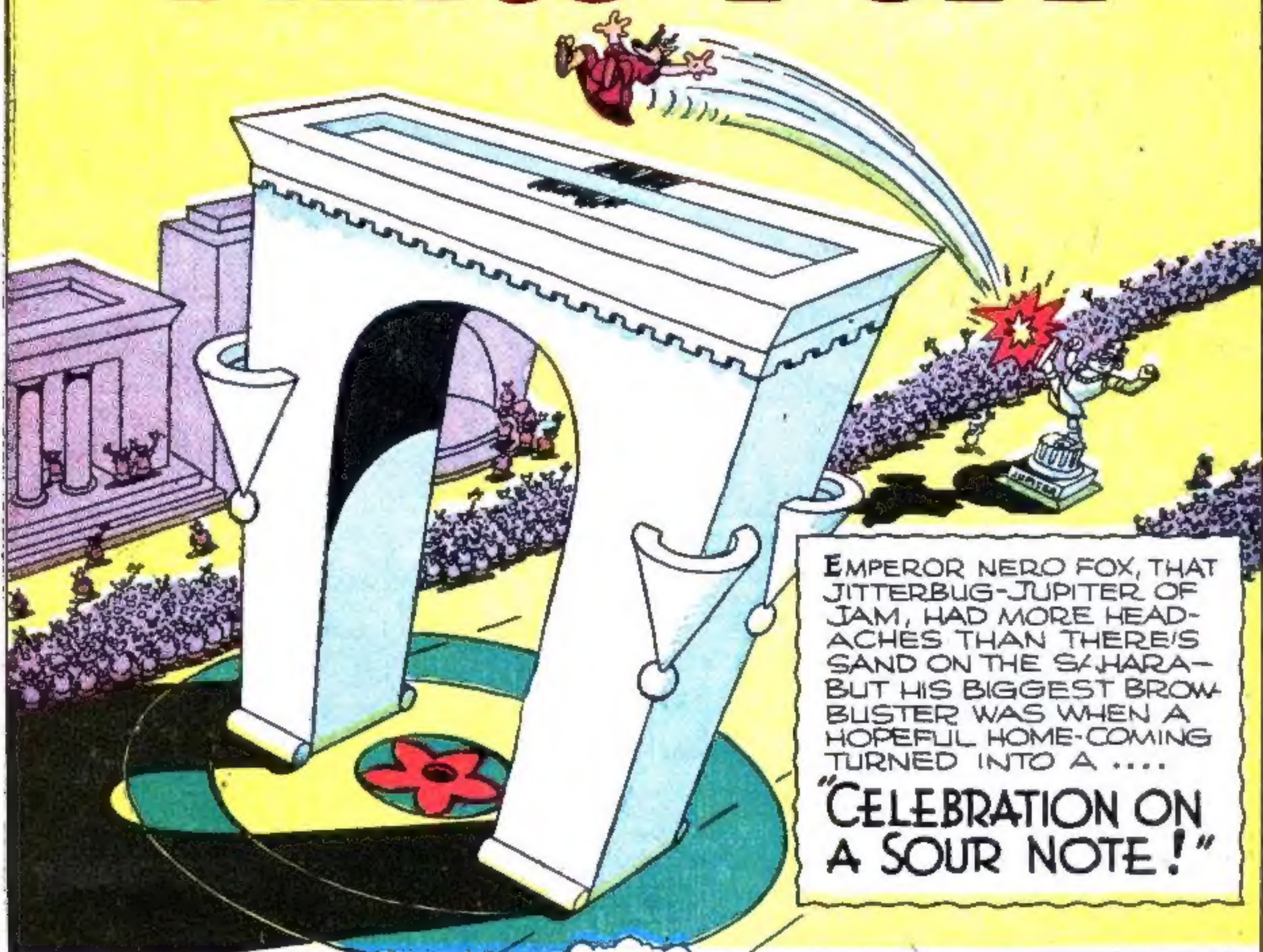
Press this plunger—and the picture is yours.



America's favorite snapshots are made on Kodak Verichrome Film—in the familiar yellow box.

Kodak

NERO FOX



EMPEROR NERO FOX, THAT JITTERBUG-JUPITER OF JAM, HAD MORE HEAD-ACHES THAN THERE'S SAND ON THE SAHARA—BUT HIS BIGGEST BROW-BUSTER WAS WHEN A HOPEFUL HOME-COMING TURNED INTO A
"CELEBRATION ON A SOUR NOTE!"

RETURNING FROM THE WARS, JIVE-NUTTY EMPEROR NERO FOX DEBARKS FOR HIS TRIUMPHAL MARCH THROUGH ROME...

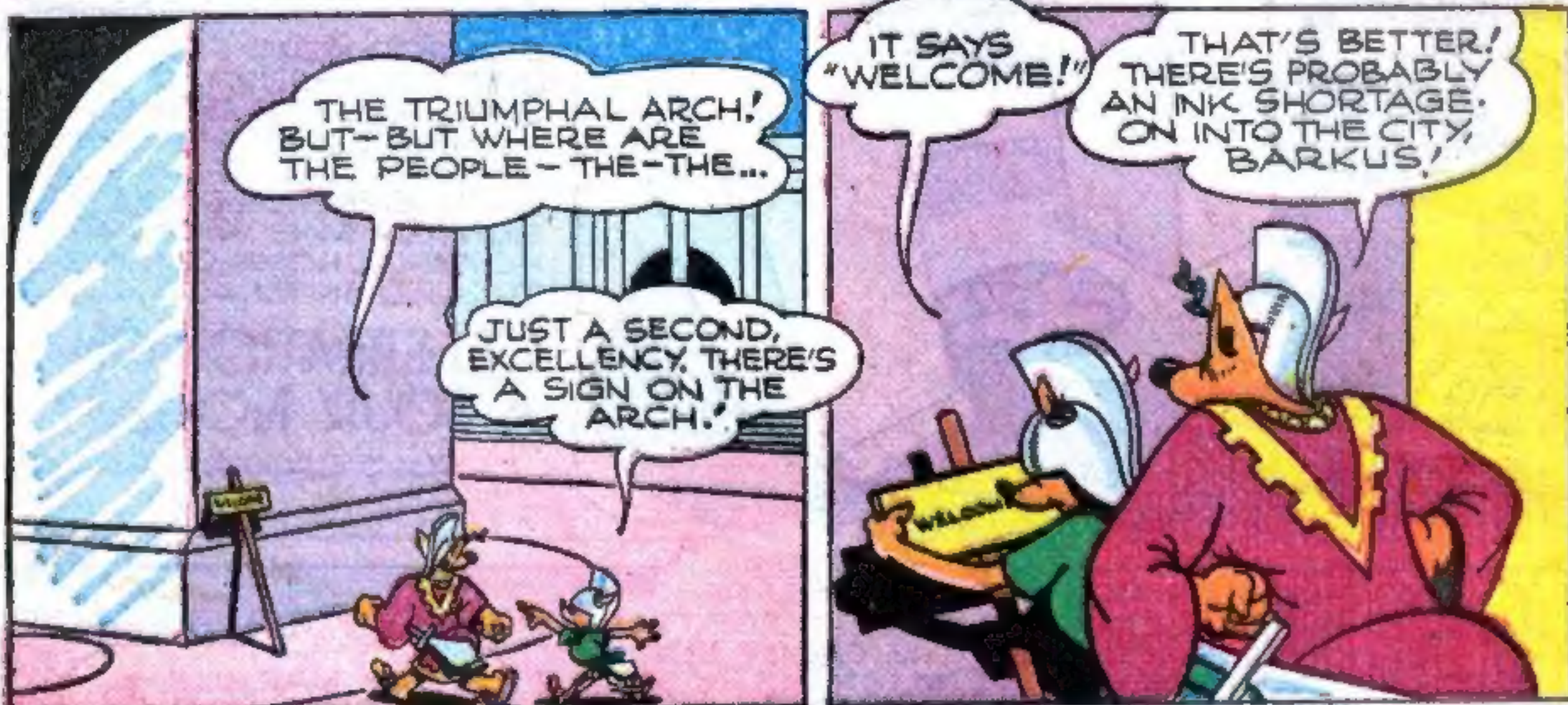
YOU MEN COME LATER. I WILL GO FIRST, TO TELL THE JOYOUS THROGS HOW NOBLY YOU FOUGHT! FOLLOW ME, BARKUS!

THE BIG WIND-BAG, HE WANTS TO GET ALL THE GLORY FOR HIMSELF!



I SAY BARKUS—HOW DO I LOOK?





PRESENTLY, HOME ONCE MORE IN HIS COSY TWO-HUNDRED ROOM PALACE...

AH WELL—THOUGH MY RECEPTION WAS NOT QUITE WHAT IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN, I CAN CHEER MYSELF AND WIN BACK THE PEOPLE WITH A LITTLE BOOGIEY WOOGIEY ON THE GOBBLE PIPE!

HEY! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF... OH! IT'S YOU, MIGHTY MUSE OF SWING!

SKRAWWK
SGALOOMPH
SCOOOEEEX

YES, RODENTIUS SQUEEKIO, IT IS I!

YOU SEE, EMPEROR, THE HOUSING SITUATION BEING WHAT IT IS, ME AND THE WIFE AND KIDS JUST—WELL, MOVED IN!

LOOK, LET ME OFF! I'LL DO YOU A BIG FAVOR, OR SOMETHING!

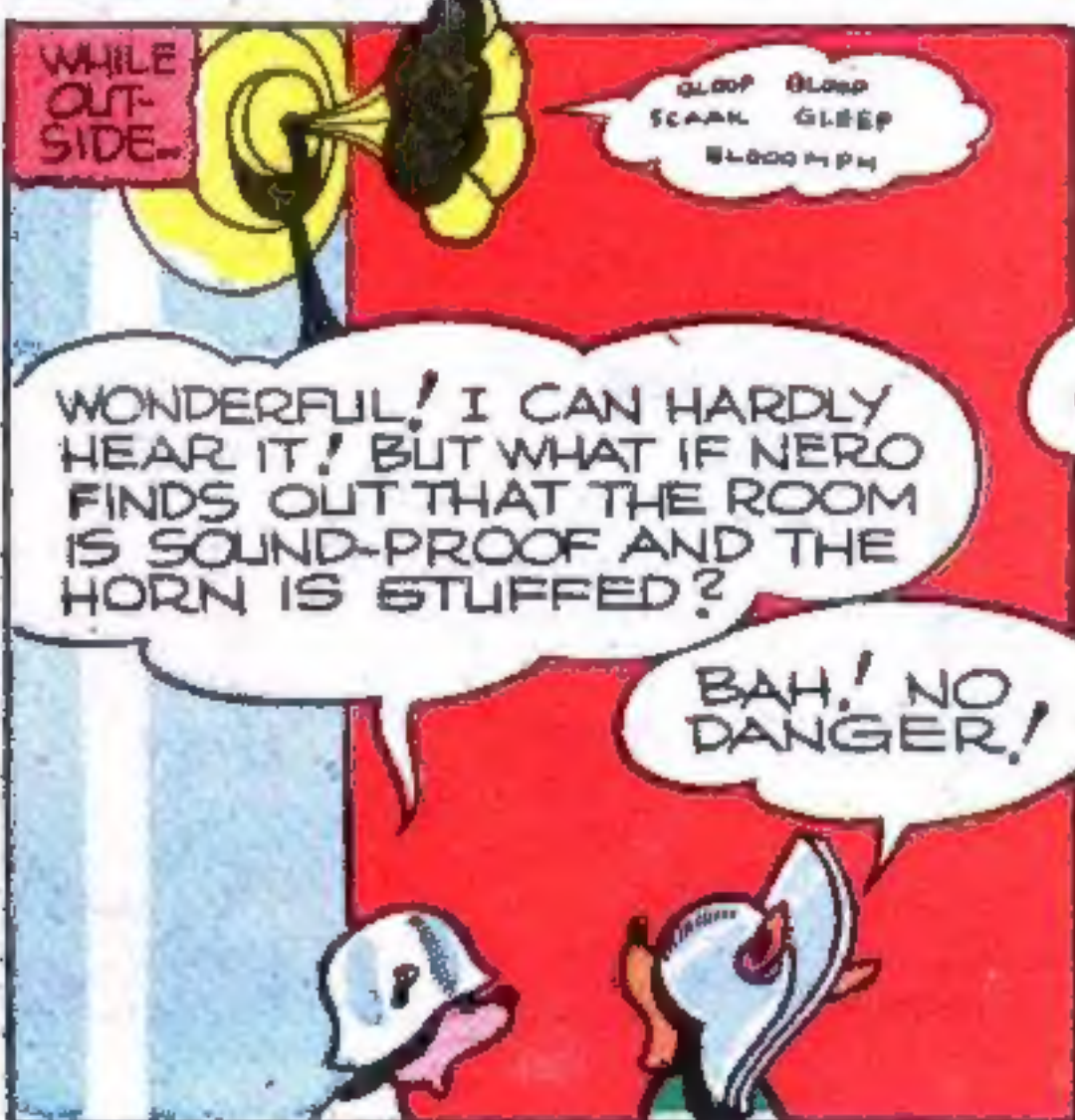
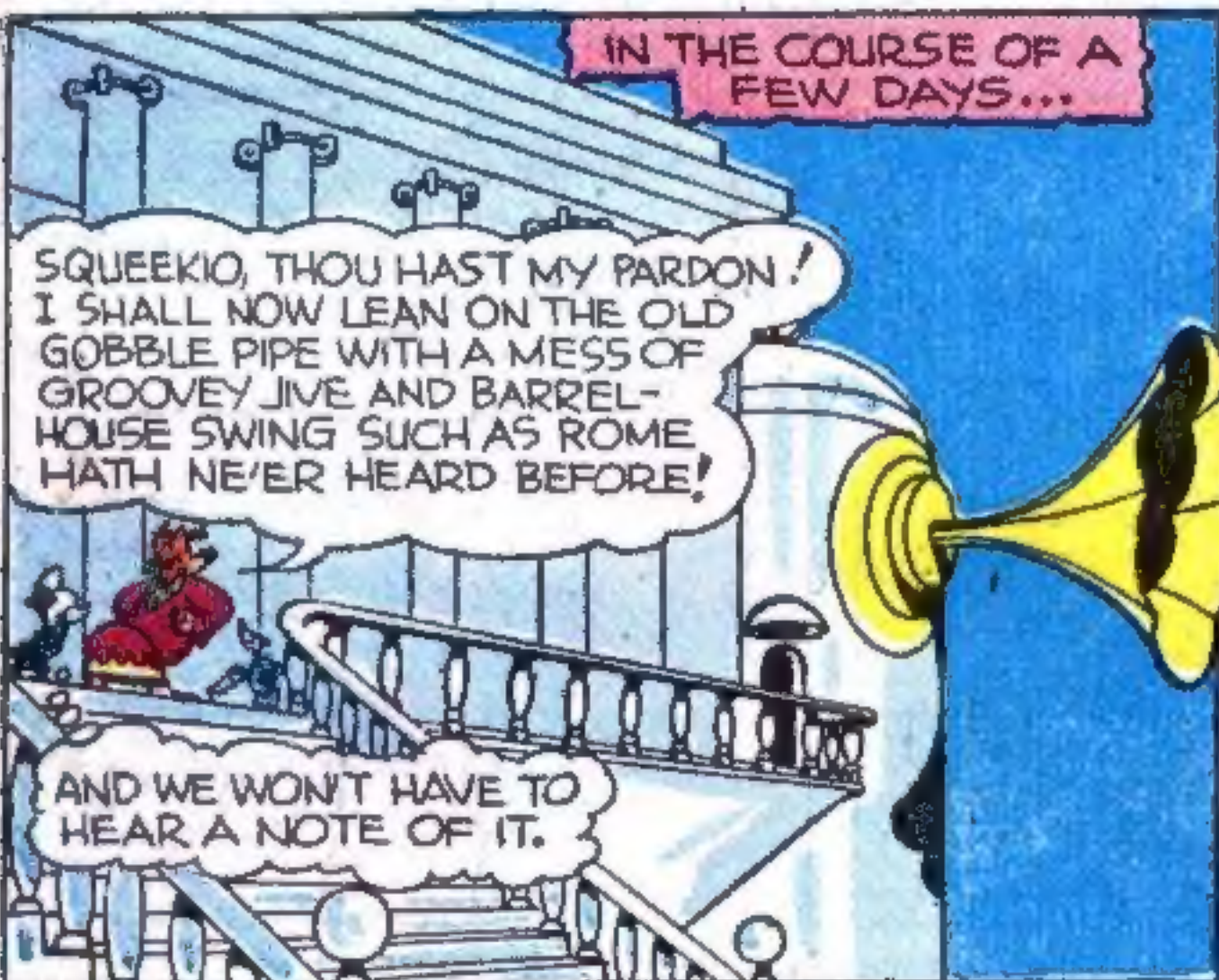
HMMM....! ALL RIGHT! YOUR FAMILY CAN GO, BUT YOU STAY IN PRISON UNTIL YOU THINK UP THAT BIG FAVOR!

BARKUS, GUARD HIM WELL. HE HAS THREE HOURS TO THINK OF A FAVOR THAT PLEASES ME!—OR HE'S THROWN TO THE LIONS!

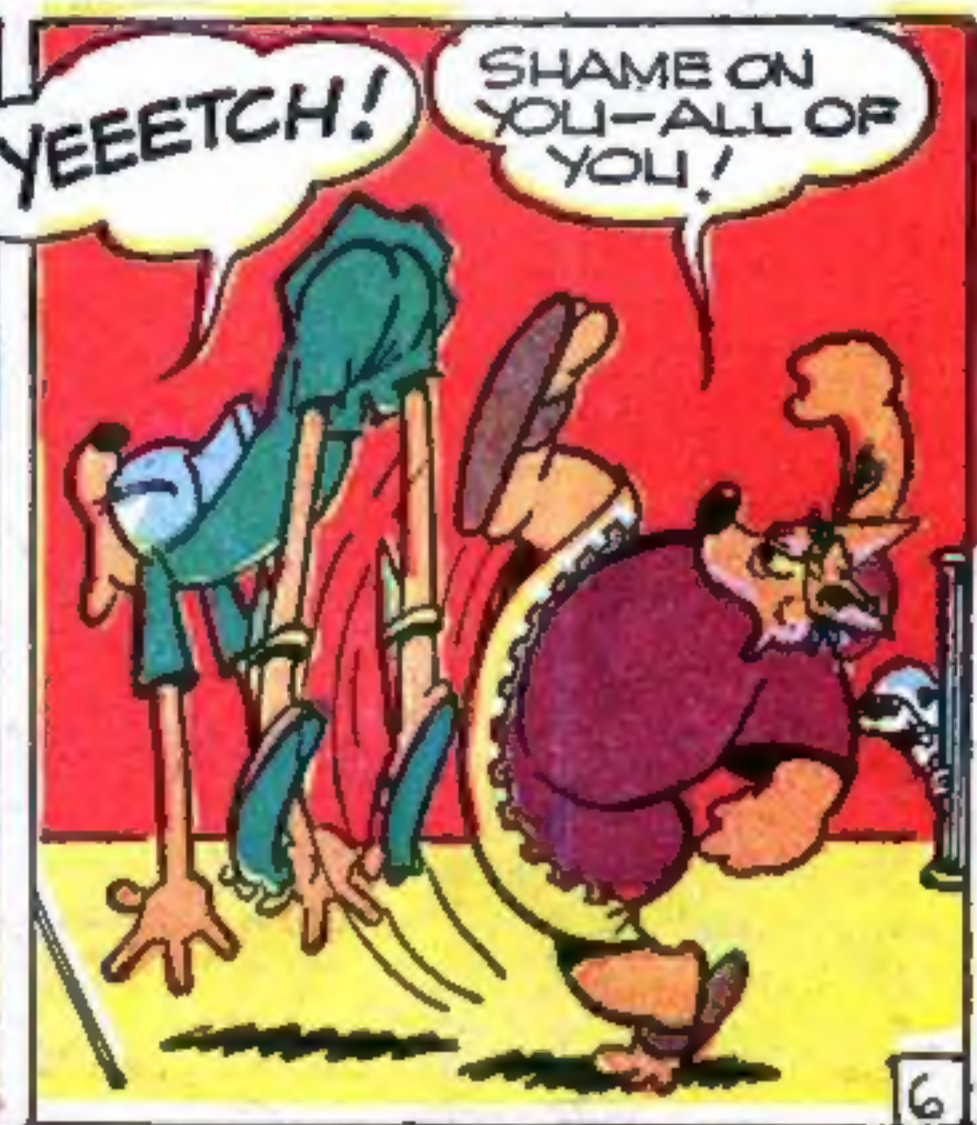
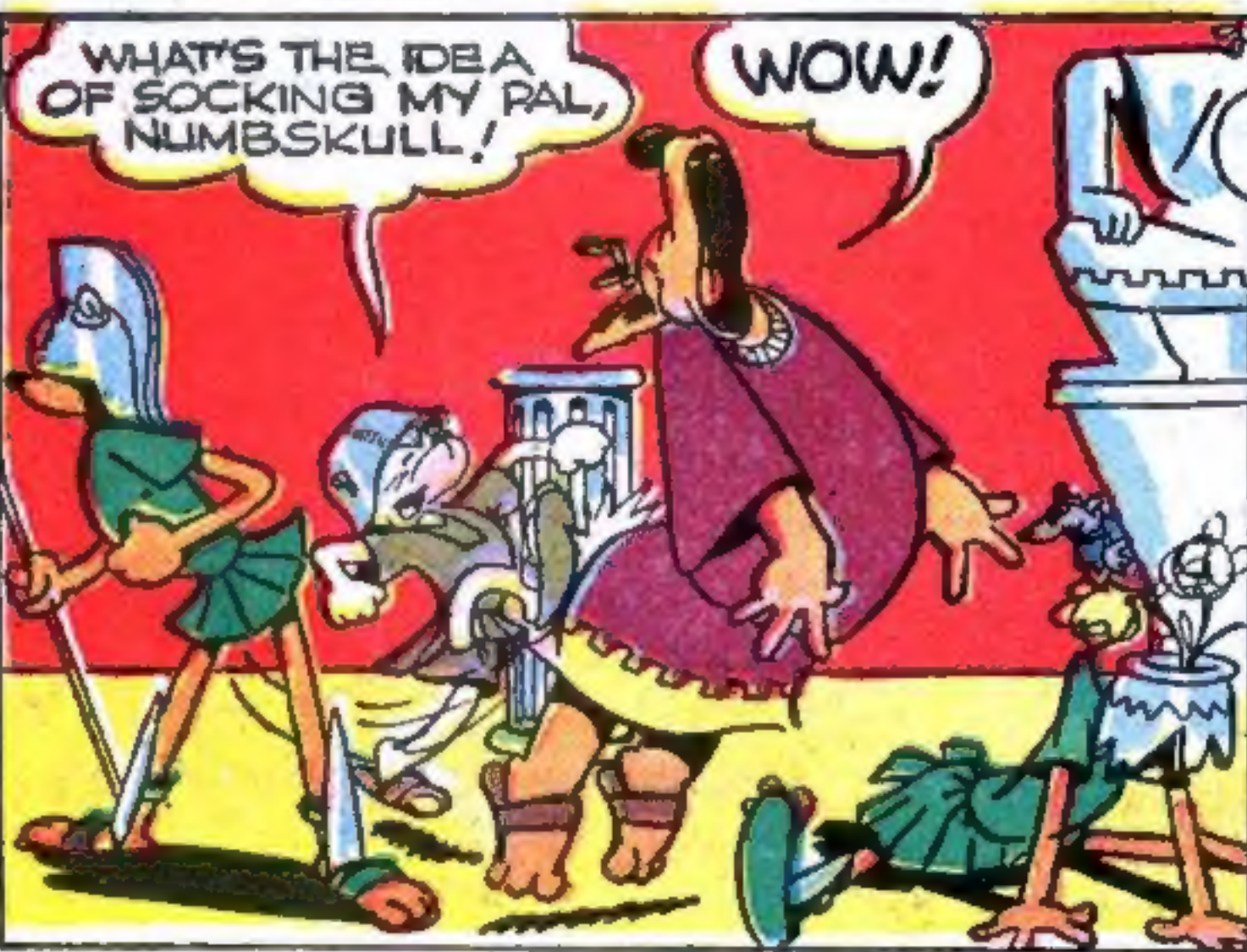
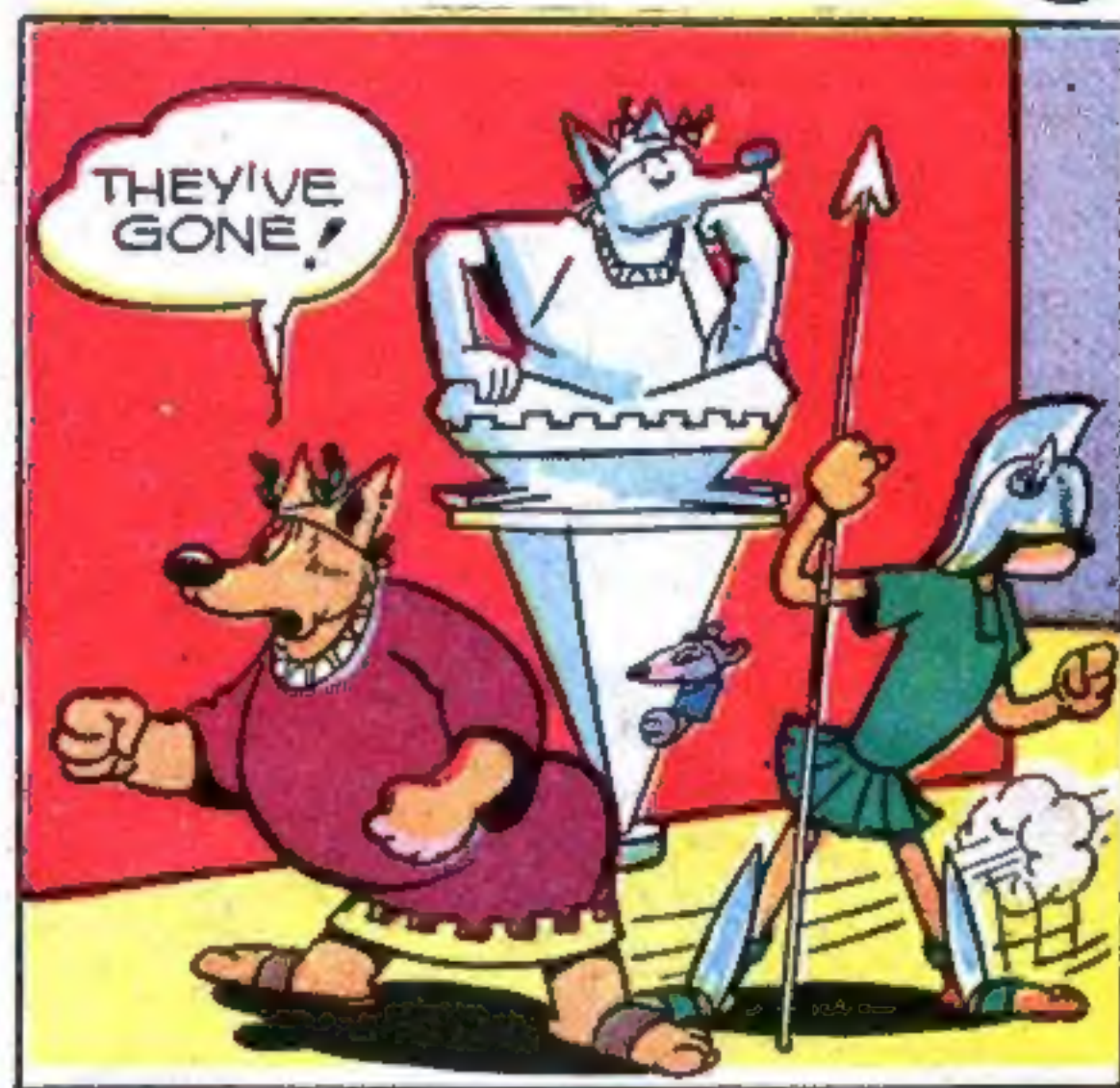
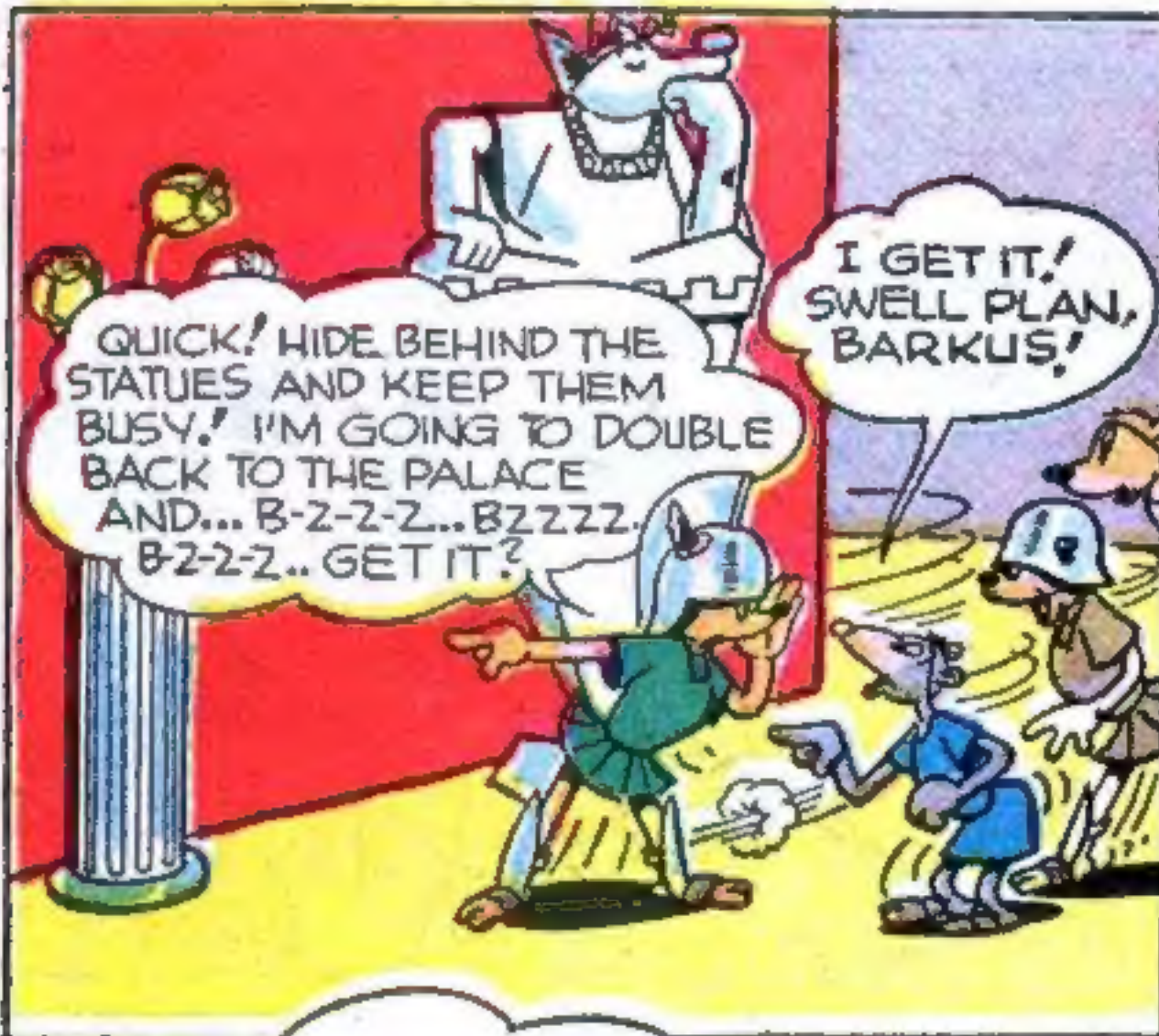
YES, YOUR EXCELLENCY!

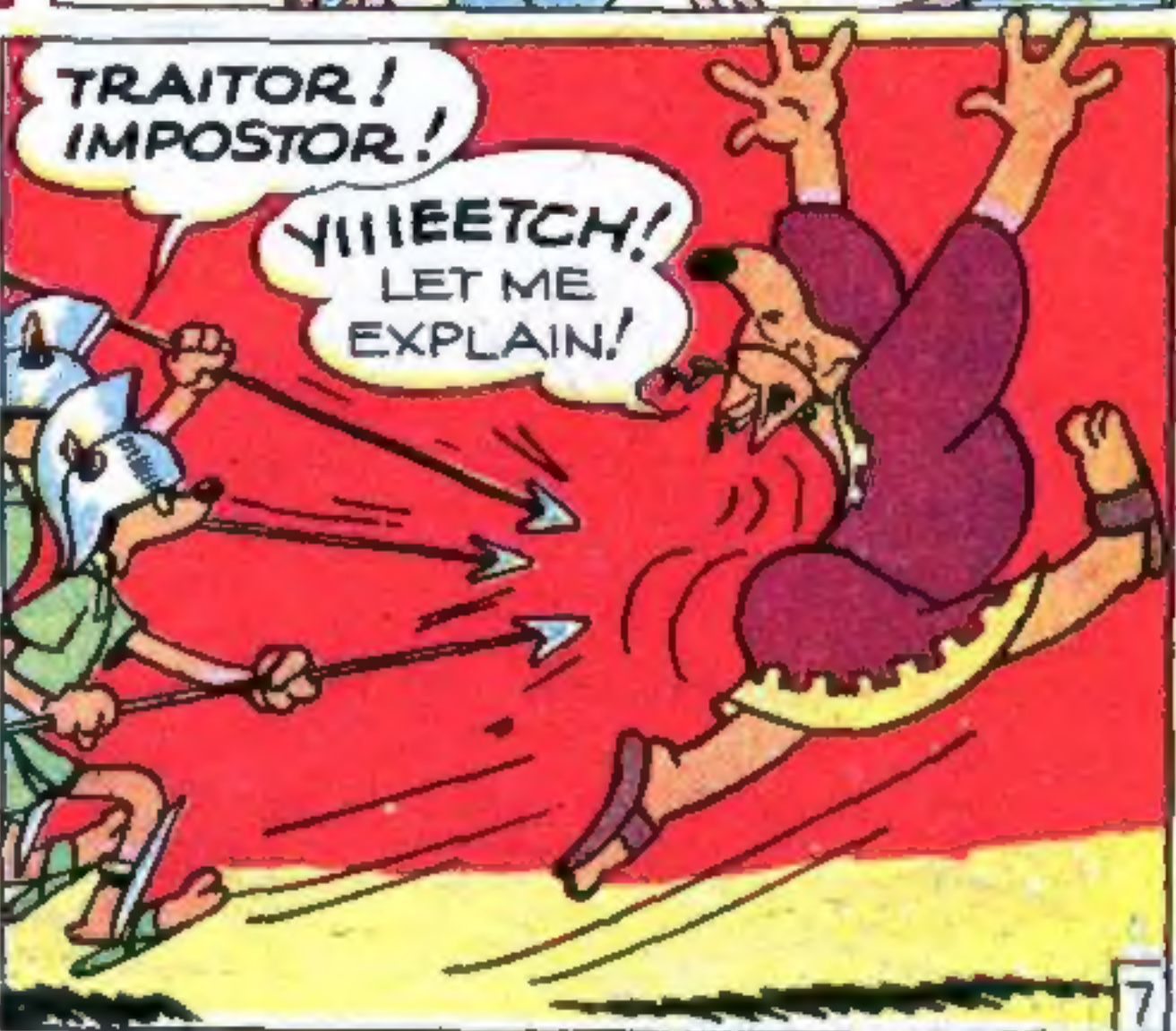
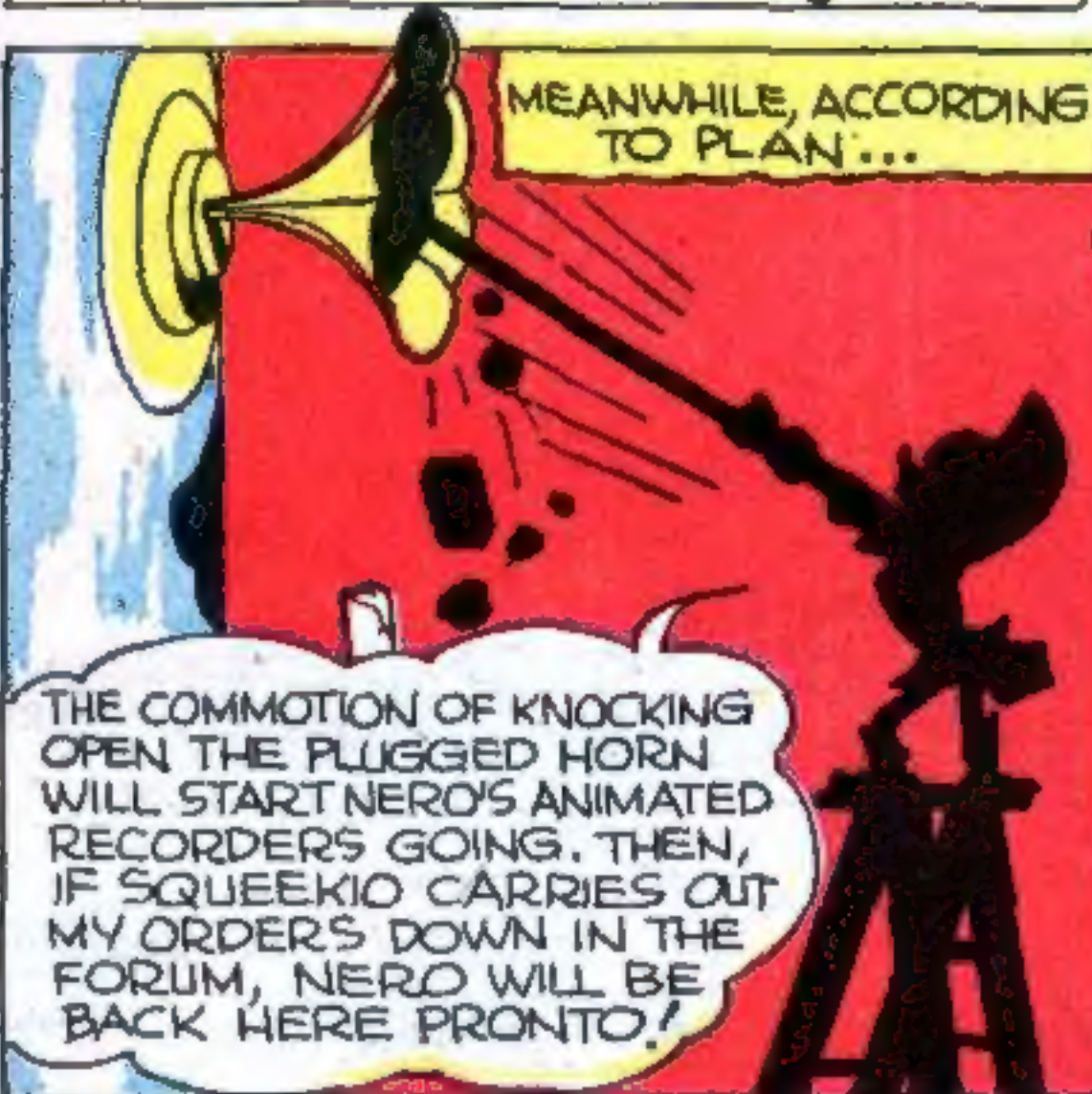
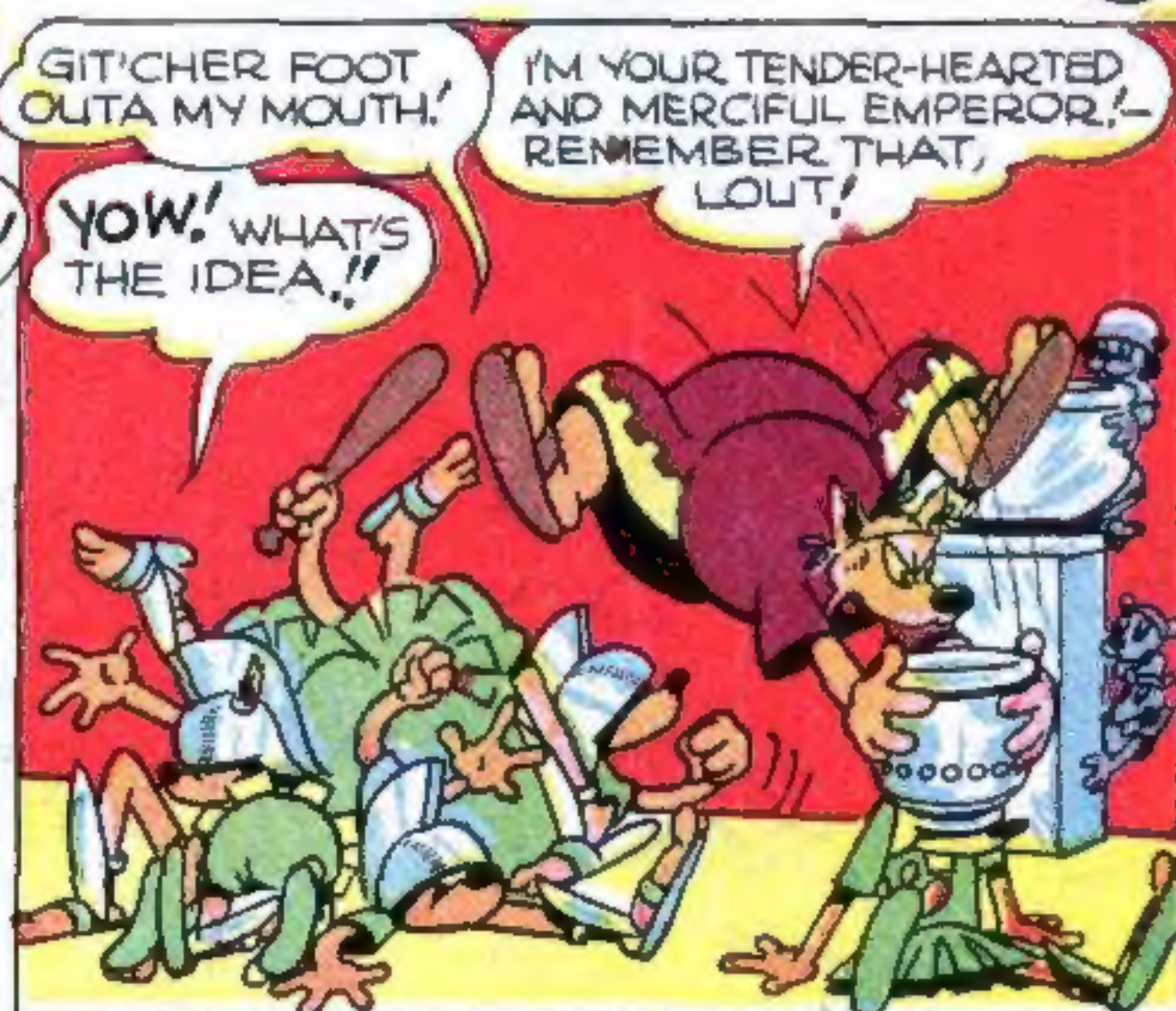
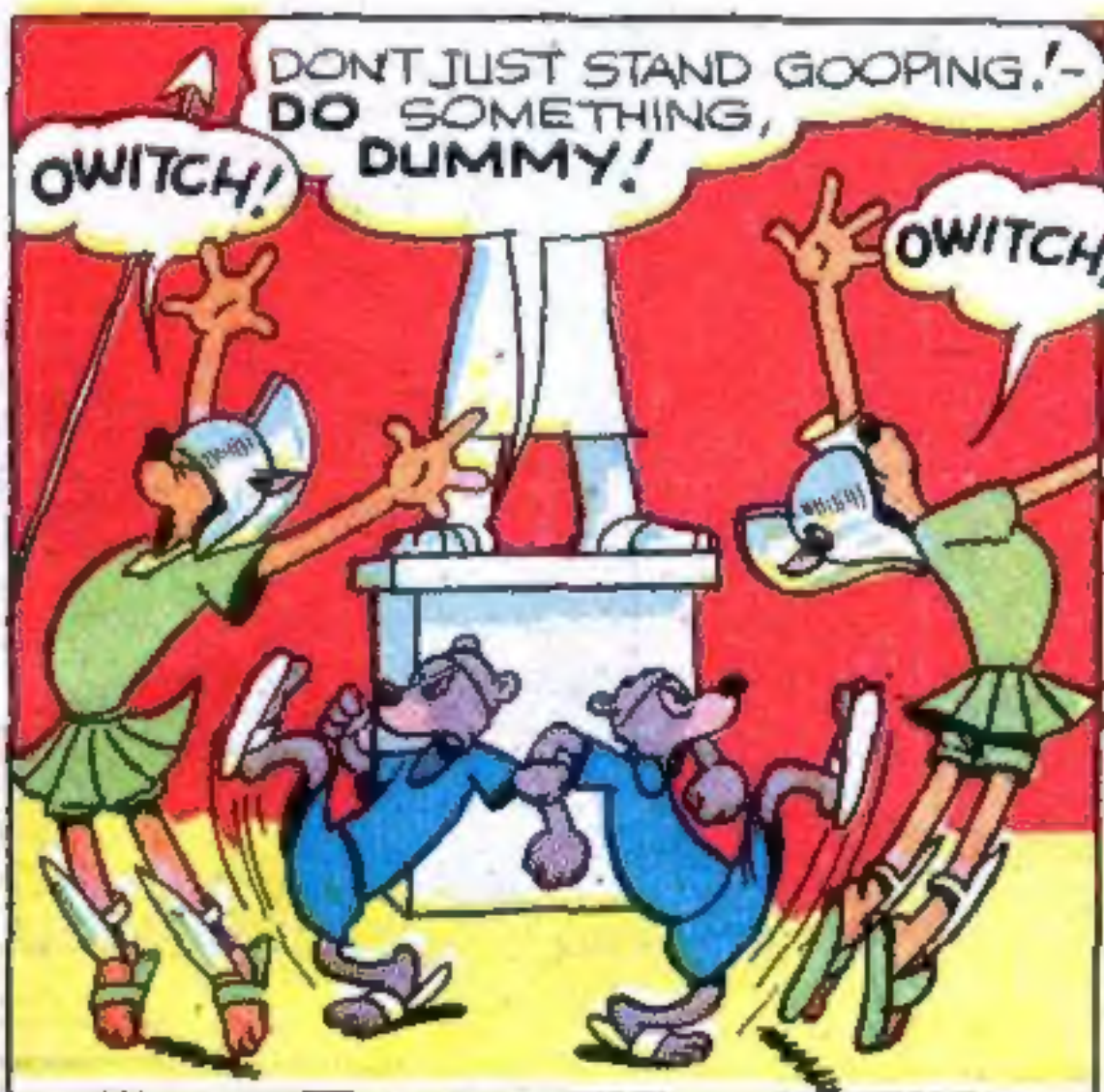
AH, POOR ME!—AH, MY POOR WIFE!—AH, MY POOR CHILDREN! AH....

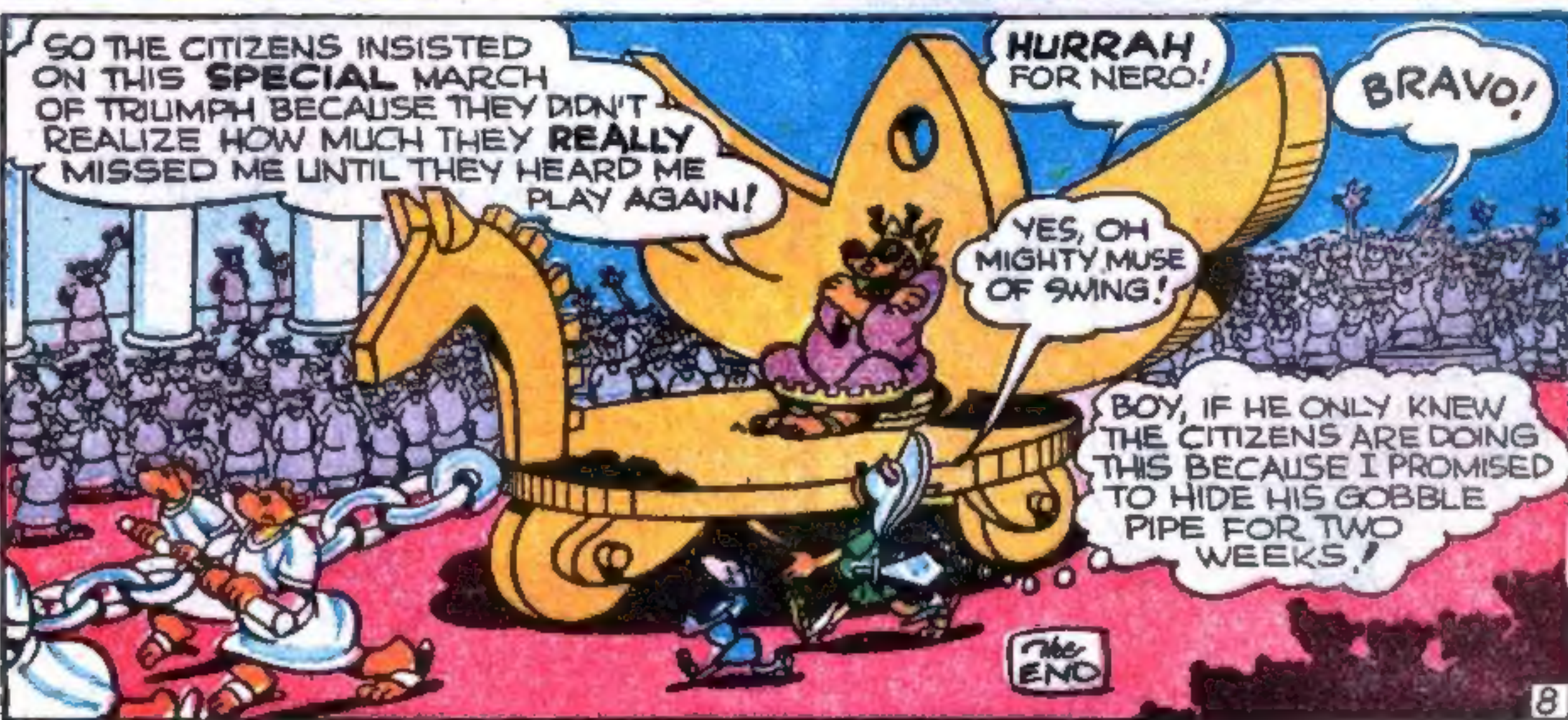
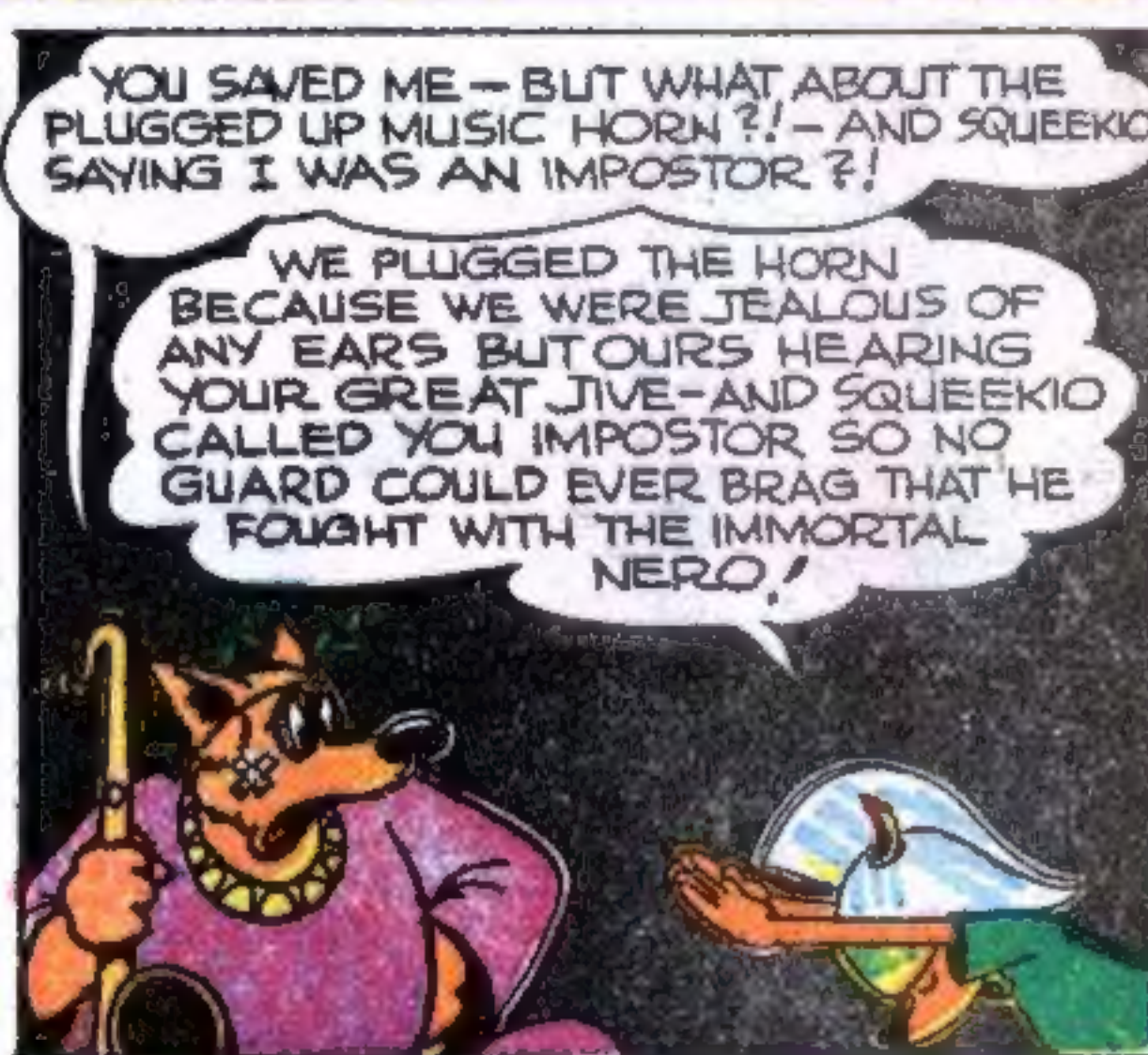
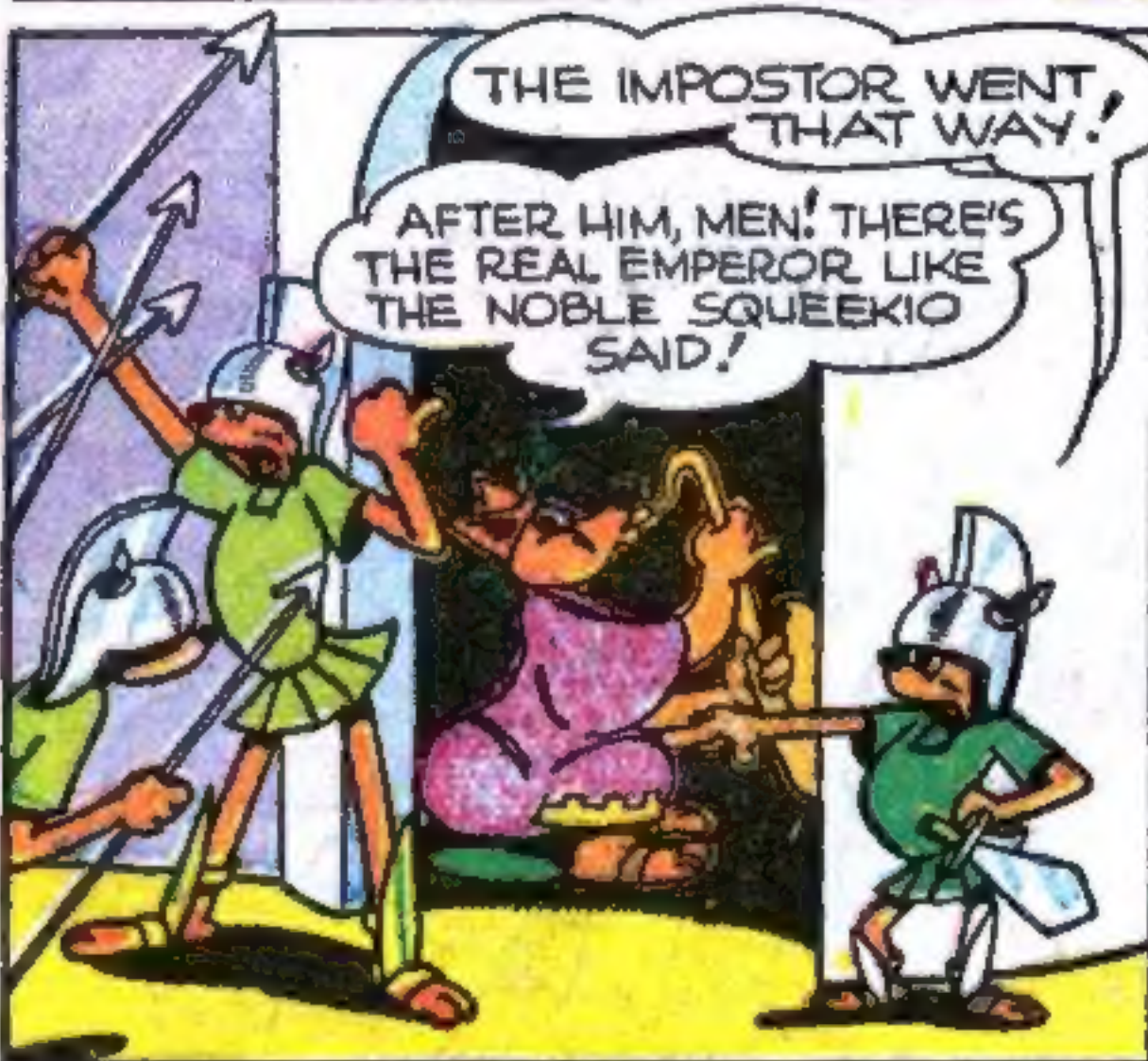
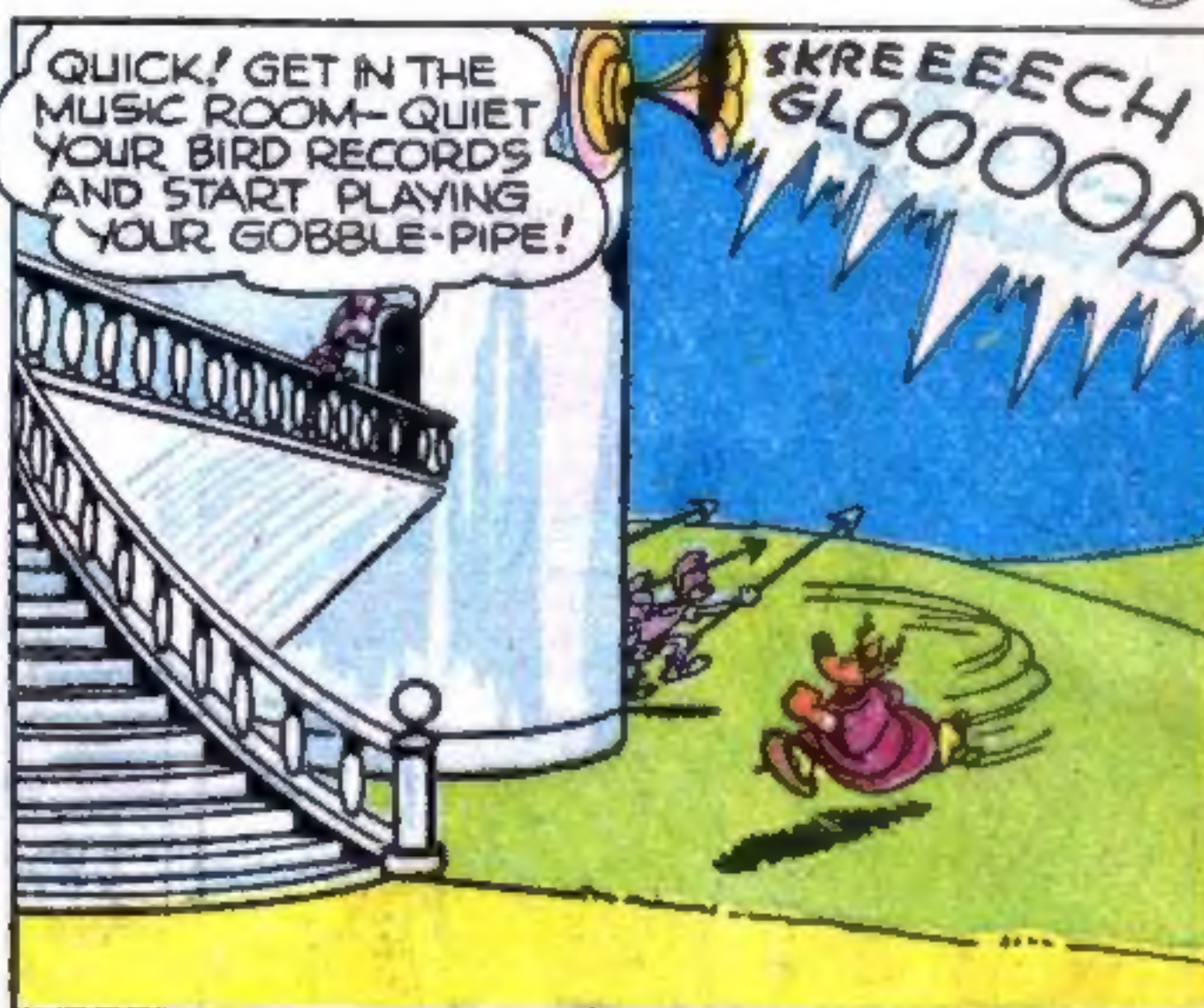
AH, QUIET!! I WANT TO THINK!







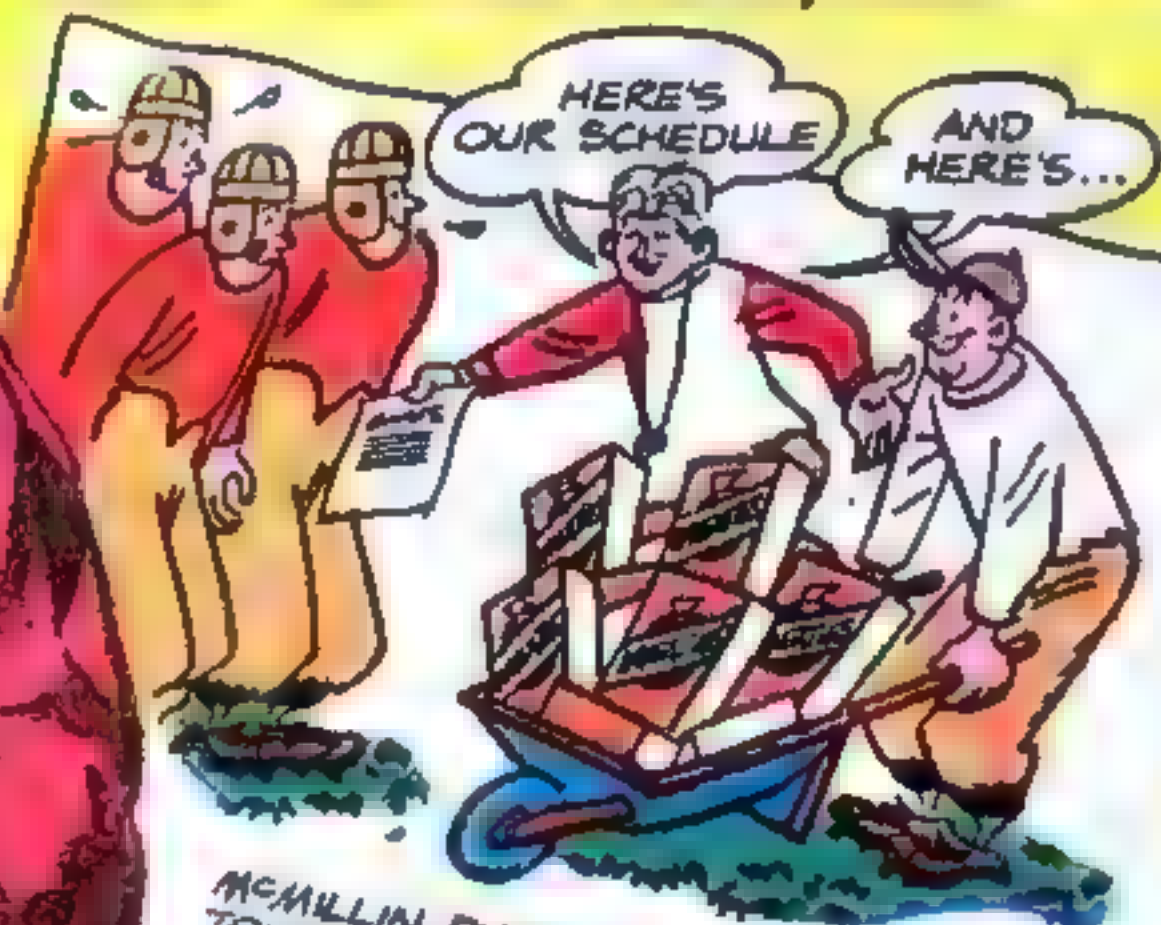




THE END

BO McMILLIN

COACH OF THE YEAR, 1945



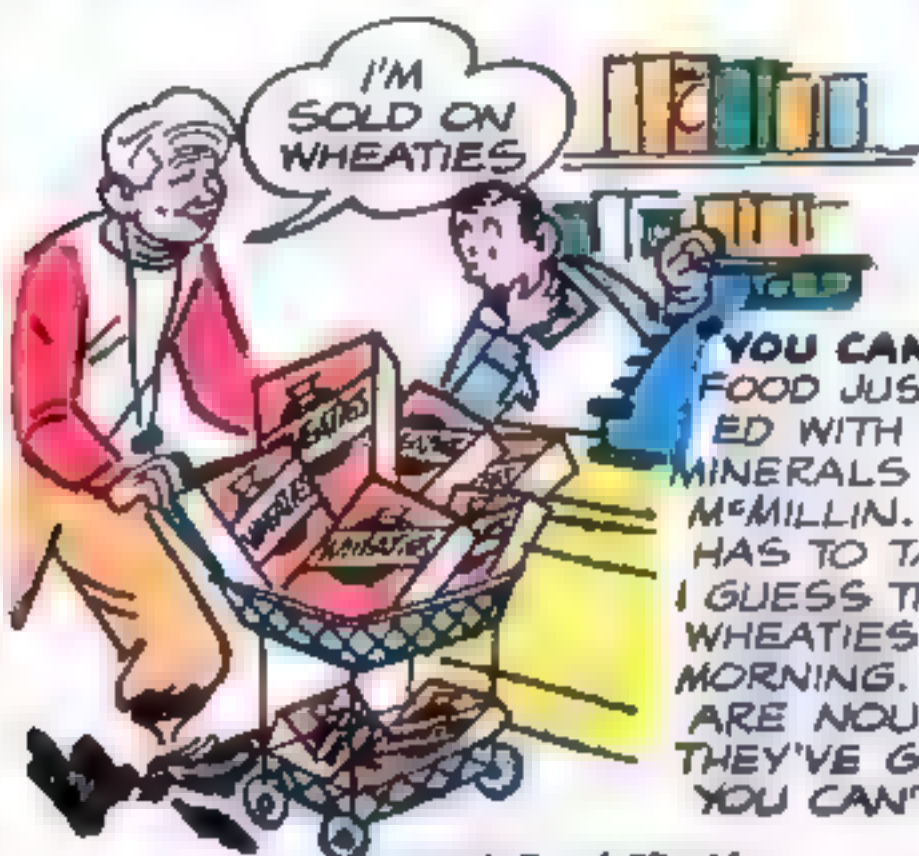
McMILLIN PICKED ONE OF INDIANA'S TOUGHEST SCHEDULES FOR THEIR FIRST UNBEATEN SEASON. THEY FACED SUCH GRIDIRON GREATS AS MICHIGAN, NORTHWESTERN, ILLINOIS, NEBRASKA, IOWA, TULSA, MINNESOTA, PITTSBURGH, AND PURDUE. **TOTAL SCORES: INDIANA 279, OPPONENTS 56**

INDIANA 41
VISITORS 0



ANY COACH WHO COMES UP AGAINST BERNIE BIERMAN'S MINNESOTA TEAMS HAS PLENTY OF SMART FOOTBALL THROWN AT HIM," SAYS BO McMILLIN. SO IT'S ONLY NATURAL THAT WHEATIES LIBRARY OF SPORTS BOOK ON FOOTBALL--WRITTEN BY BERNIE BIERMAN--IS A GOOD ONE. **USE ORDER ON YOUR WHEATIES PACKAGE TO GET YOUR COPY OF "WANT TO BE A FOOTBALL CHAMPION?"**

BO'S 1945 TEAM WON INDIANA'S FIRST CHAMPIONSHIP IN 45 YEARS OF BIG TEN COMPETITION. CHAMPS BOTH ON OFFENSE AND DEFENSE, THE HOOSIERS AVERAGED 25.5 POINTS IN 6 CONFERENCE GAMES--ALLOWED OPPONENTS ONLY 5.6 POINTS PER GAME

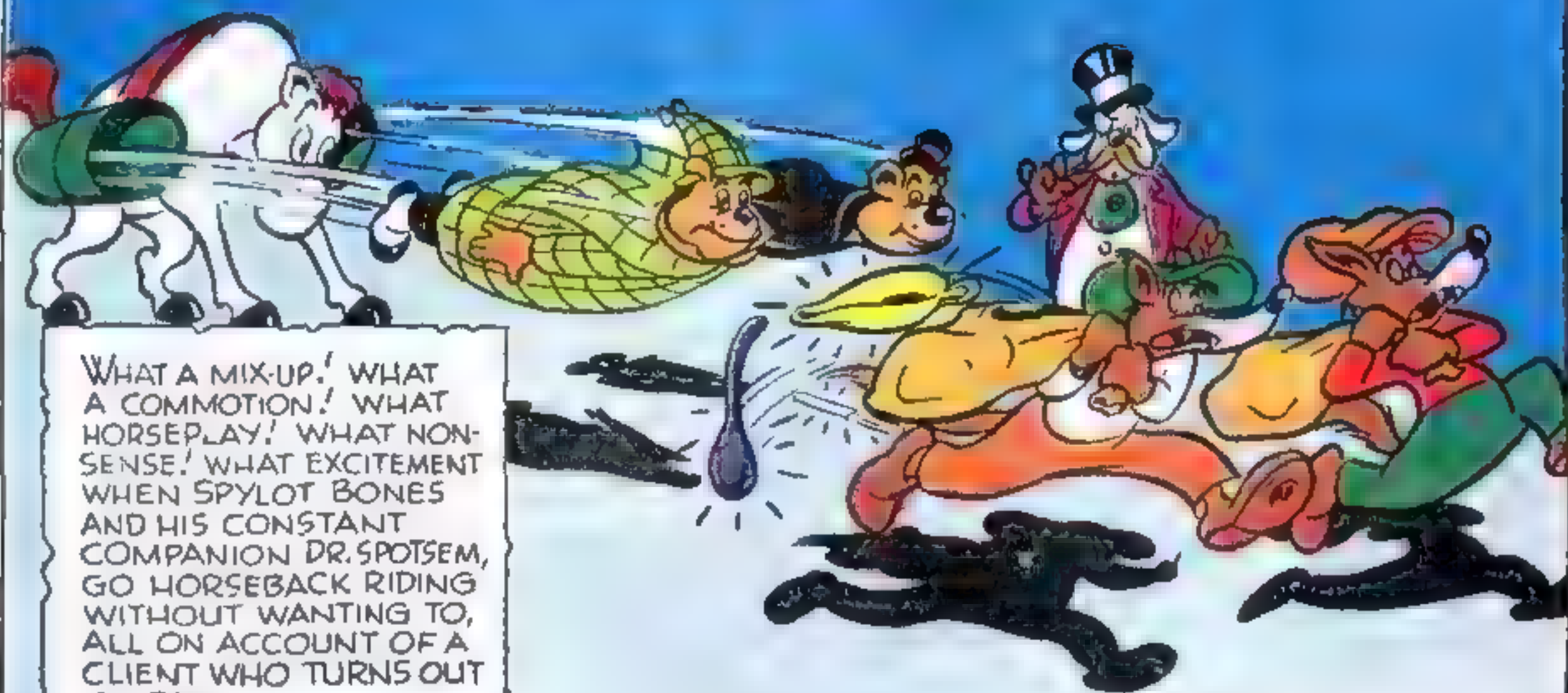


"YOU CAN'T SELL ME ON ANY FOOD JUST BECAUSE IT'S PACKED WITH VITAMINS AND MINERALS AND SUCH," SAYS BO McMILLIN. "THE FOOD I EAT HAS TO TASTE GOOD, TOO. I GUESS THAT'S WHY I CHOOSE WHEATIES NEARLY EVERY MORNING. I KNOW WHEATIES ARE NOURISHING--AND THEY'VE GOT A FLAVOR YOU CAN'T MATCH.



"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

SPYLOT BONES



WHAT A MIX-UP! WHAT A COMMOTION! WHAT HORSEPLAY! WHAT NON-SENSE! WHAT EXCITEMENT WHEN SPYLOT BONES AND HIS CONSTANT COMPANION DR. SPOTSEM, GO HORSEBACK RIDING WITHOUT WANTING TO, ALL ON ACCOUNT OF A CLIENT WHO TURNS OUT TO BE...

"The DIRE DECEIVER!"

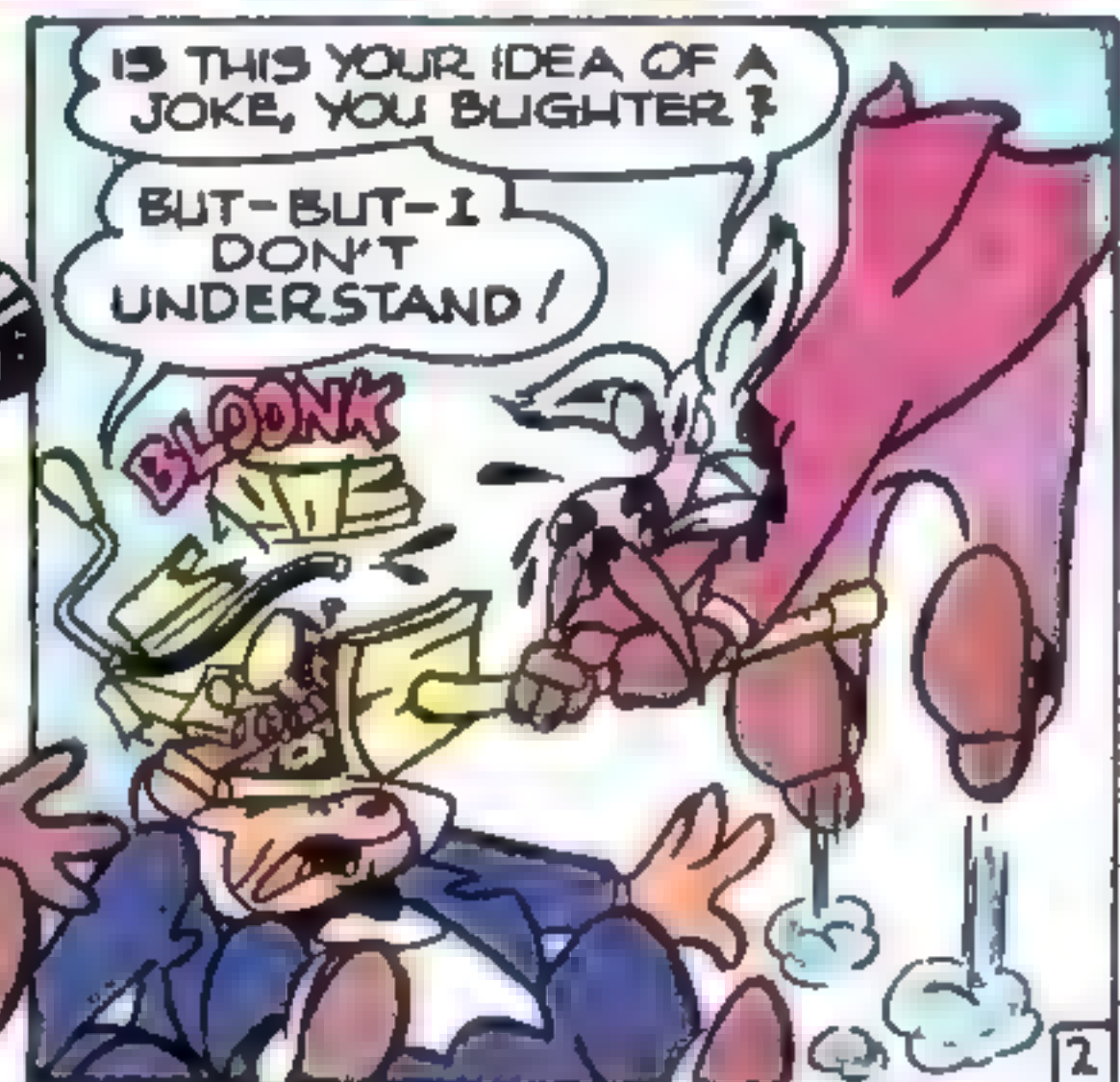
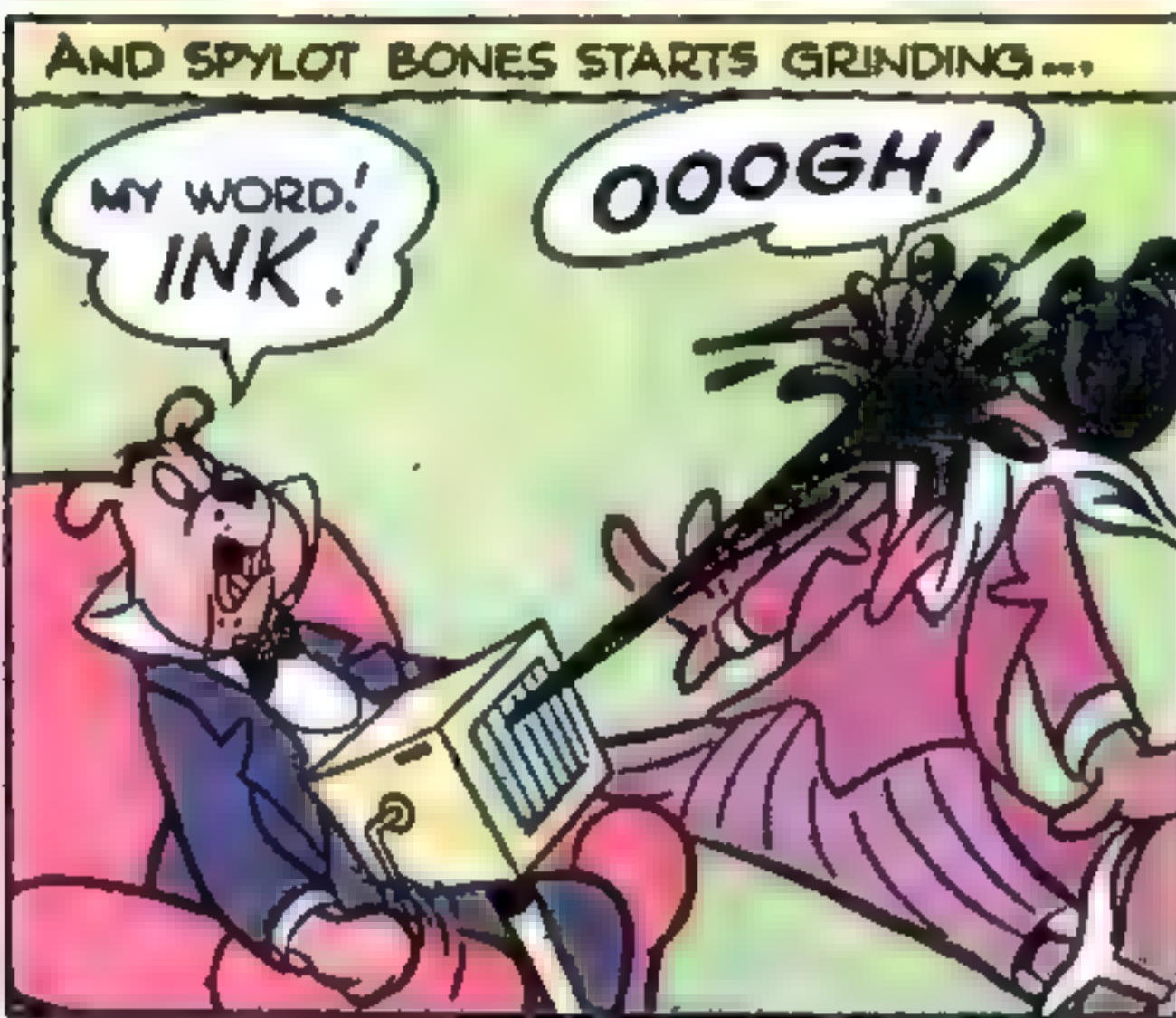
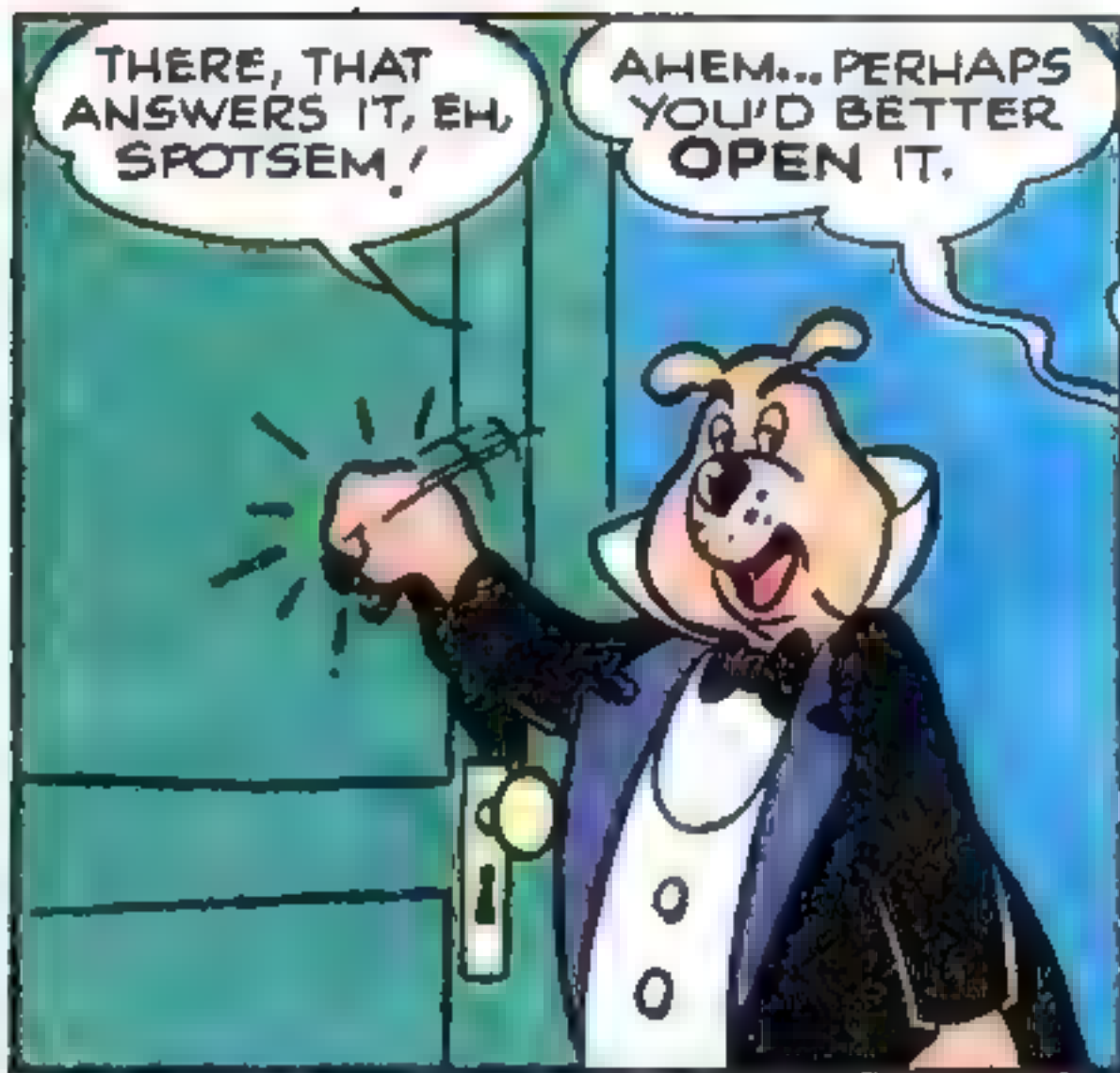
BONES, OLD CHAP!-IT LOOKS AS IF SOME-ONE'S BEEN HERE WHILE WE WERE GONE!

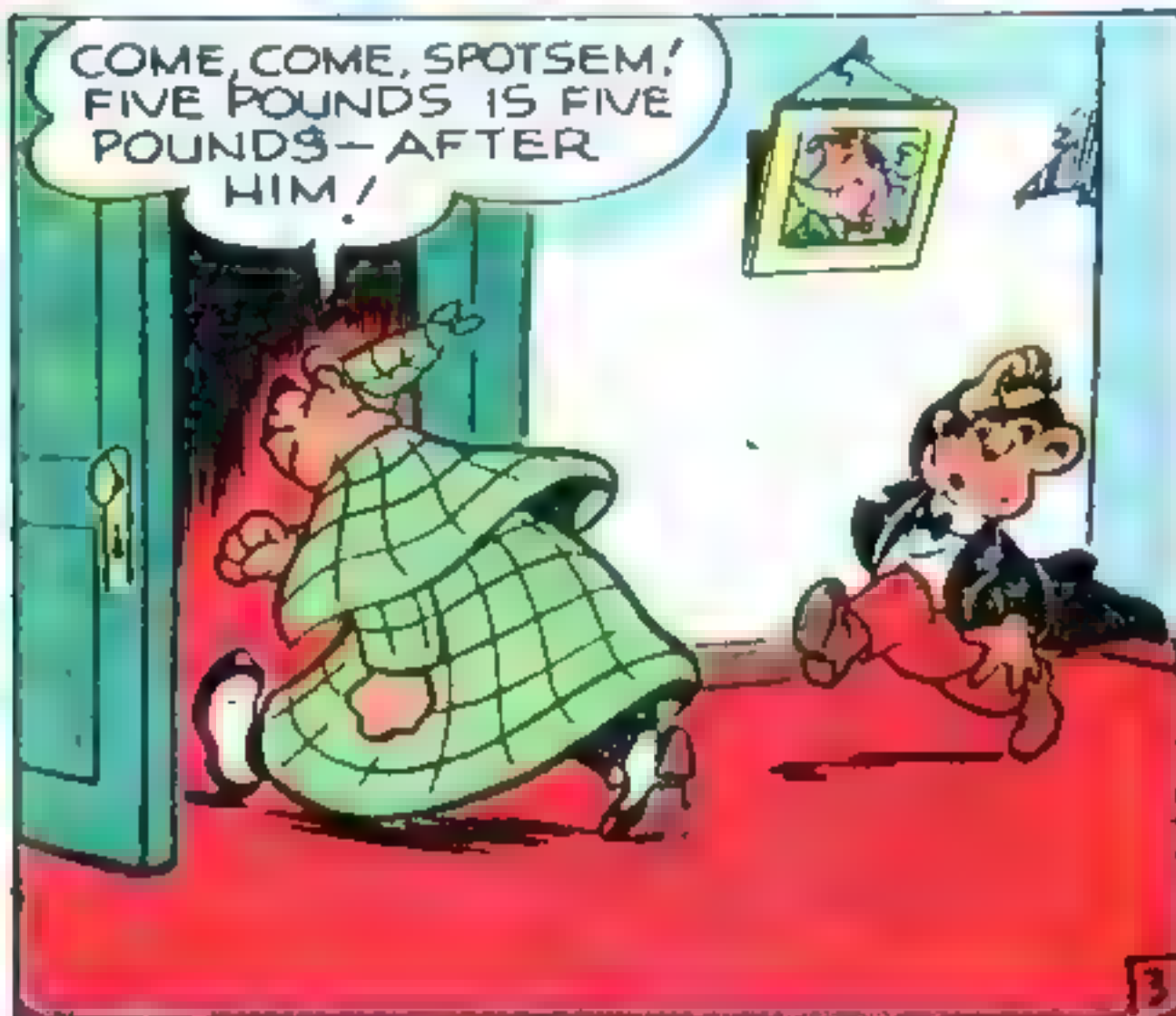
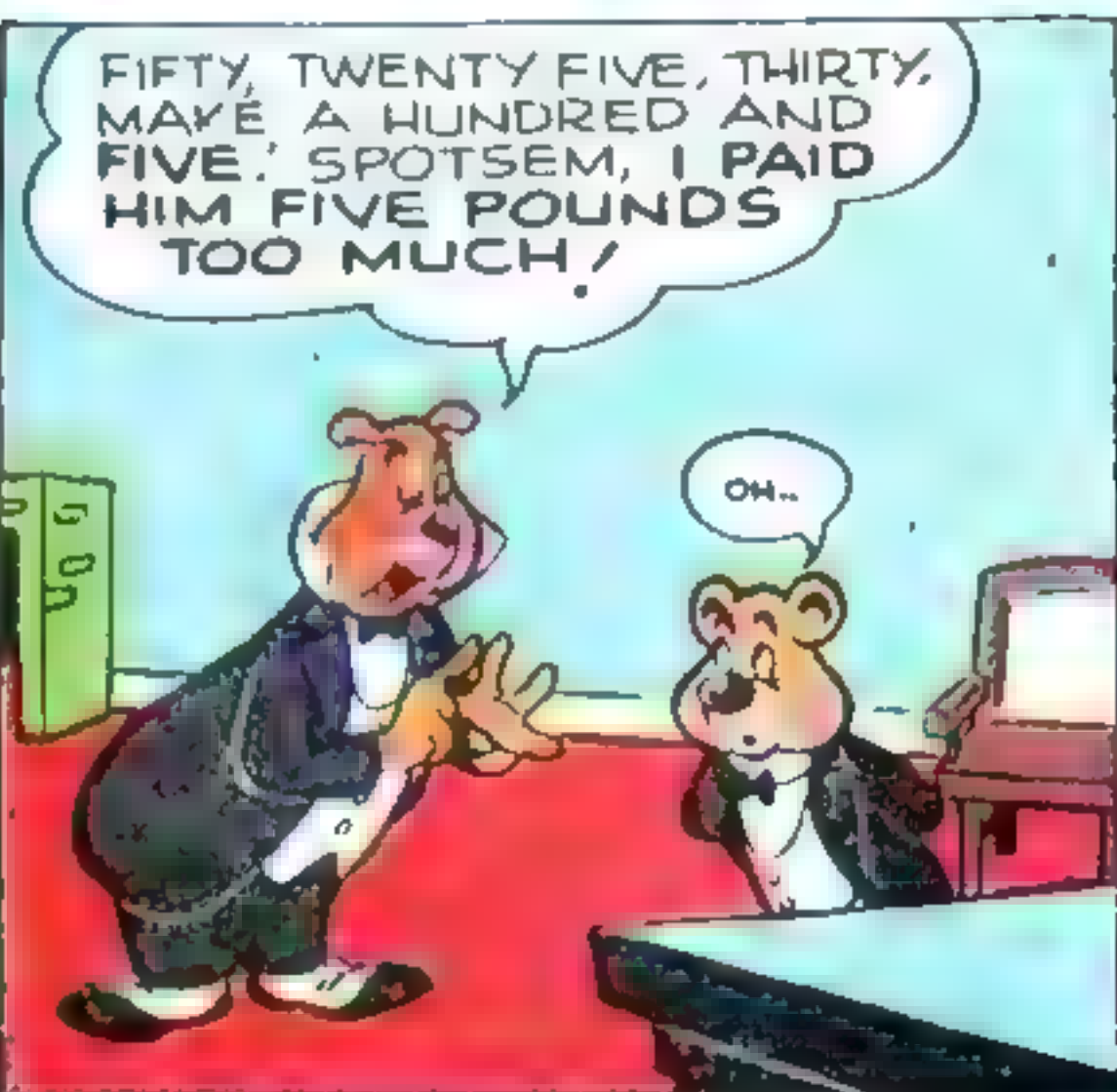
TUT, TUT, SPOTSEM-IT'S MERELY YOUR IMAGINATION, I'M SURE!

I SAY, BONES, THERE'S A KNOCK ON THE DOOR! HADN'T YOU BETTER ANSWER IT?

YES, YES, BY ALL MEANS!









AT BARNSTABLE CASTLE...

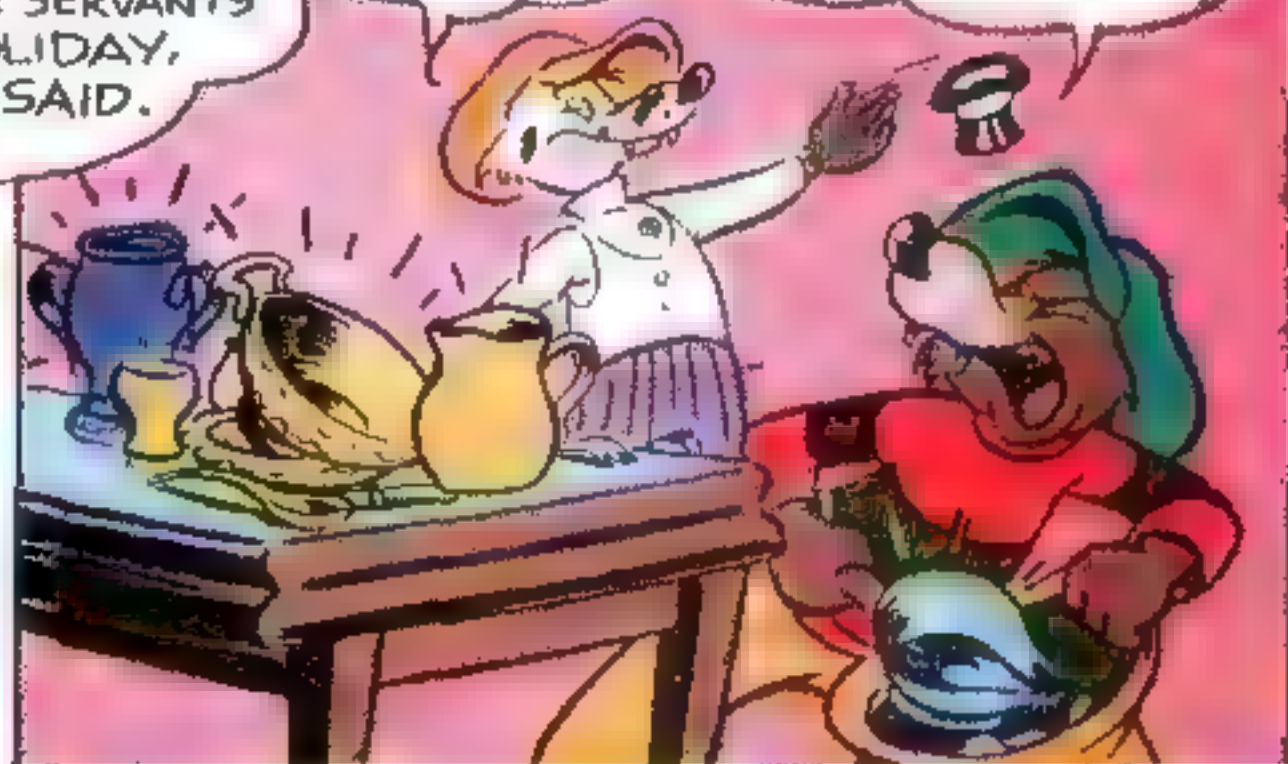
THE PLAN WORKED LIKE A CHARM! I RIGGED BONES BLOOMIN' MUSIC BOX TO SQUIRT INK... CAME BACK LATER, DISGUISED AS THE REAL LORD ALFRED-AND COLLECTED!

GREAT! HIS REAL HIGHNESS 'ERE 'AS BEEN GENTLE AS A LAMB. THE SERVANTS IS ON A 'OLIDAY, LIKE YOU SAID.



AFTER THIS JOB, THE GREAT SPYLOT BONES WILL BE THE LAUGHING STOCK OF ALL LONDON

DON'T I KNOW IT! WE DO AWAY WITH THE SILVERWARE AN' KICK BONES FOR A HUNDRED POUNDS! -WOT A VICTORY!



DRIVER! BARNSTABLE IN A HURRY, AND DON'T SPARE THE PETROL!

BARNES' STABLE? RIGHTO, GUV'NOR!



OH-OH! THERE SEEMS TO BE A LITTLE MIX-UP ABOUT NAMES!

AND LOOK WHERE THE CABBIE TAKES THEM!

I'M GETTIN' SICK O' THIS JOB! CUSTOMERS ALWAYS ARGUIN' ABOUT THE 'ORSES THEY WANT TO RIDE! FOR ONCE THEY'LL RIDE THE 'ORSES I SELECT, OR ELSE!

BARNES' STABLE RIDING ACADEMY



WHAT-WHERE-HOW-THIS ISN'T-

I'LL SHOW 'EM!

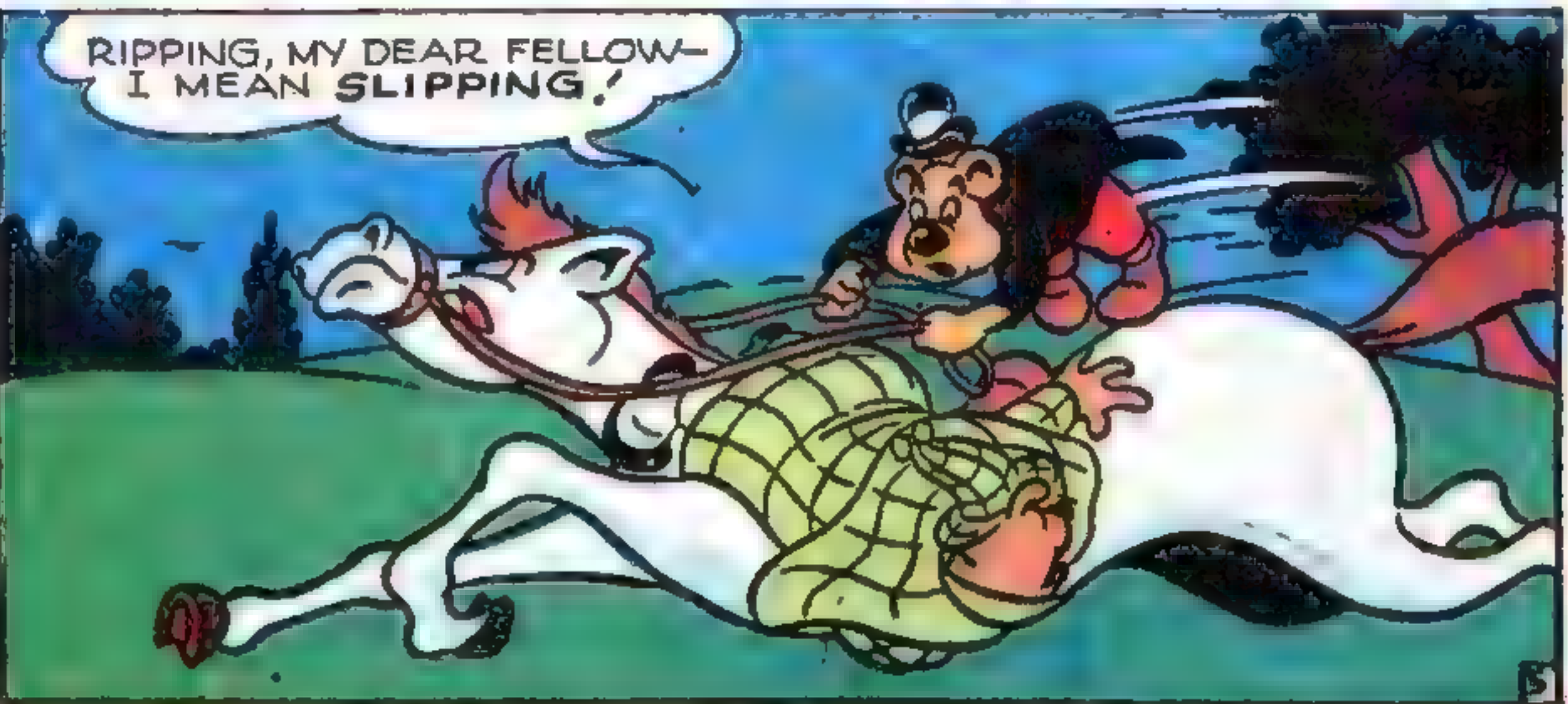
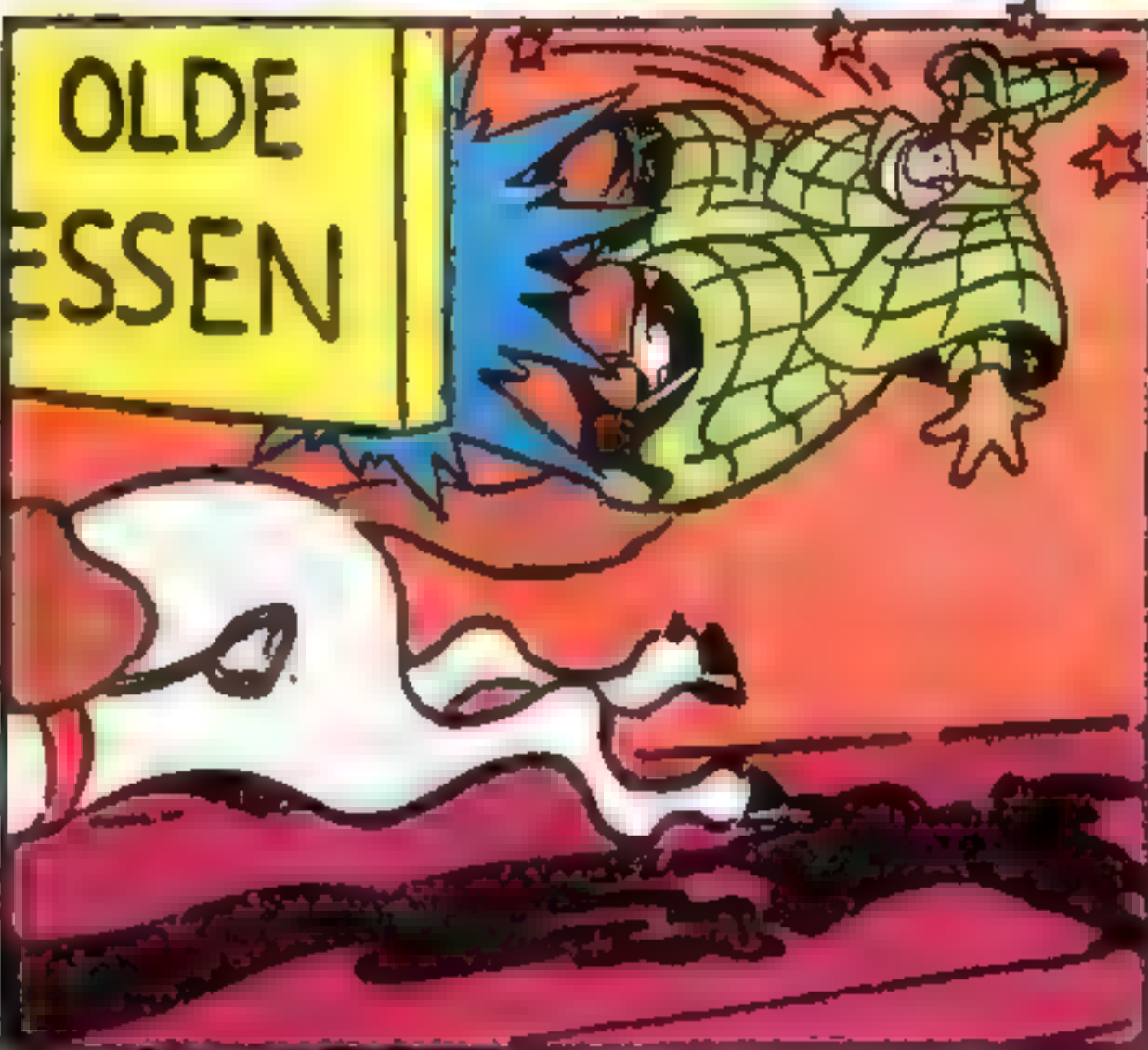
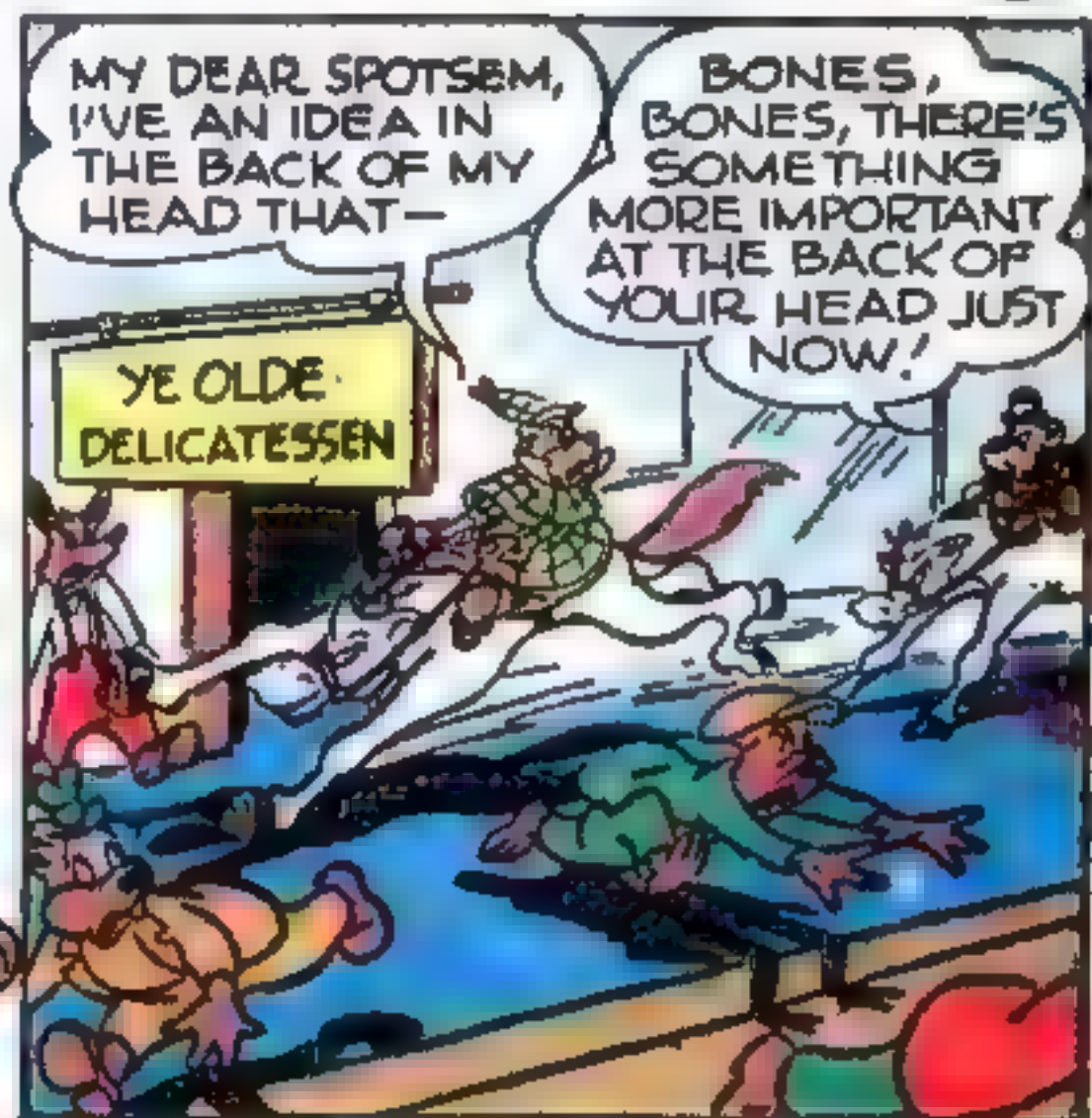
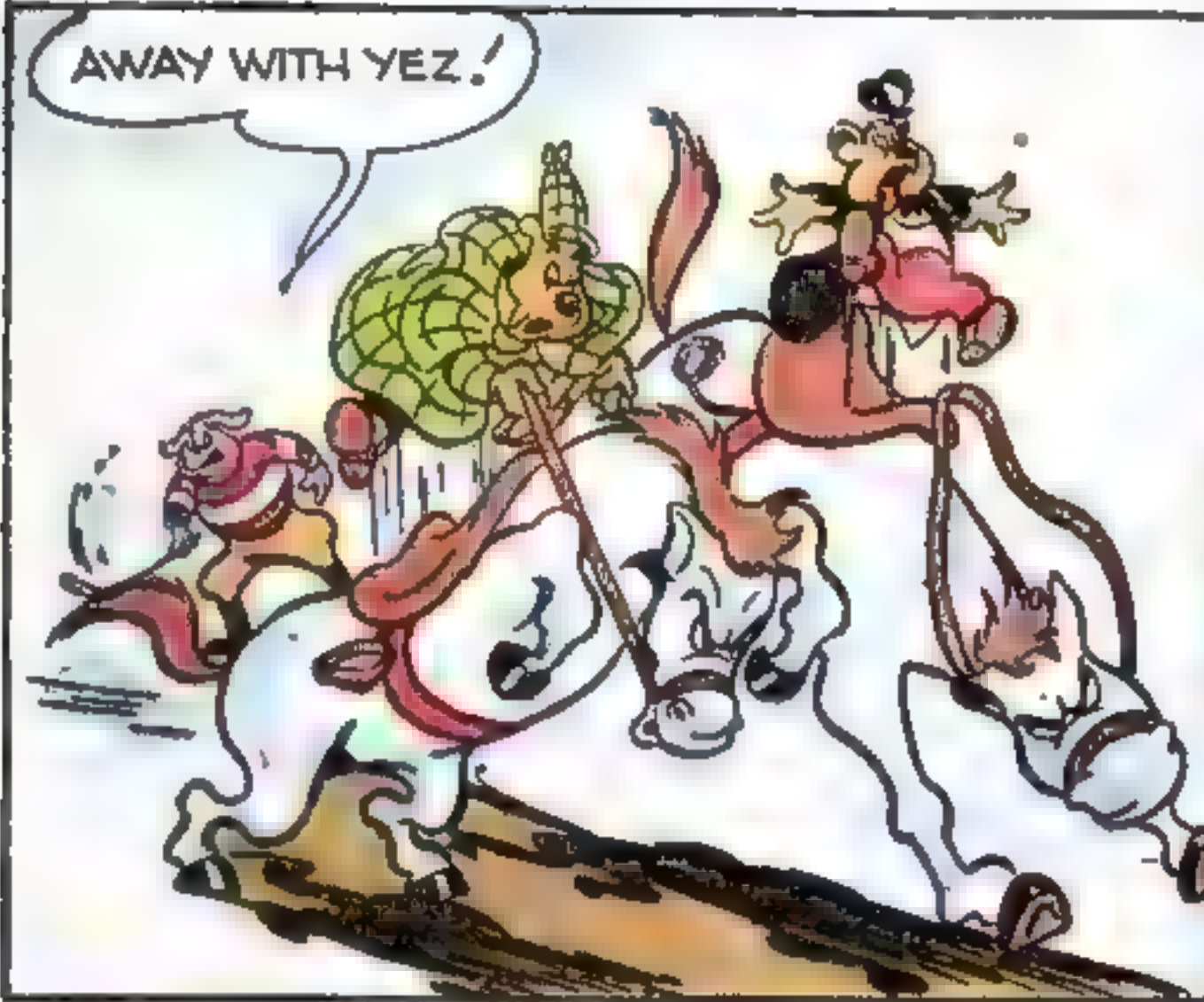


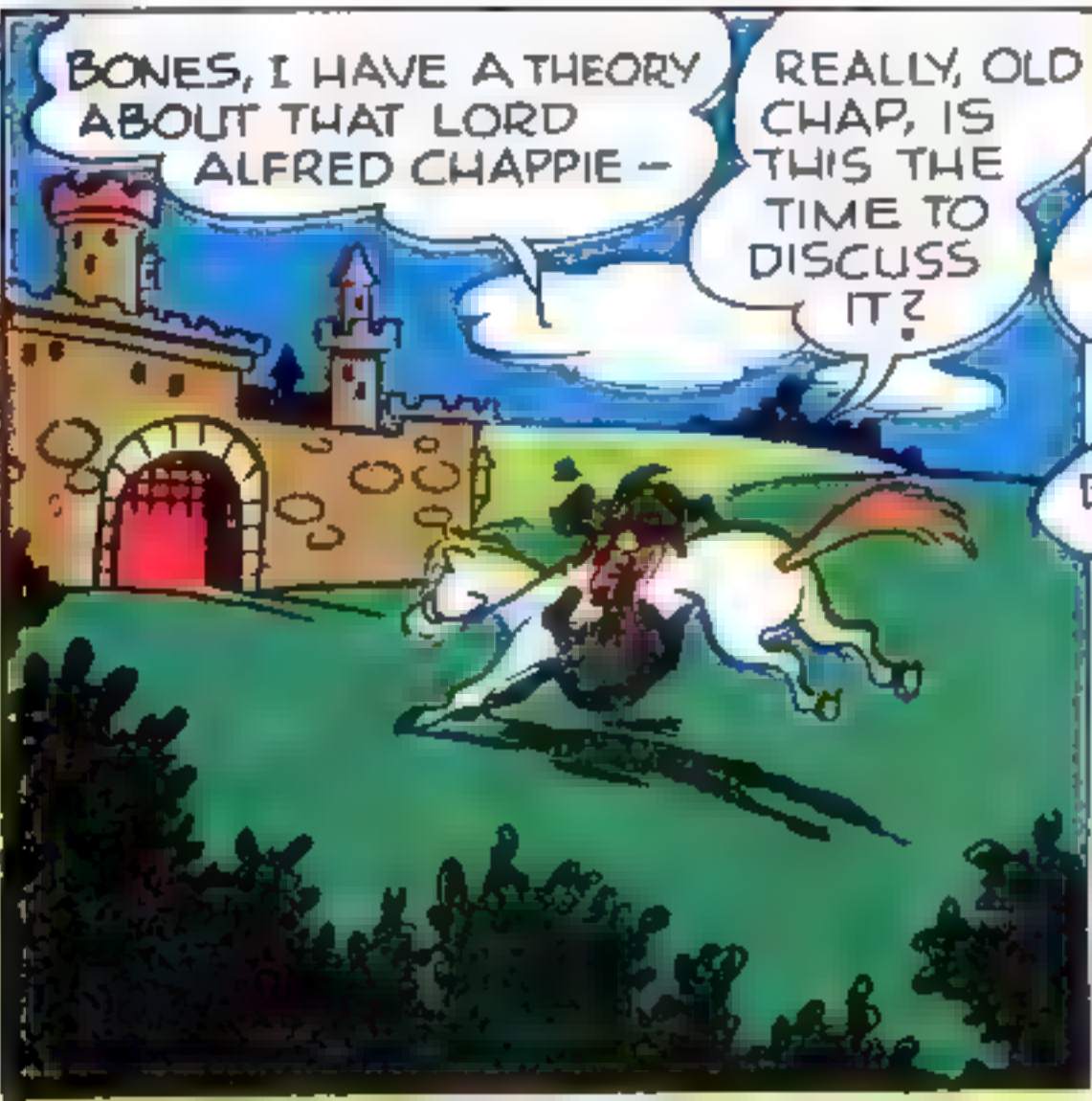
YOU'LL RIDE ATOM BOMB AN' BLOCK BUSTER - AN' LIKE IT!

MY WORD!

WHAT?

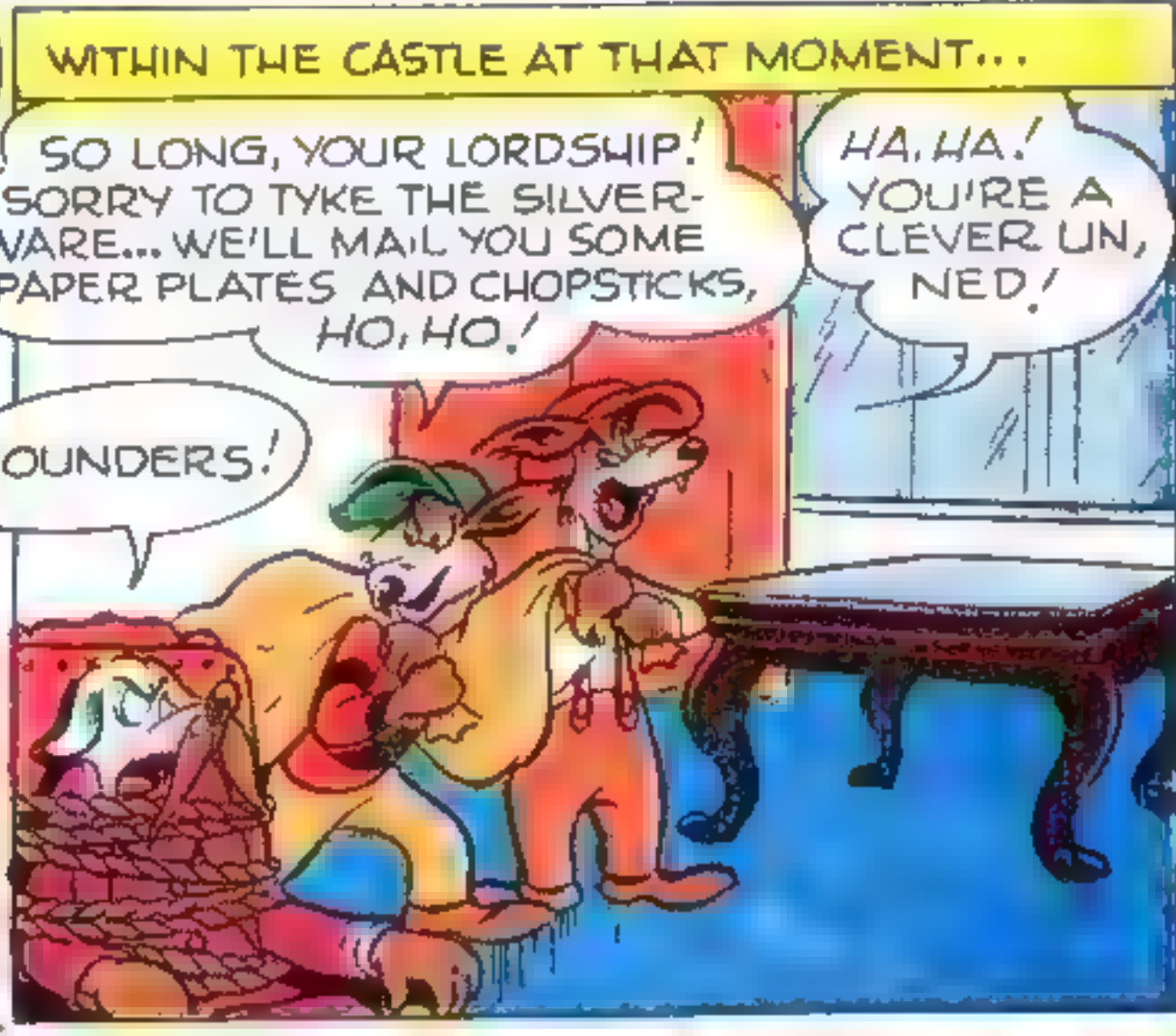






BONES, I HAVE A THEORY ABOUT THAT LORD ALFRED CHAPPIE -

REALLY, OLD CHAP, IS THIS THE TIME TO DISCUSS IT?



WITHIN THE CASTLE AT THAT MOMENT...

SO LONG, YOUR LORDSHIP! SORRY TO TYKE THE SILVERWARE... WE'LL MAIL YOU SOME PAPER PLATES AND CHOPSTICKS, HO, HO!

HA, HA! YOU'RE A CLEVER UN, NED!

BOUNDERS!



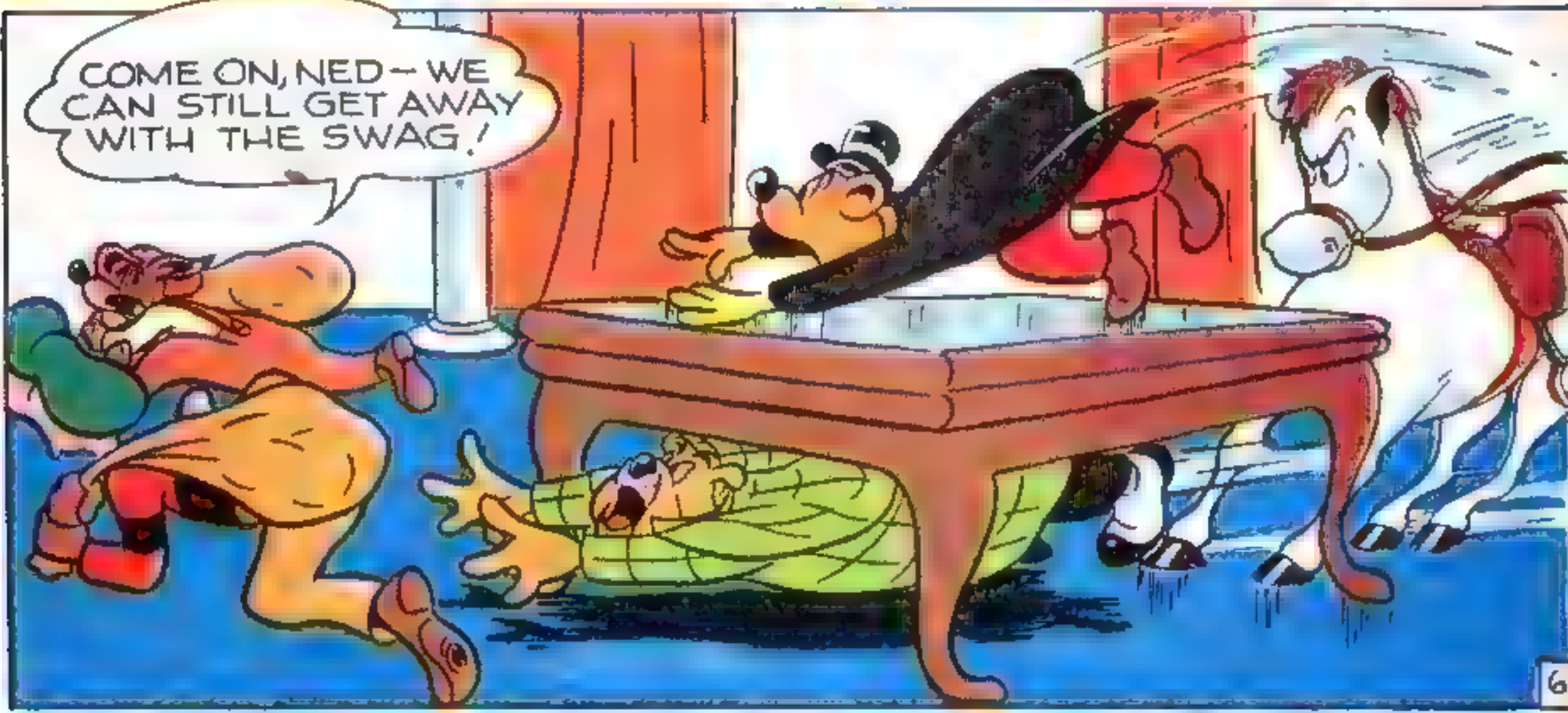
YOW! IT'S SPYLOT, BONES.



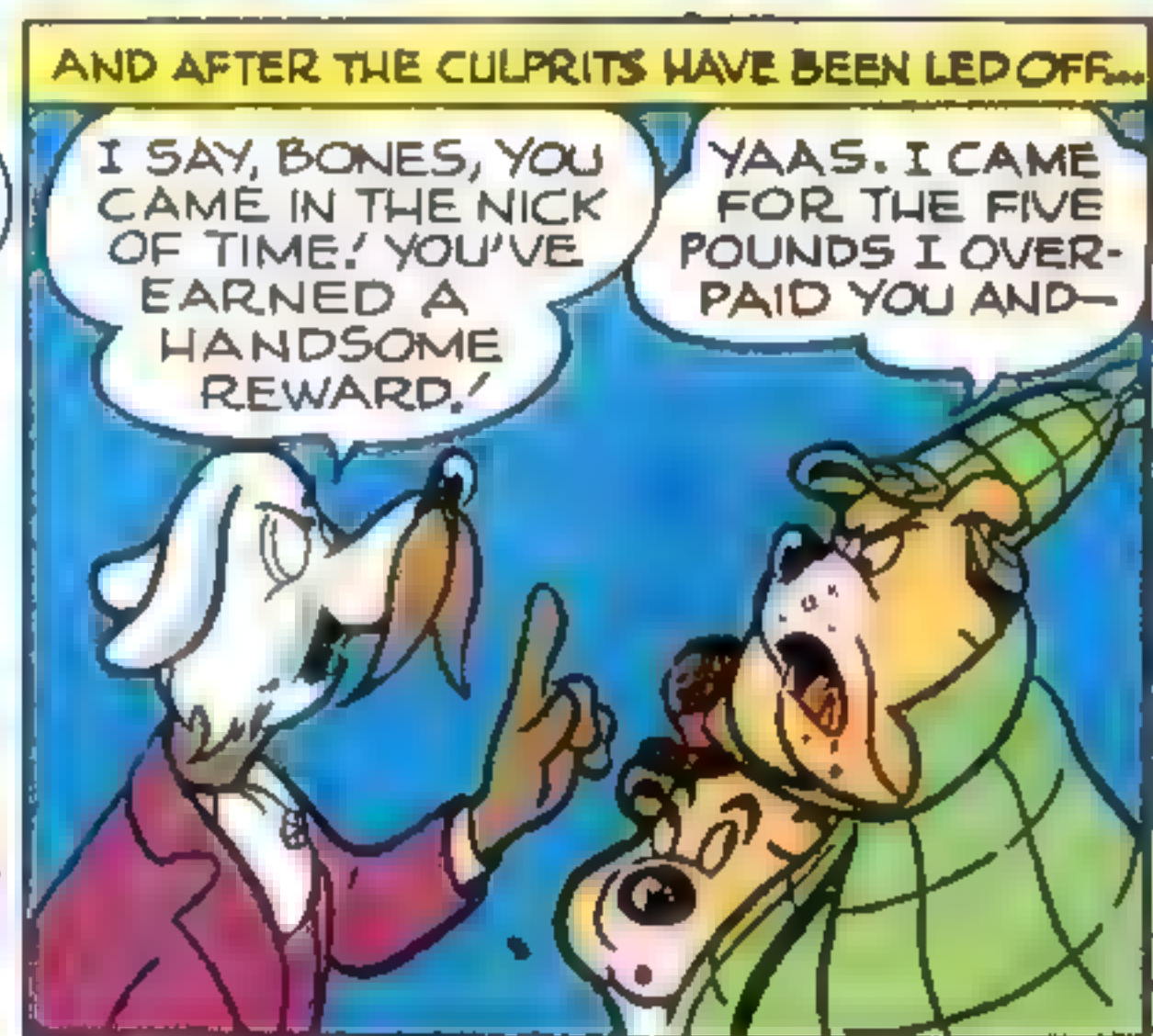
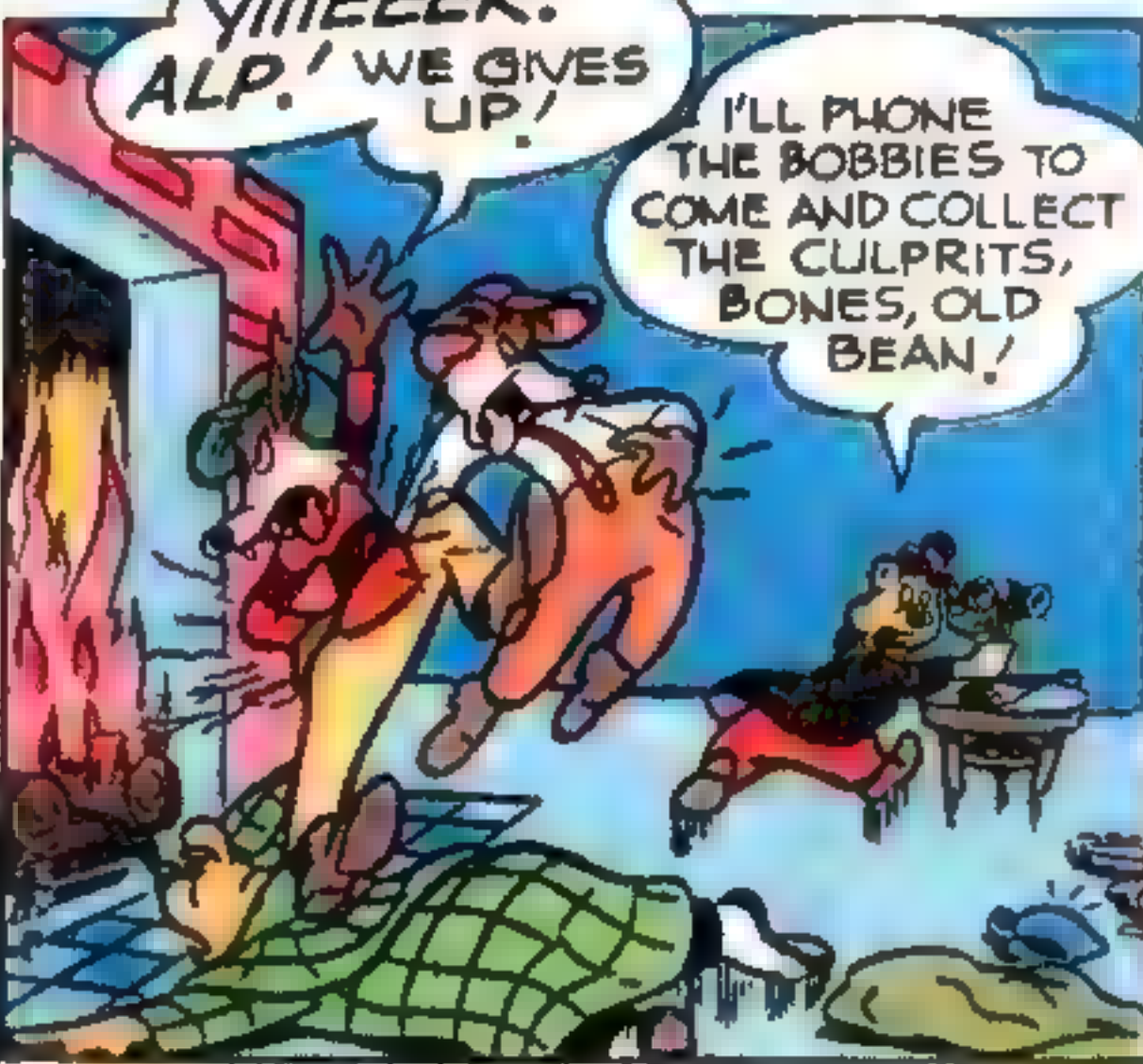
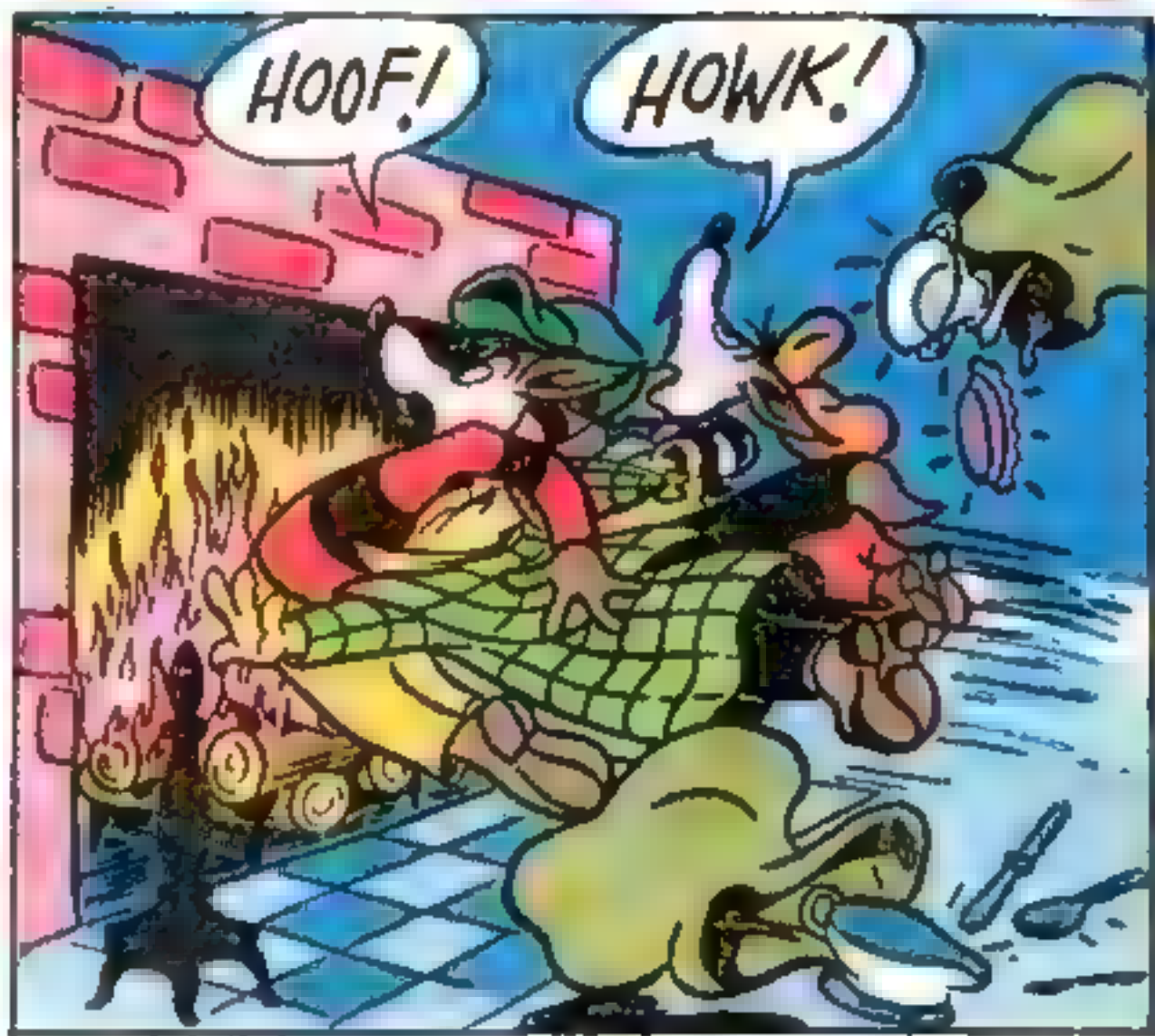
WOW! 'E'S A MAGICIAN... 'E'S SOLVED THE CASE UPSIDE-DOWN!

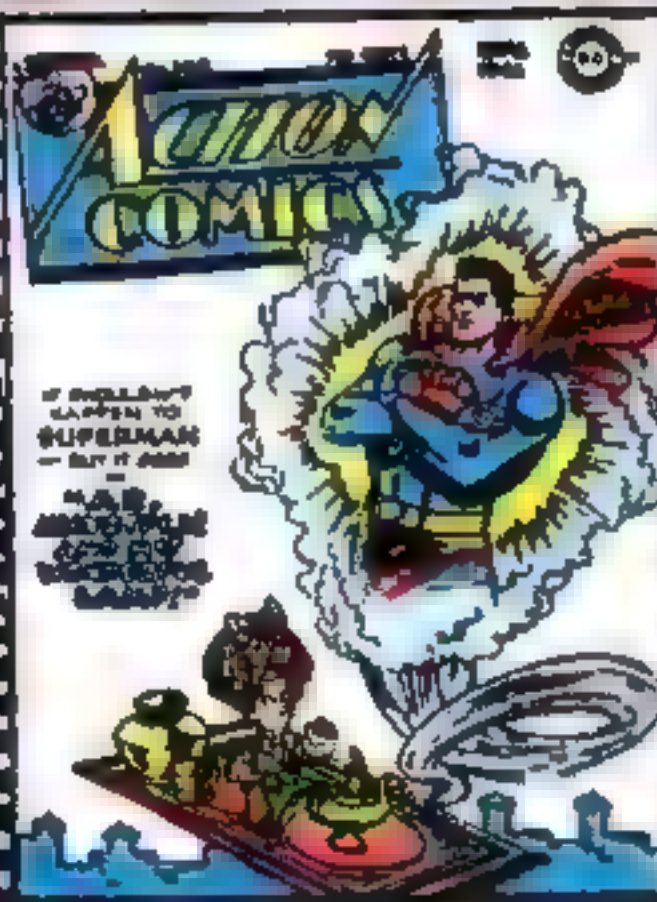


CRASH!

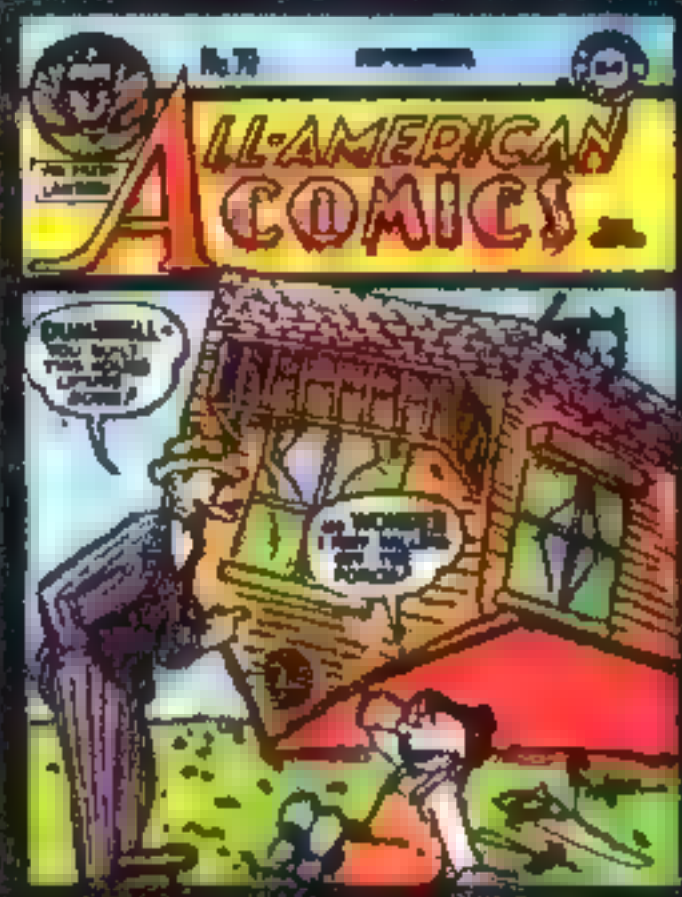
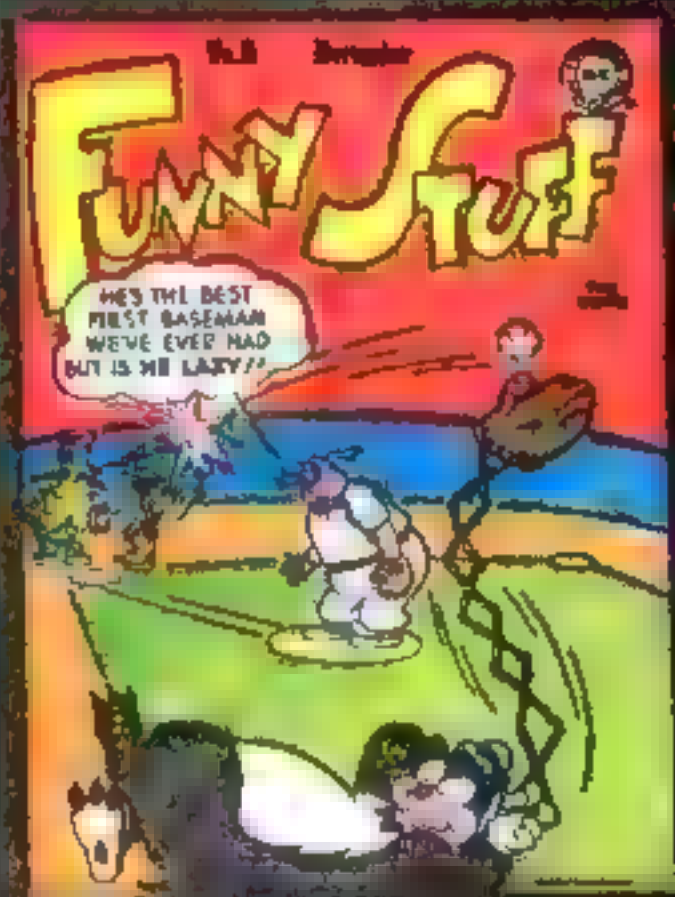


COME ON, NED - WE CAN STILL GET AWAY WITH THE SWAG!





Don't Miss
these
New Issues
★
TOPS
in
READING
ENJOYMENT!



NOW ON SALE

EVERYWHERE!



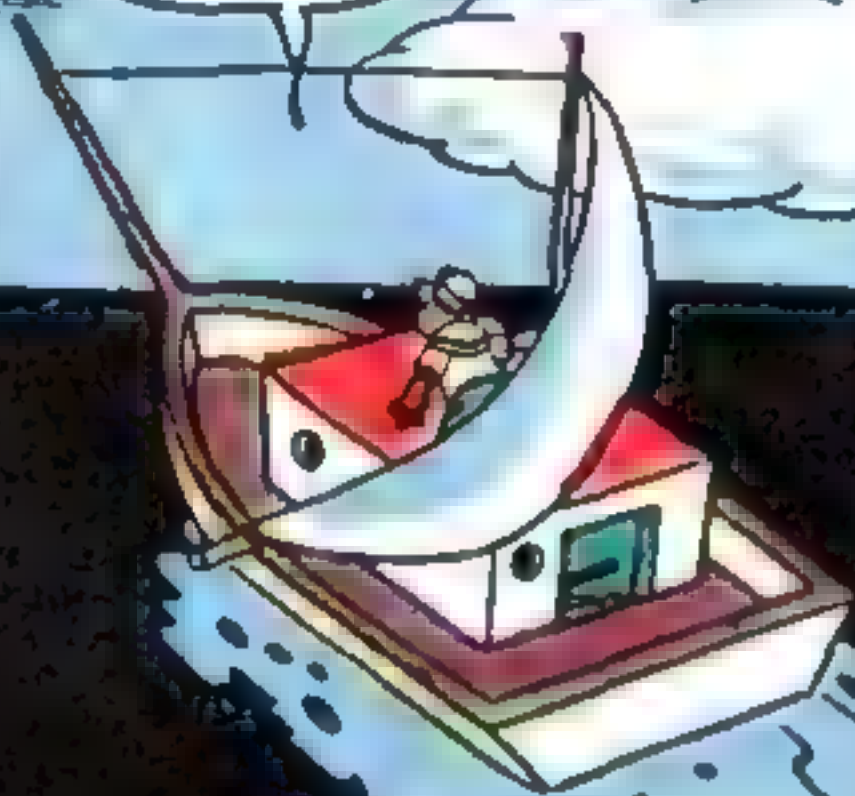


SALTY THE SAILOR

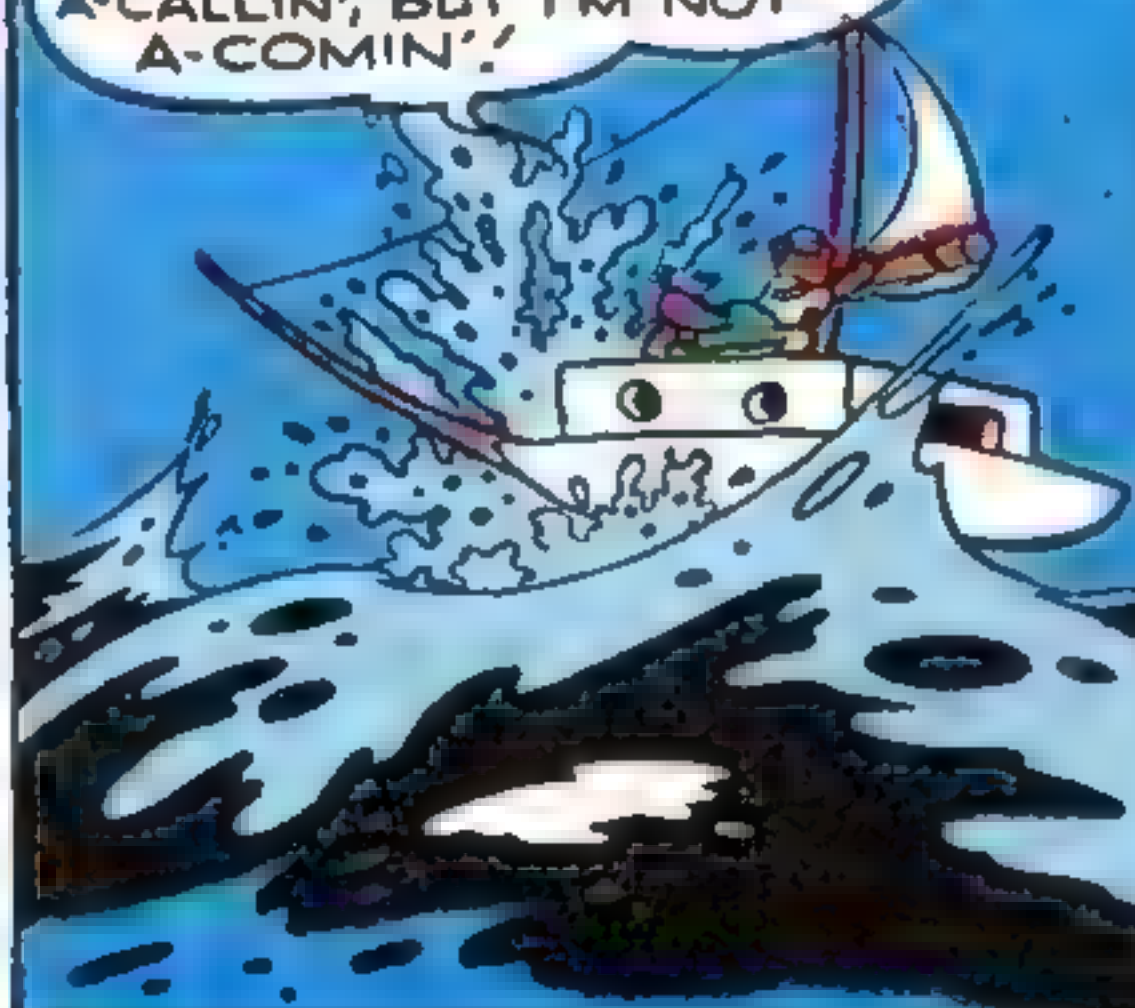
SALTY THE SAILOR HAS MADE FAST TO THE WHARVES OF MANY A STRANGE PORT, BUT NEVER IN HIS WILDEST DREAMS DID HE THINK HE'D DOCK ON THE PINNACLE OF A TOWERING STEEPLE! BUT THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED (OR WAS IT A DREAM?) ON HIS... CRUISE OF THE GOLDEN GUARD!

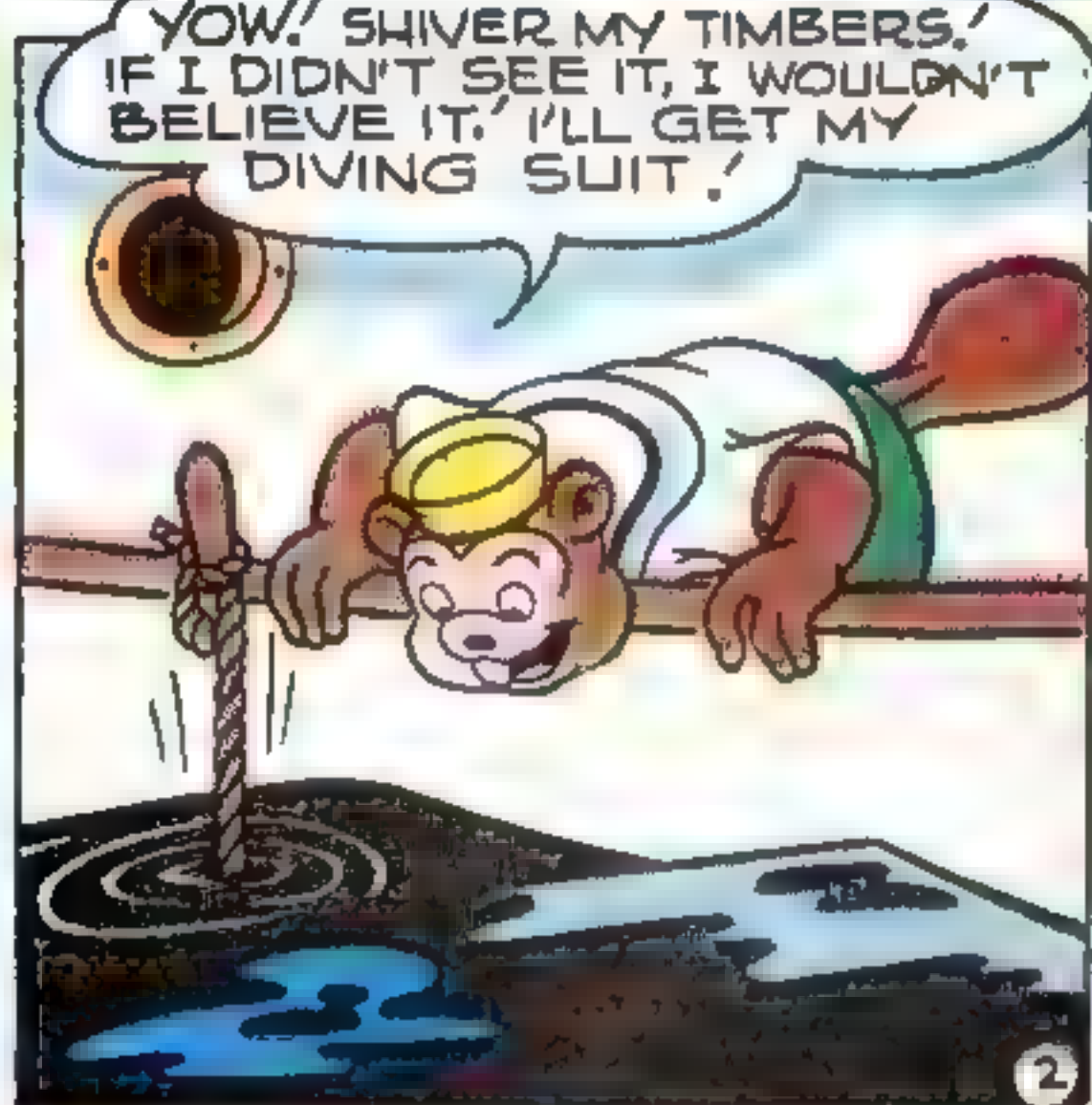
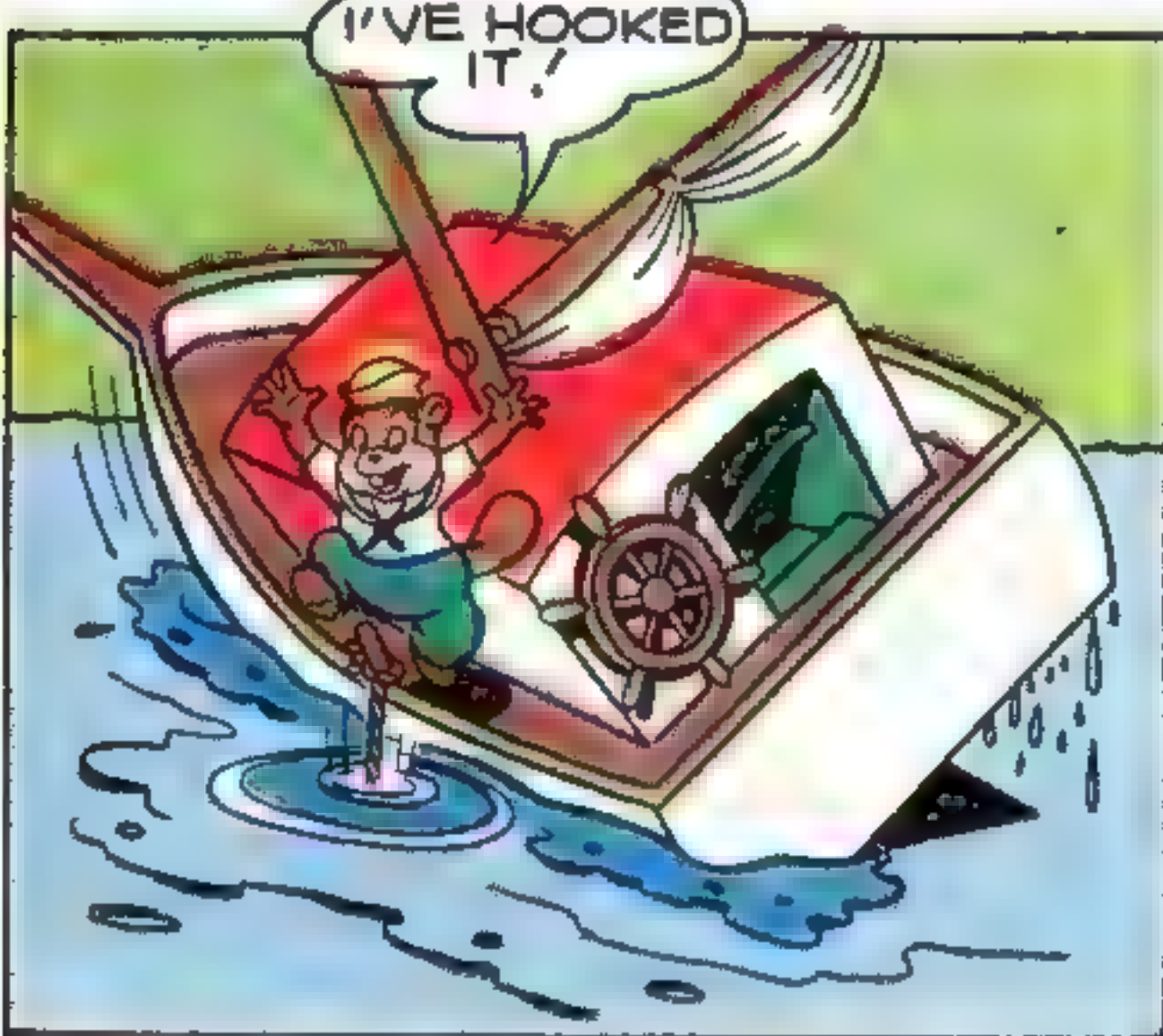
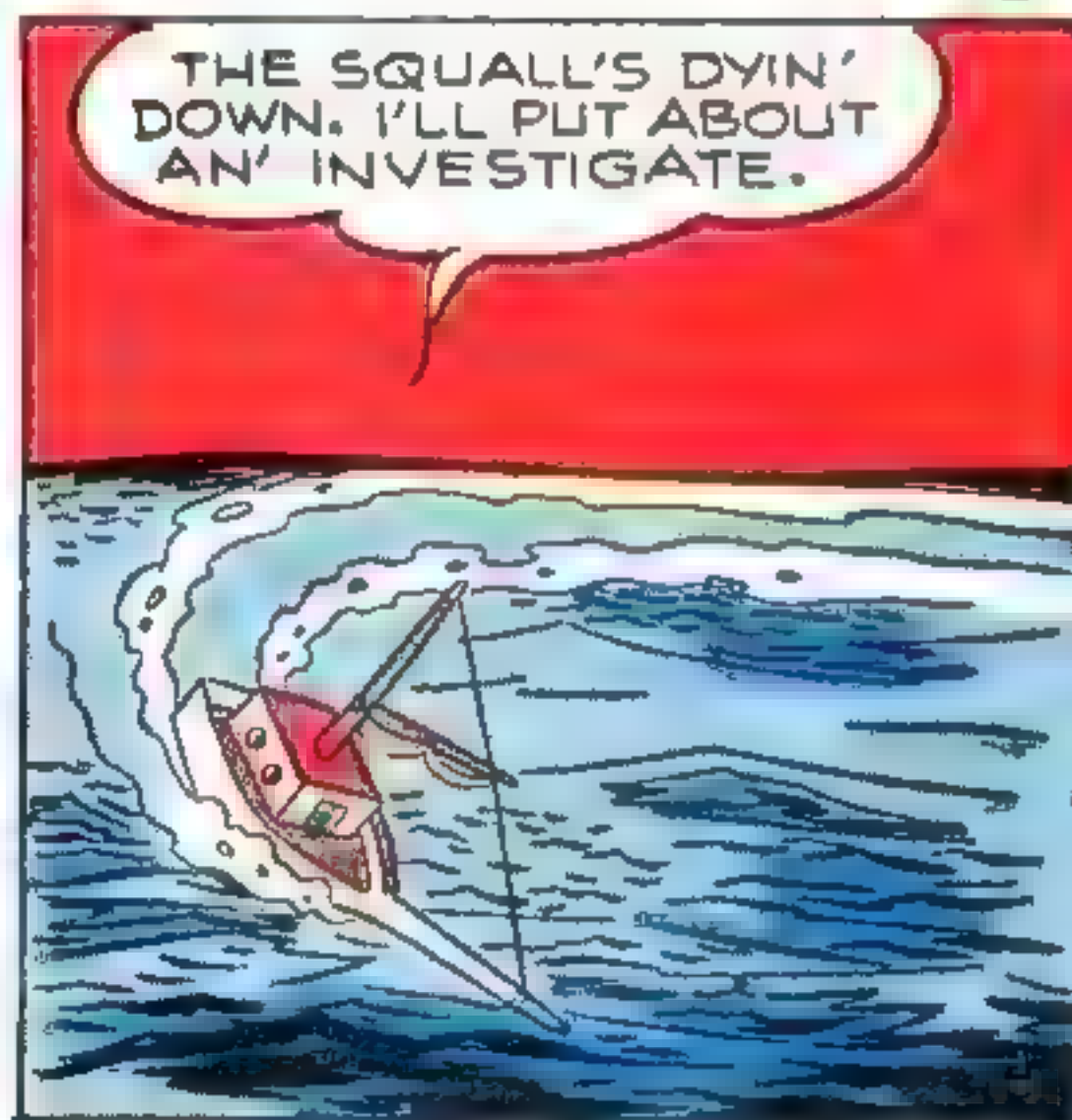
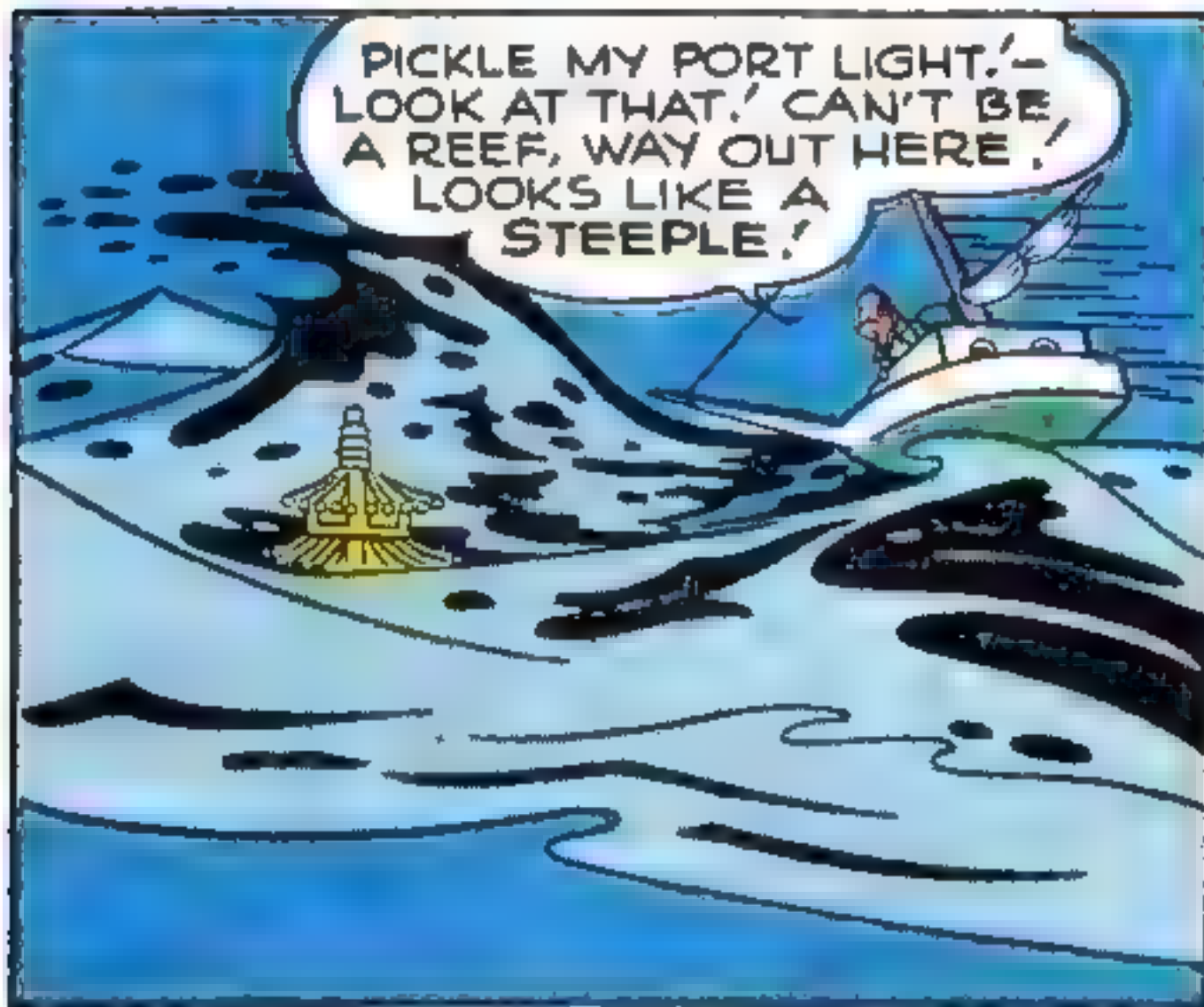


SQUALL COMIN' UP!
BETTER REEF MY
SAILS!



DAVEY JONES' LOCKER IS
A-CALLIN', BUT I'M NOT
A-COMIN'!



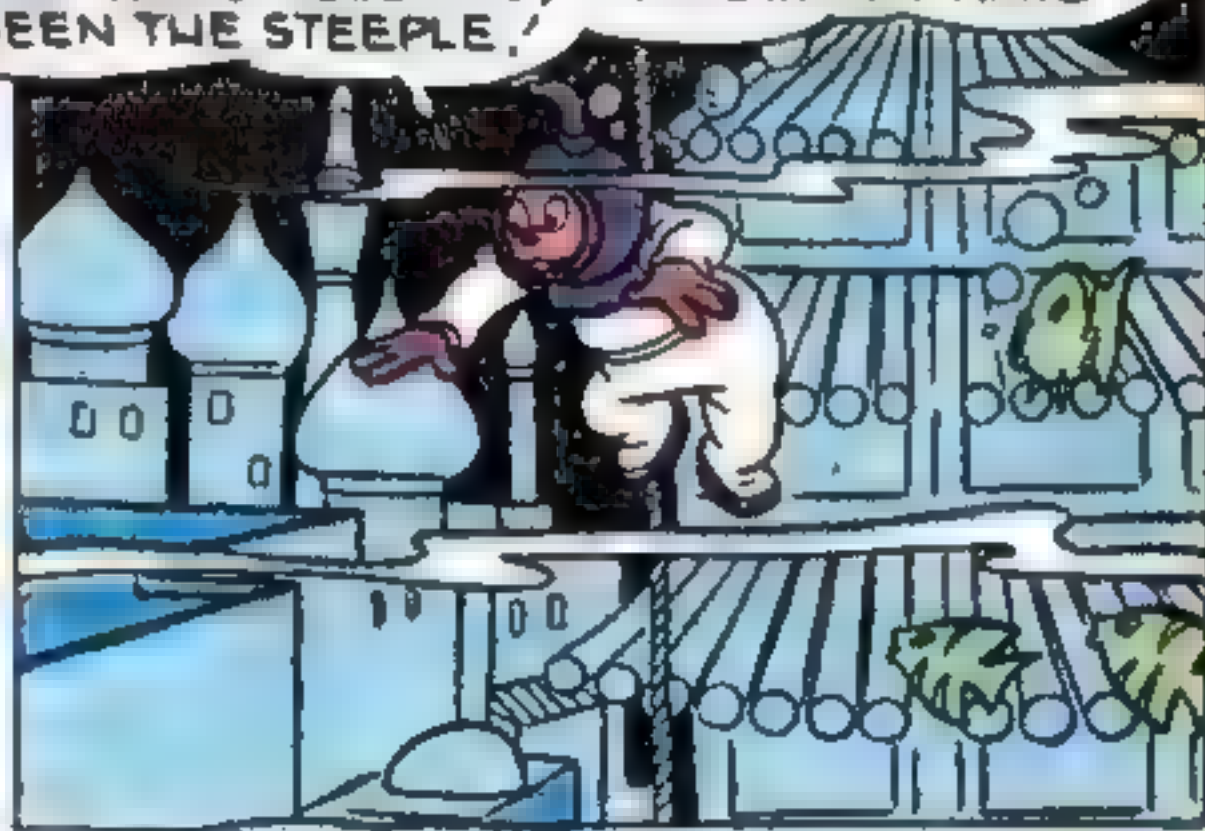


DOWN I GO!

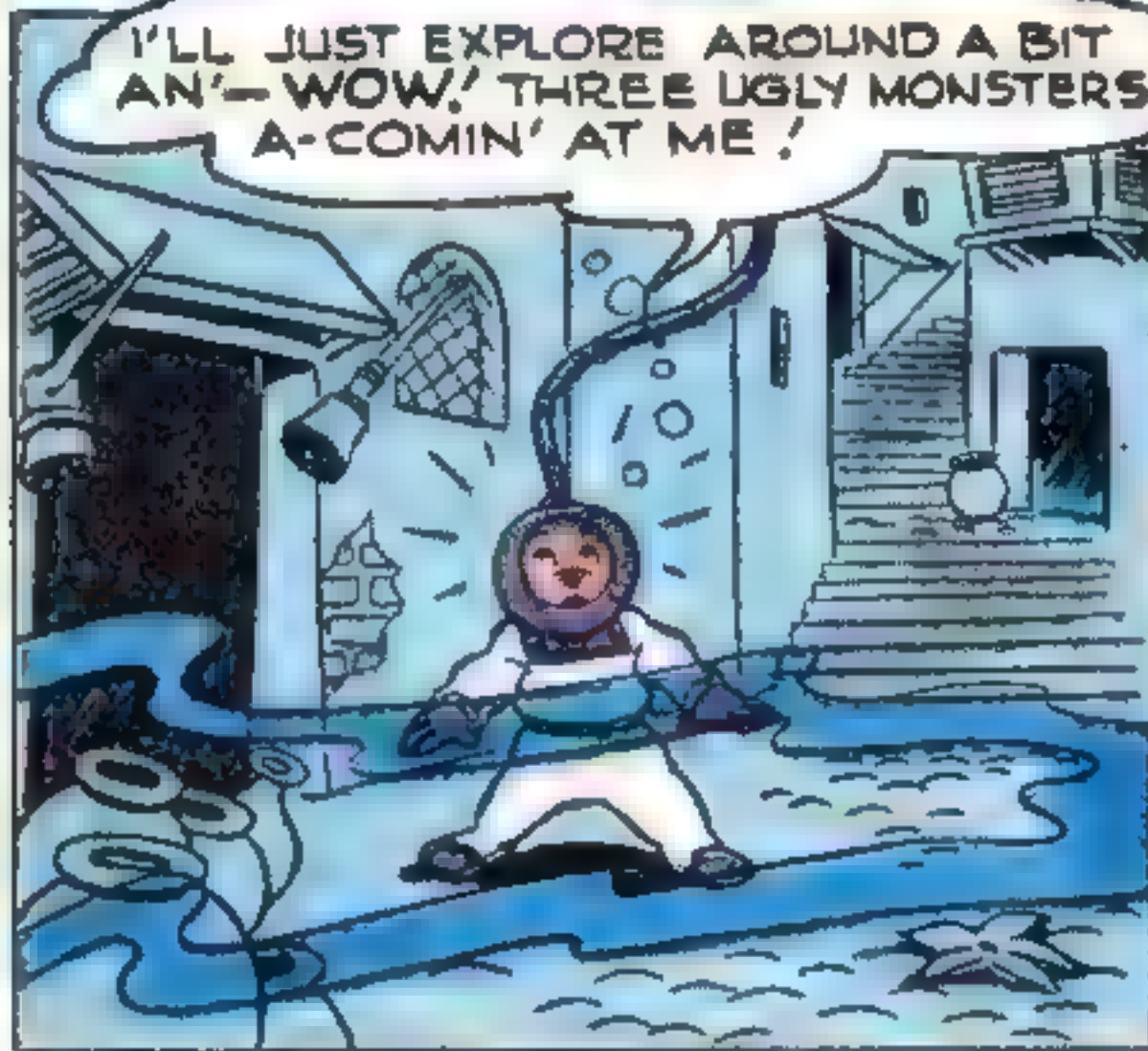


DOWN-DOWN-DOWN-TO THE STILLY DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN FLOOR...

AN ANCIENT, SUNKEN CITY BENEATH THE WAVES! IF THAT SQUALL HADN'T MADE SUCH DEEP WAVE-HOLLOWS, I WOULDN'T HAVE SEEN THE STEEPLE!



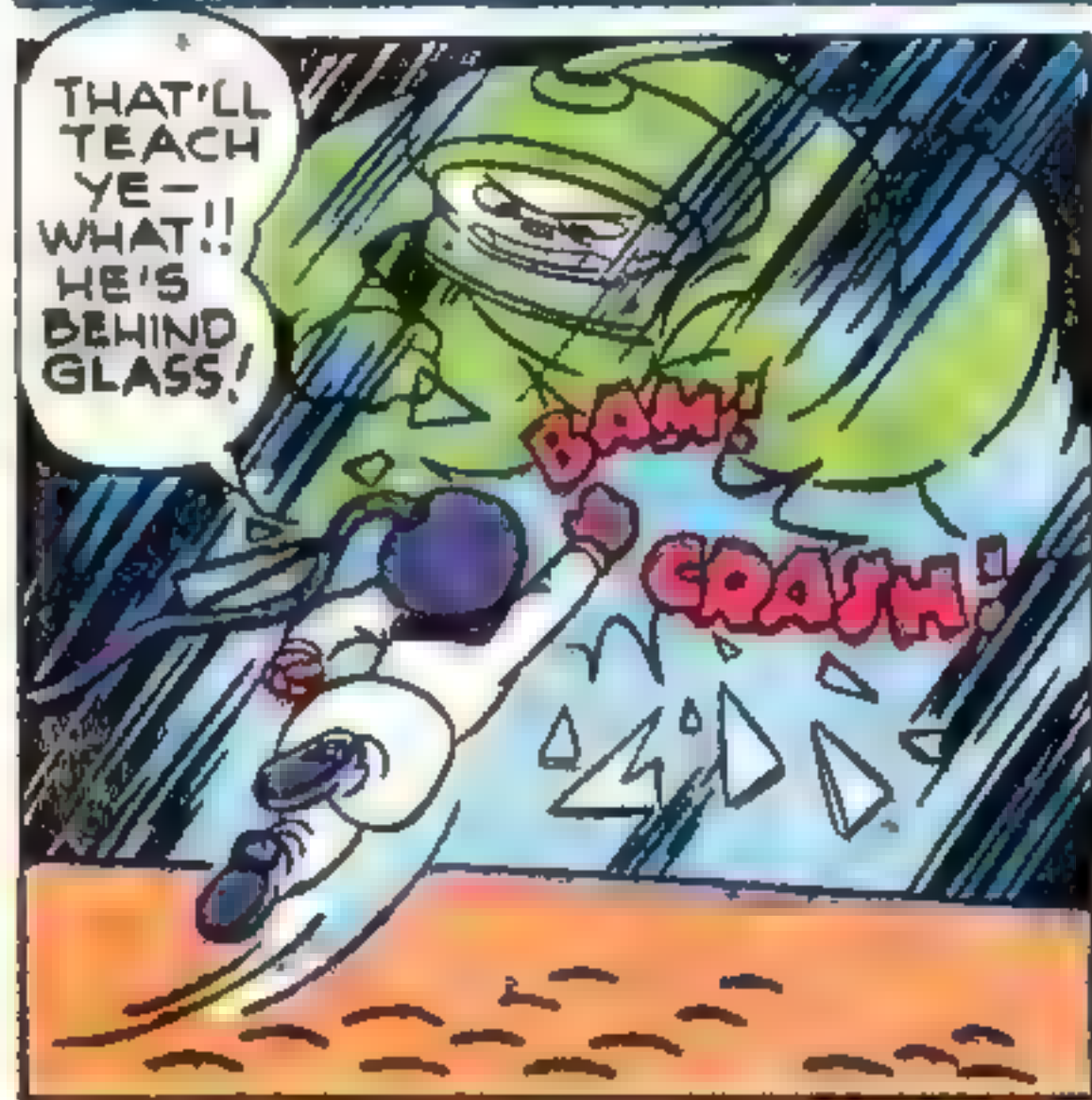
I'LL JUST EXPLORE AROUND A BIT AN'-WOW! THREE UGLY MONSTERS A-COMIN' AT ME!



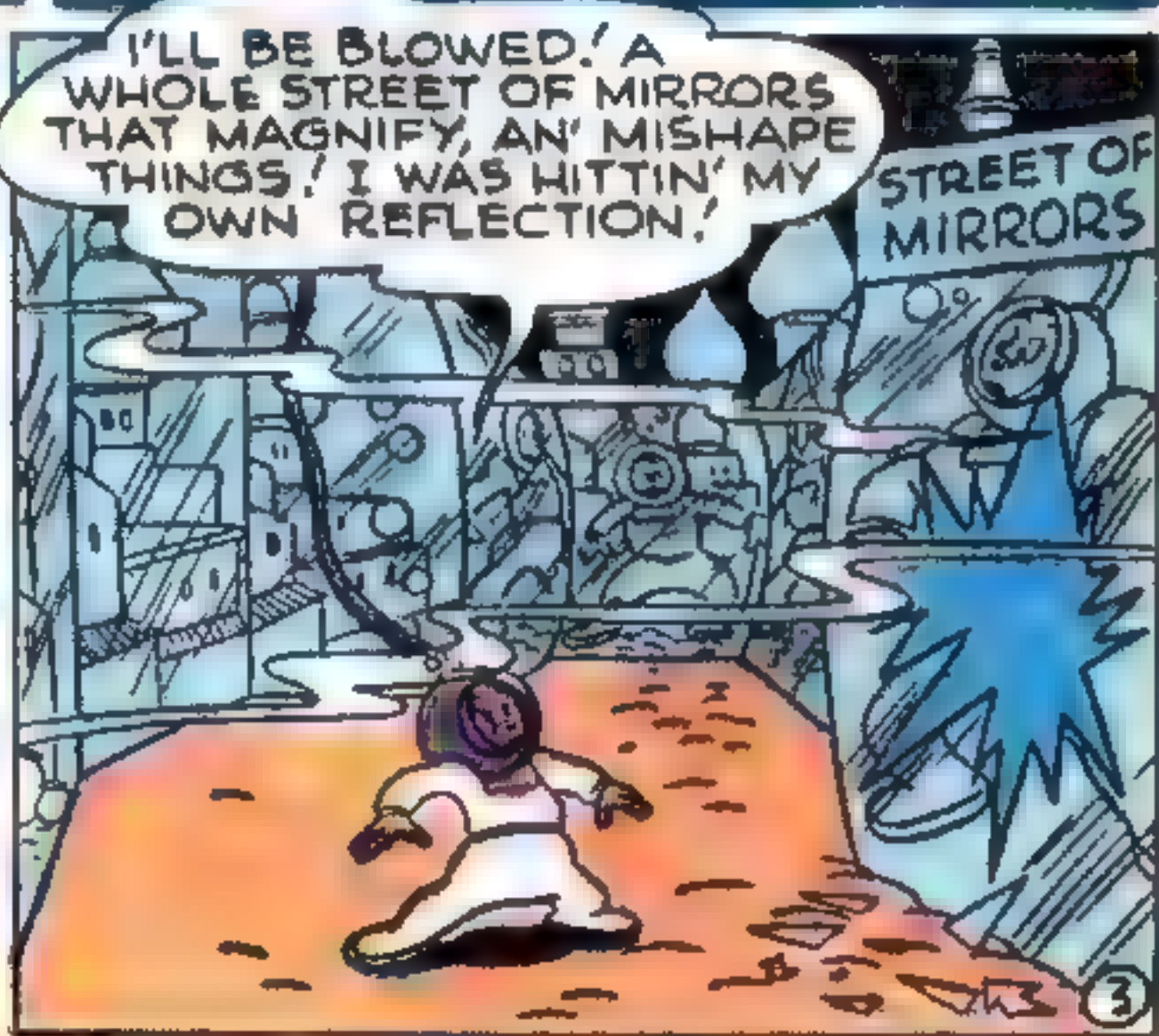
THE BEST DEFENSE IS ATTACK!

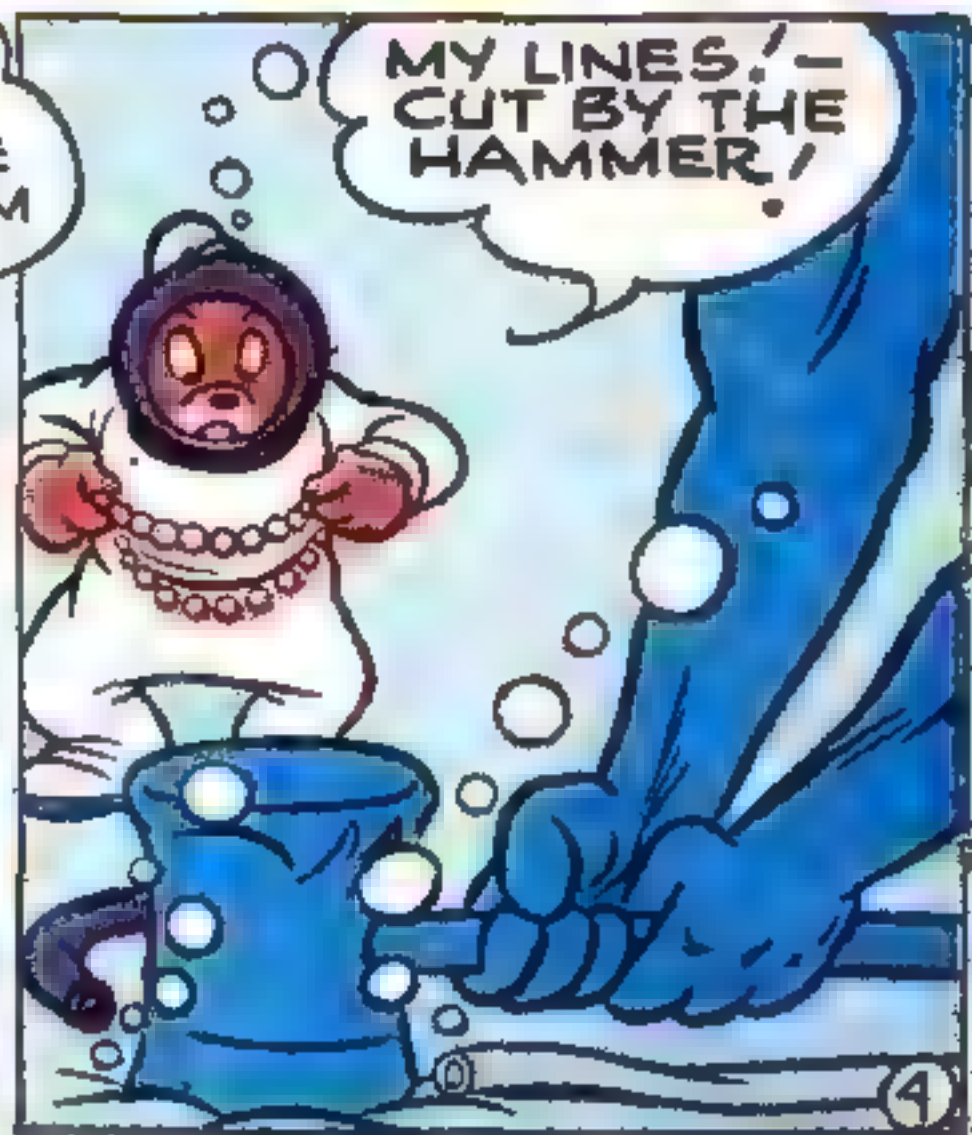
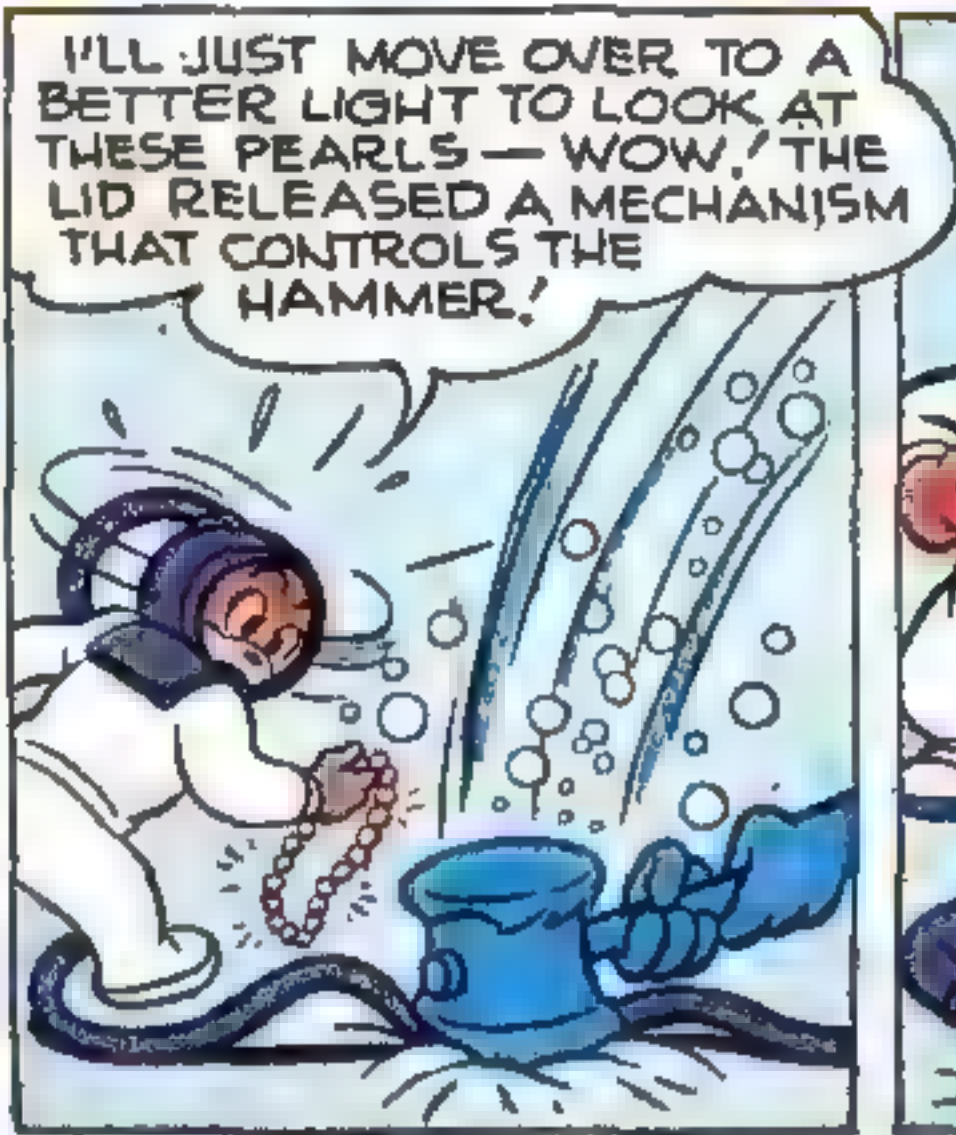
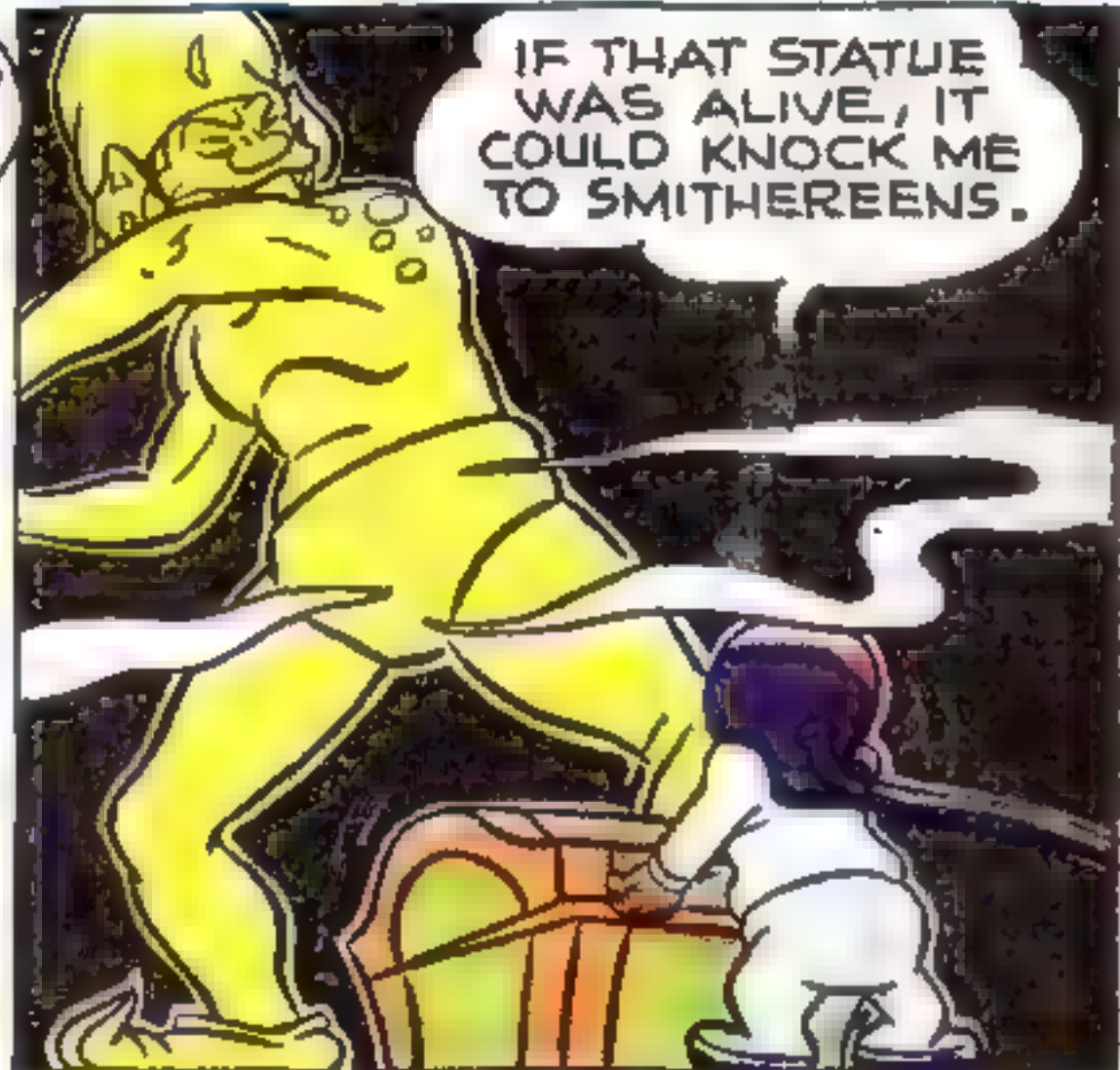
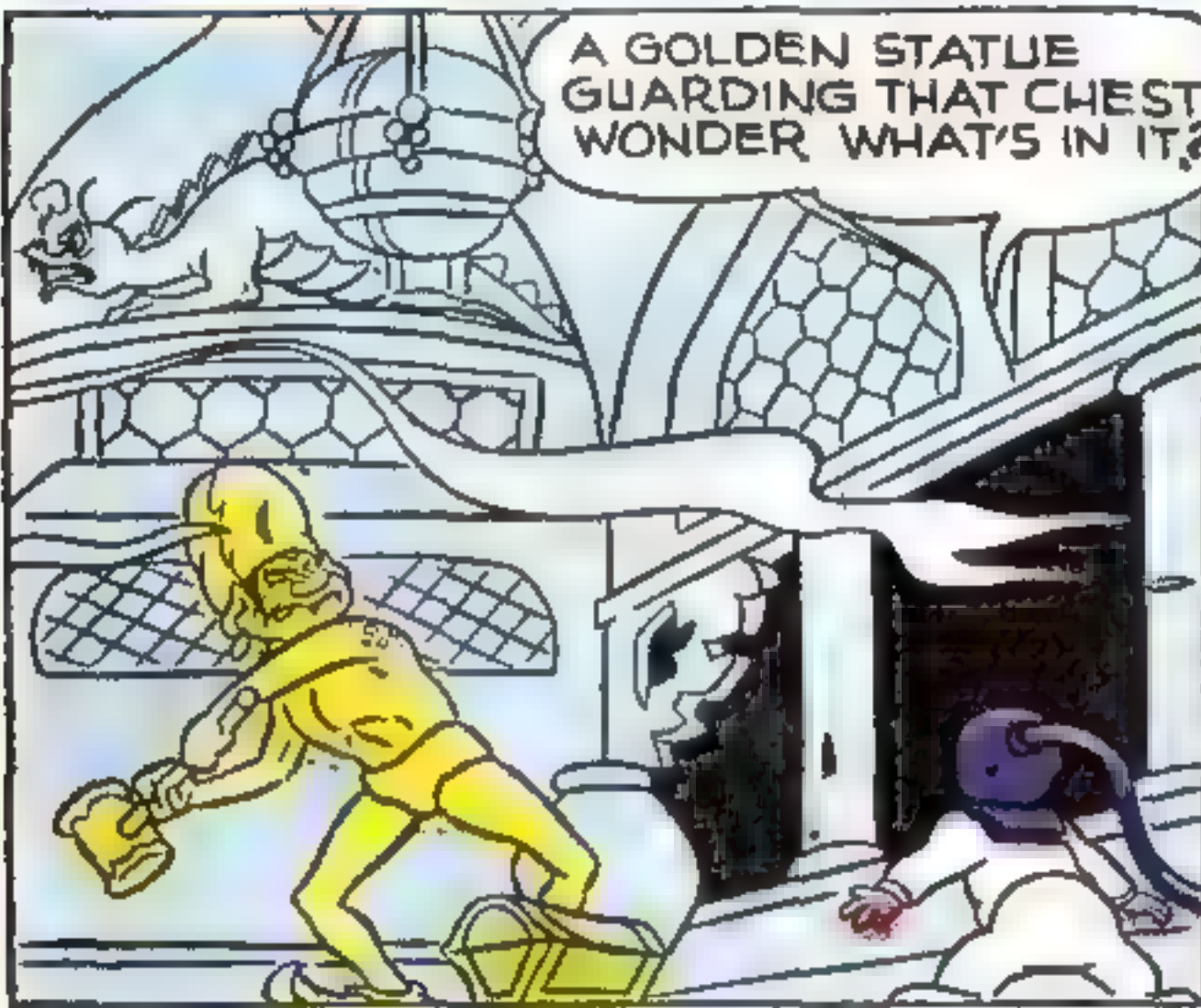
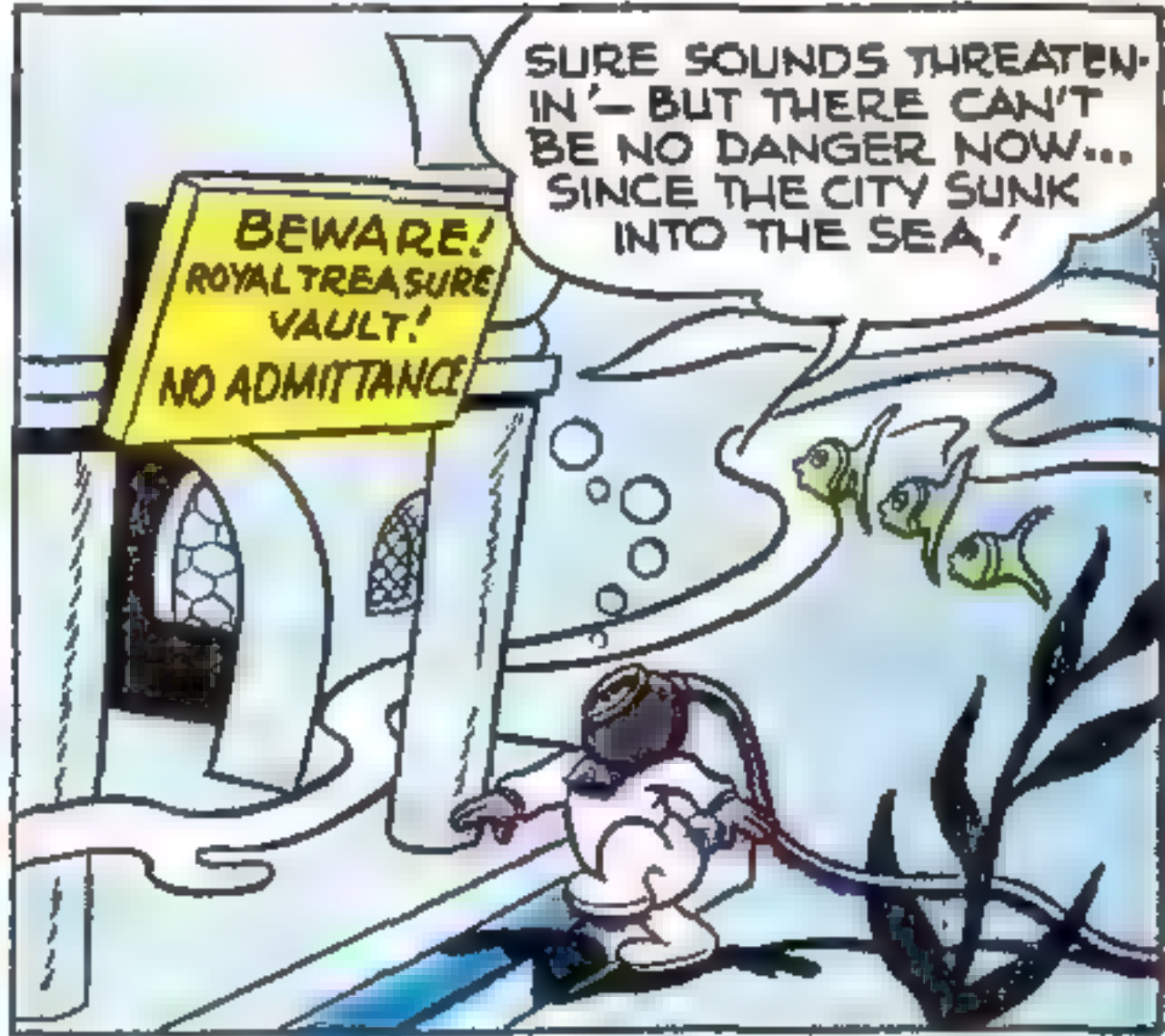
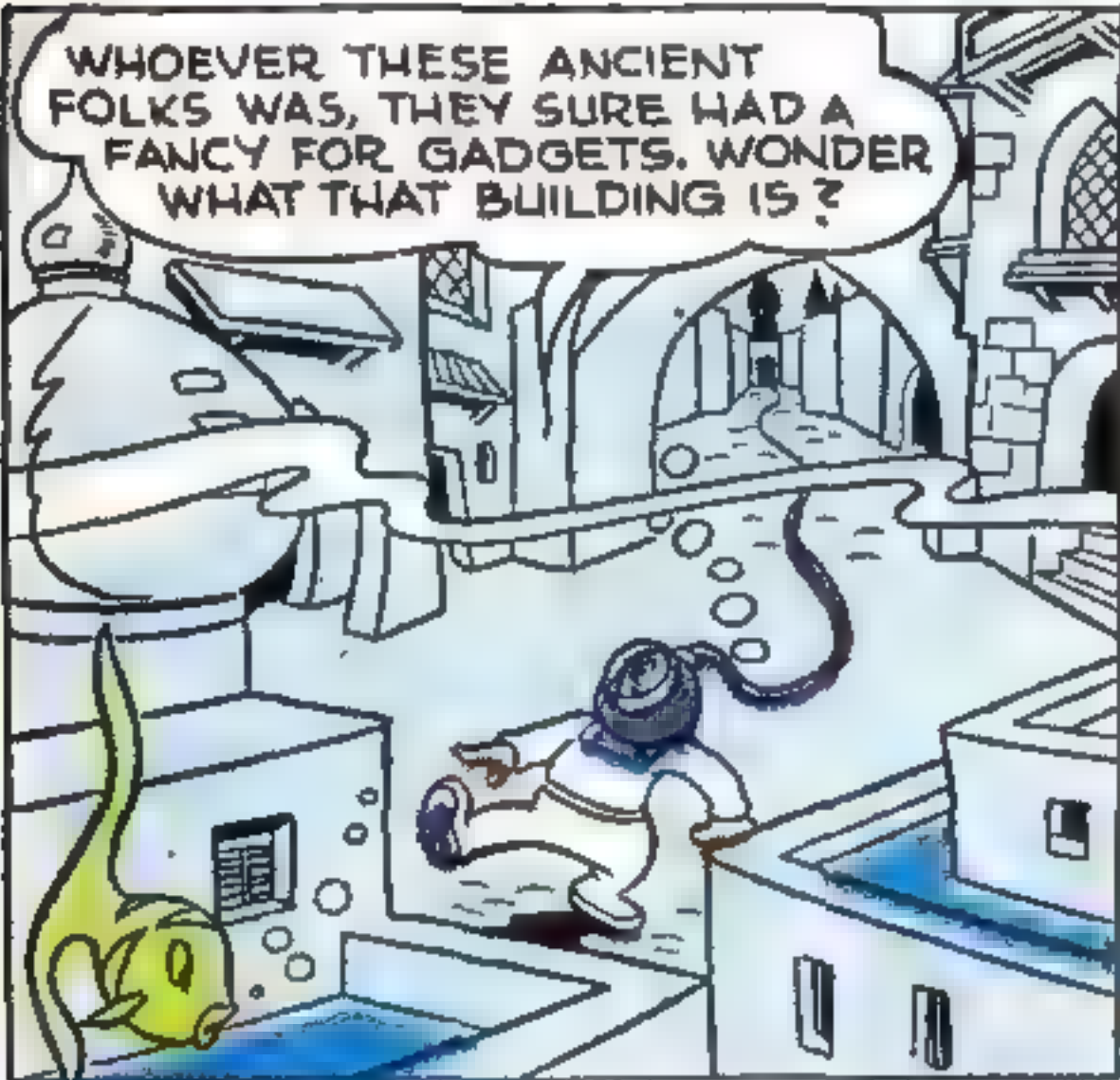


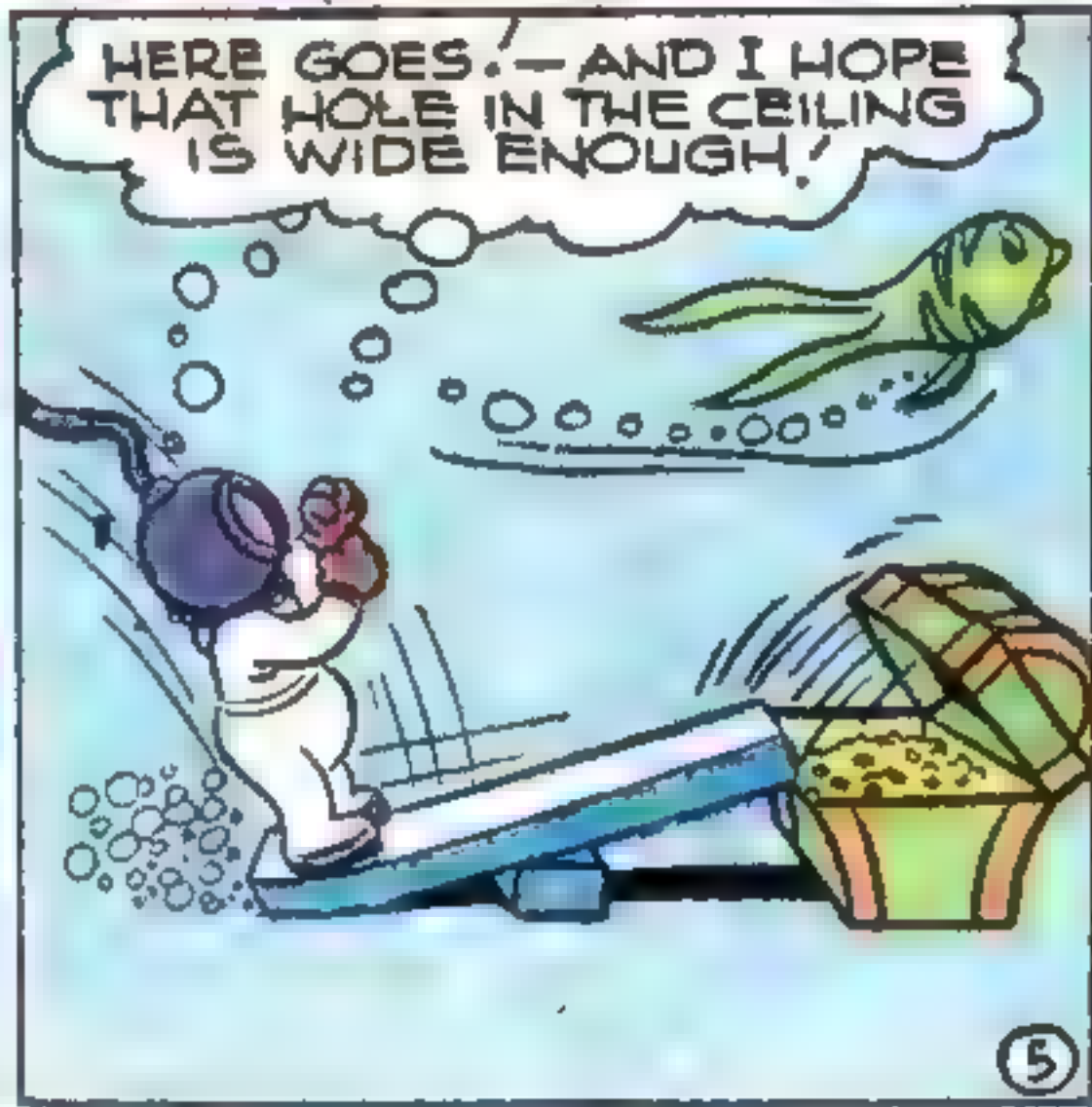
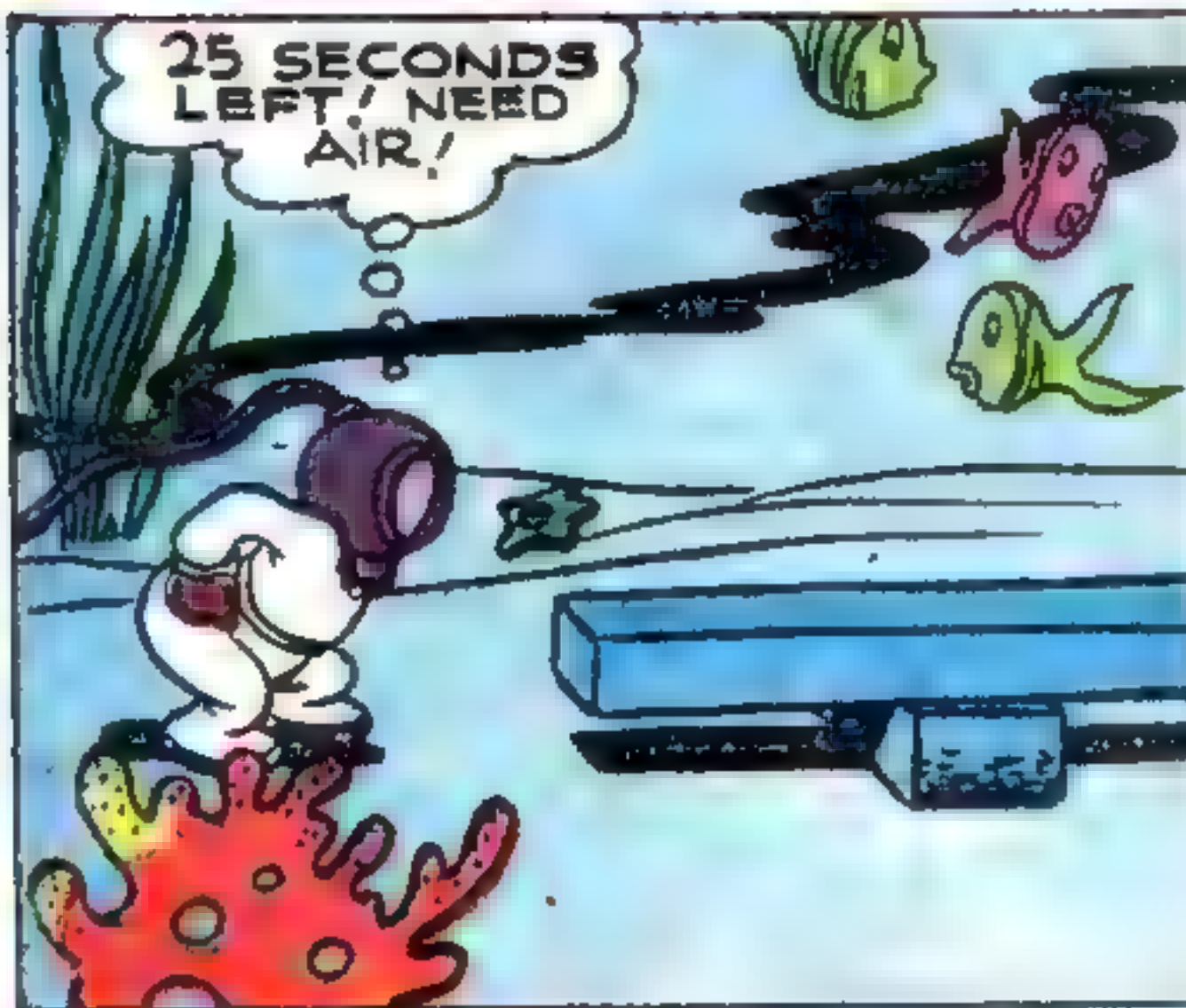
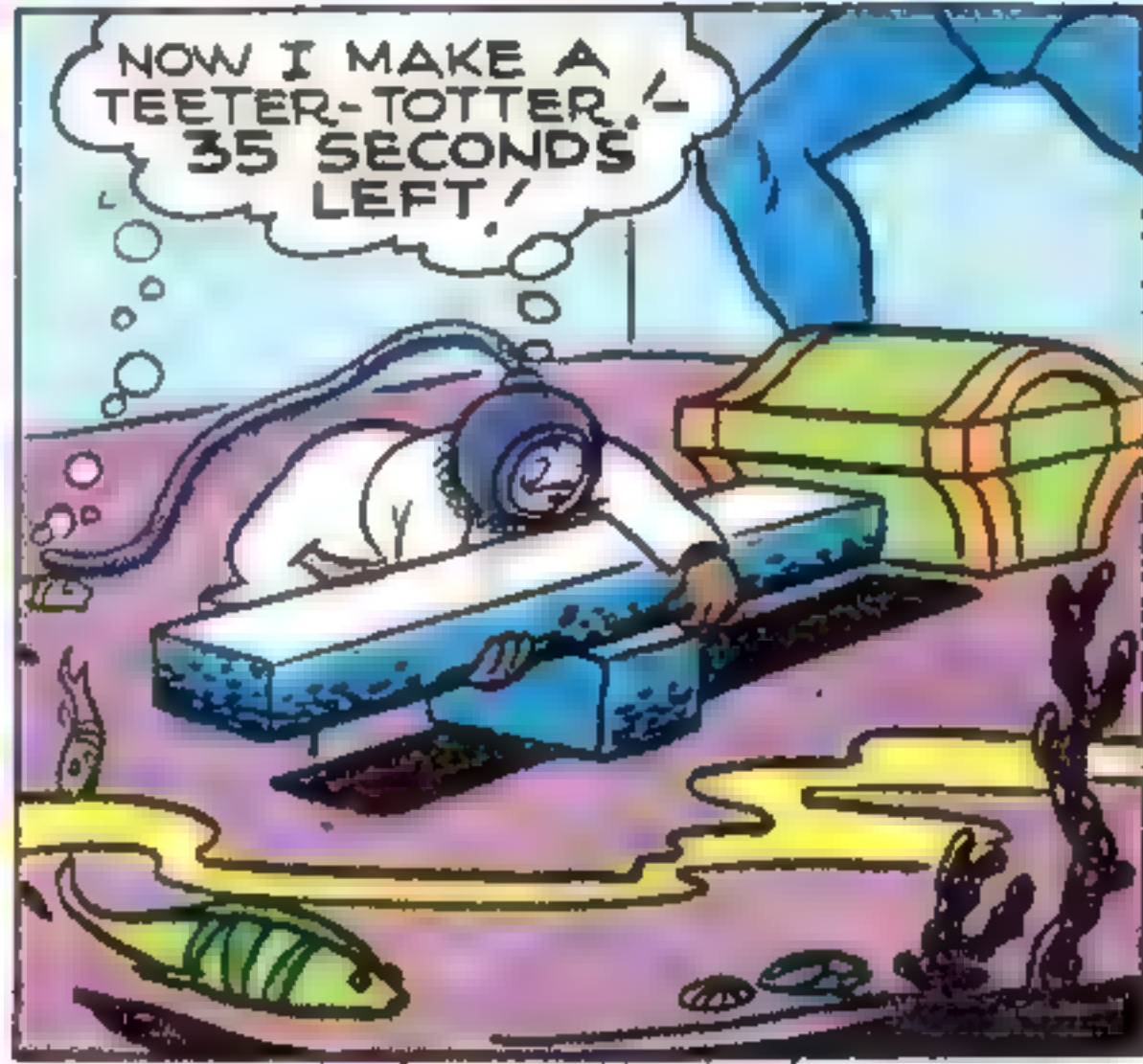
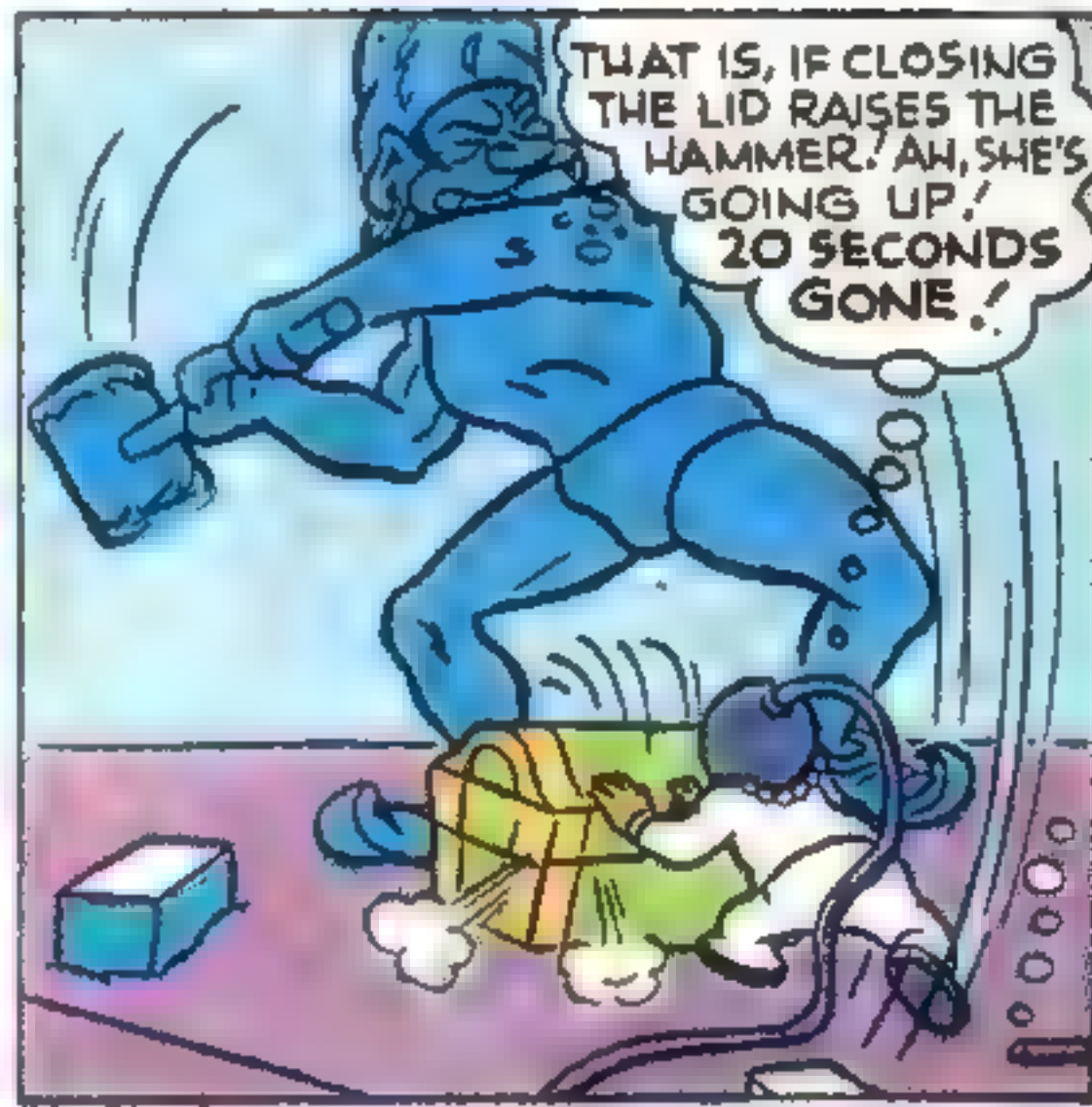
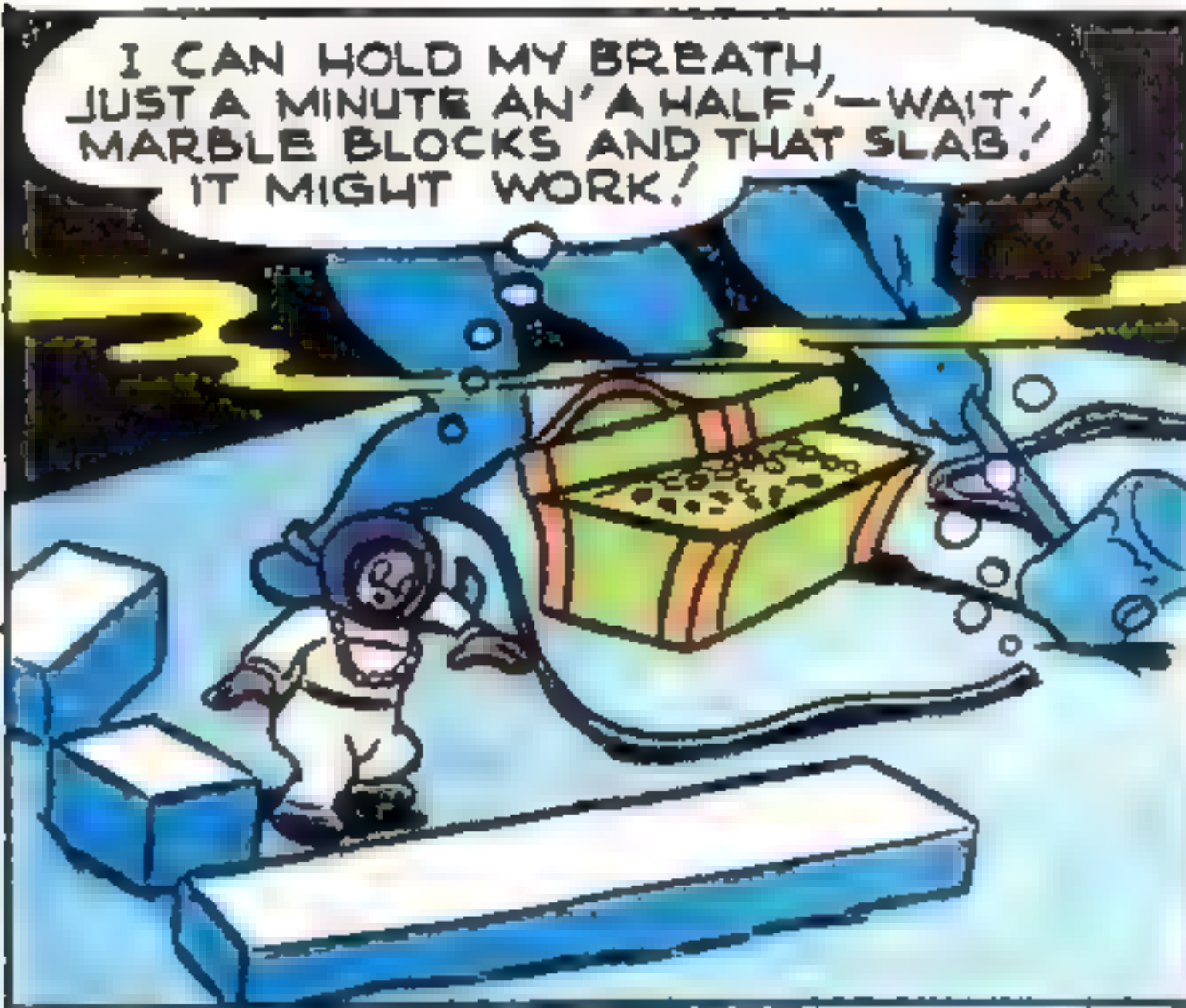
THAT'LL TEACH YE-WHAT!! HE'S BEHIND GLASS!



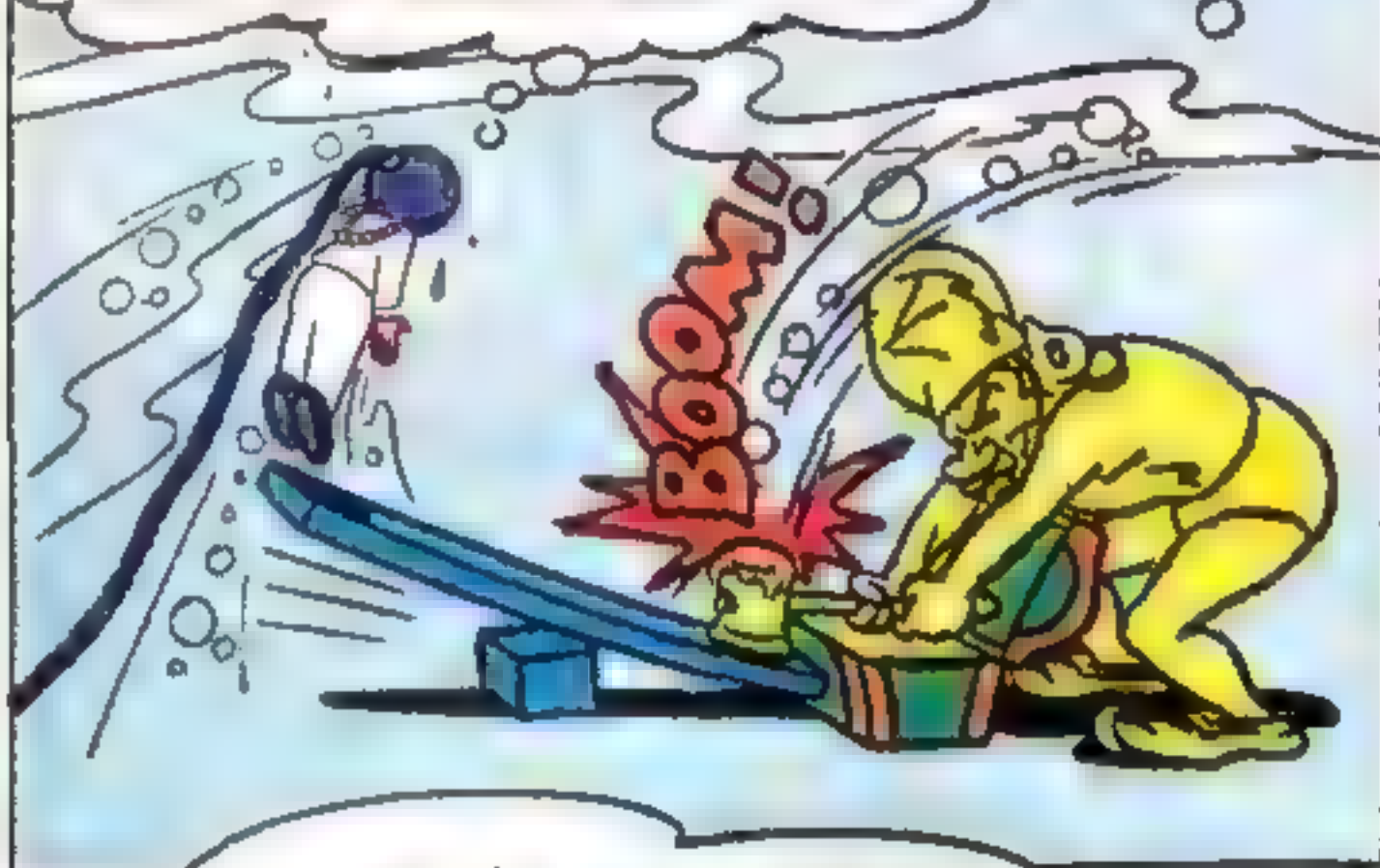
I'LL BE BLOWED! A WHOLE STREET OF MIRRORS THAT MAGNIFY, AN' MISHAPE THINGS! I WAS HITIN' MY OWN REFLECTION!



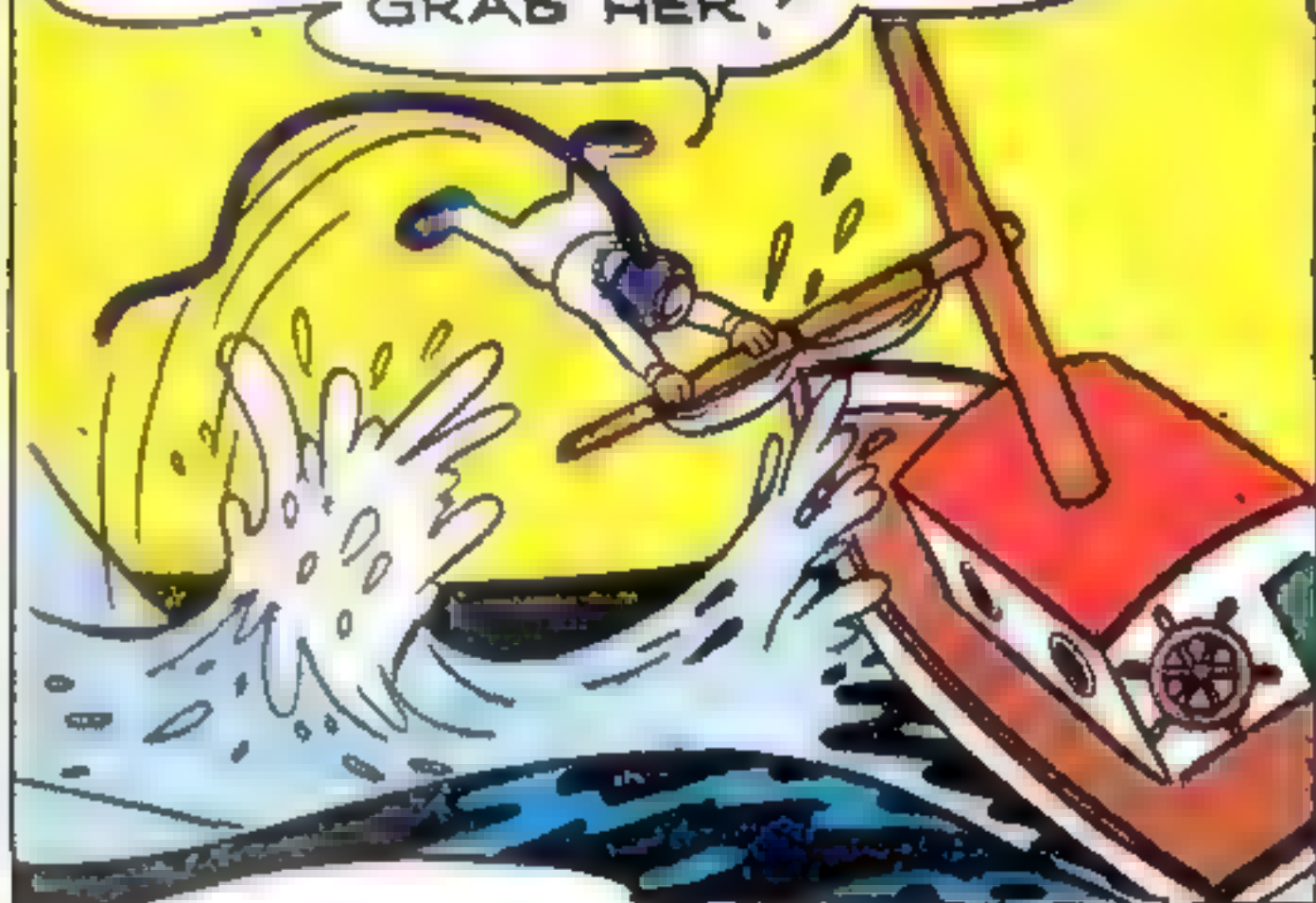




THE LID TRIPS THE HAMMER—
AN' ALOFT I GO!—TEN SECONDS
LEFT TO REACH SURFACE!



HOORAY! THE OL' SEVEN
SEAS ROLLED WITH THE SWELLS
JUST IN TIME TO LET ME
GRAB HER!



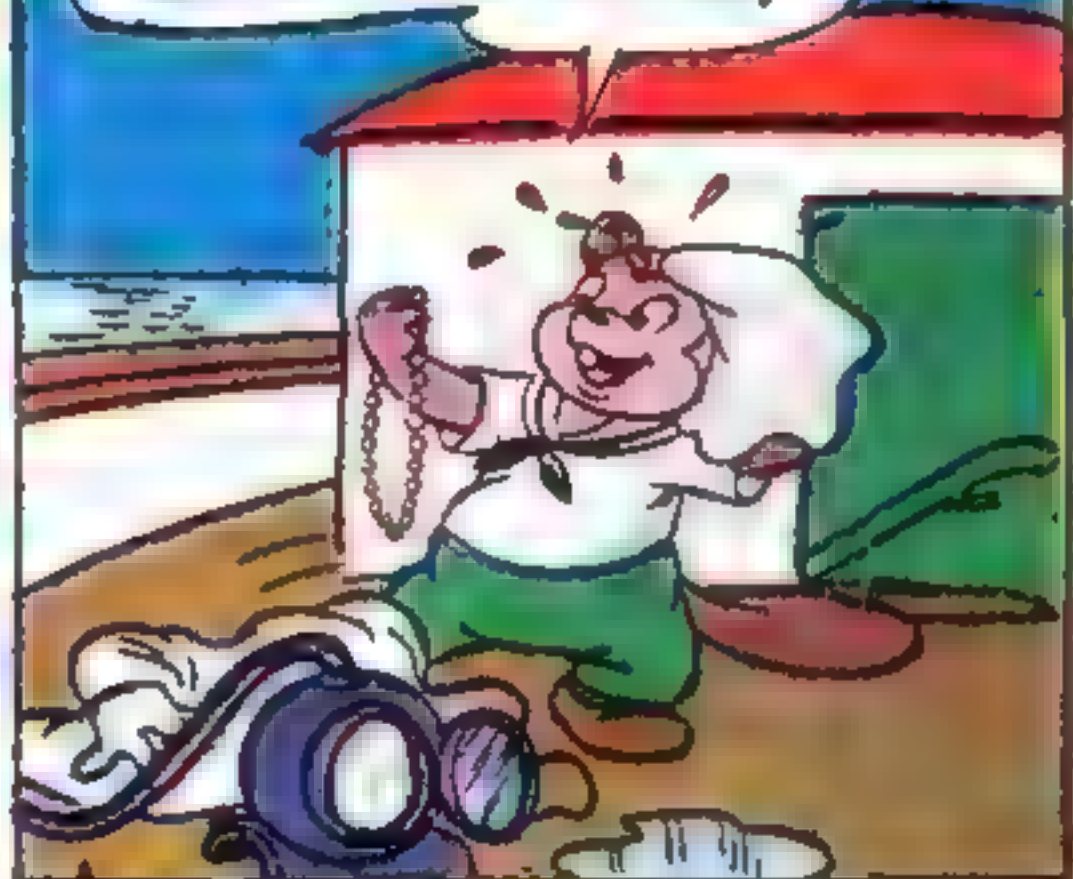
THE REST OF THE TREASURE
I'LL COME BACK AND GET LATER AN'
WH-WHAT! THE OCEAN'S FLOOR'S
DROPPING AGAIN. I GOT OUT JUST
IN TIME!



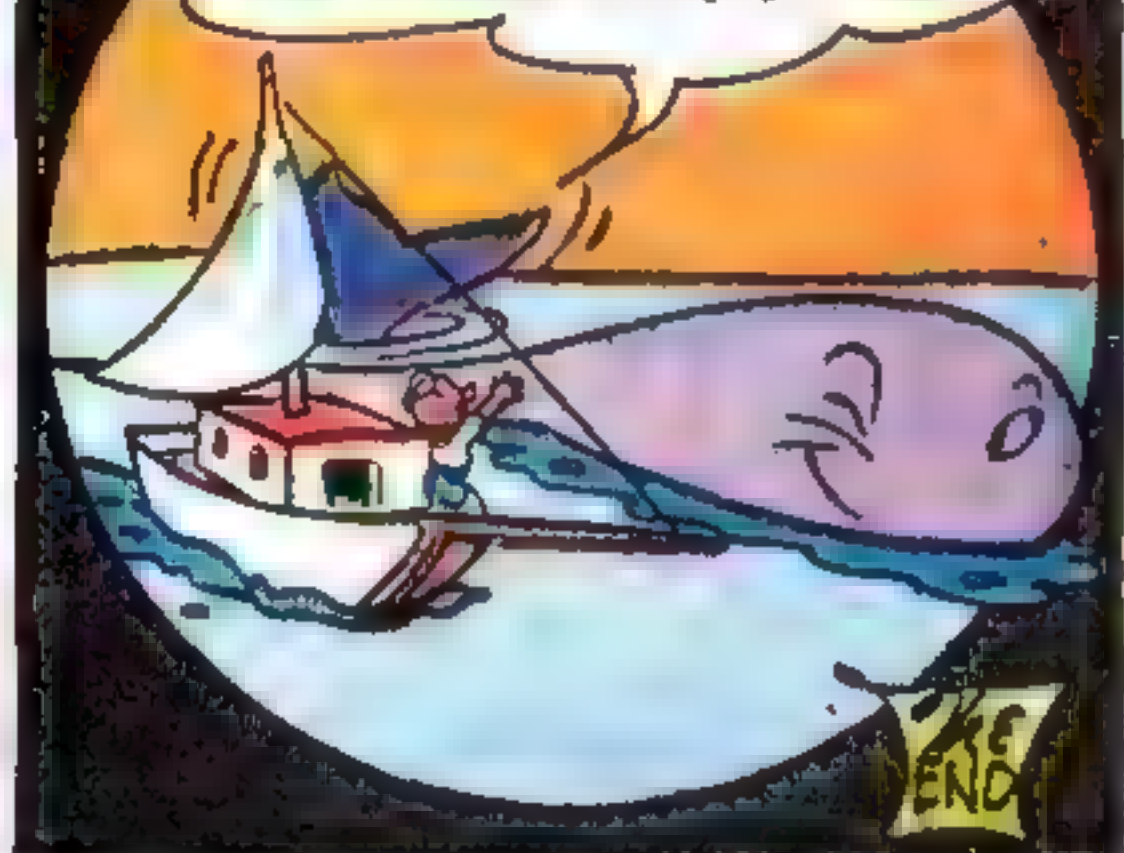
JUST—(GASP-GASP)
IN TIME!—BUT I'M
GOING TO MISS
THE MAST!

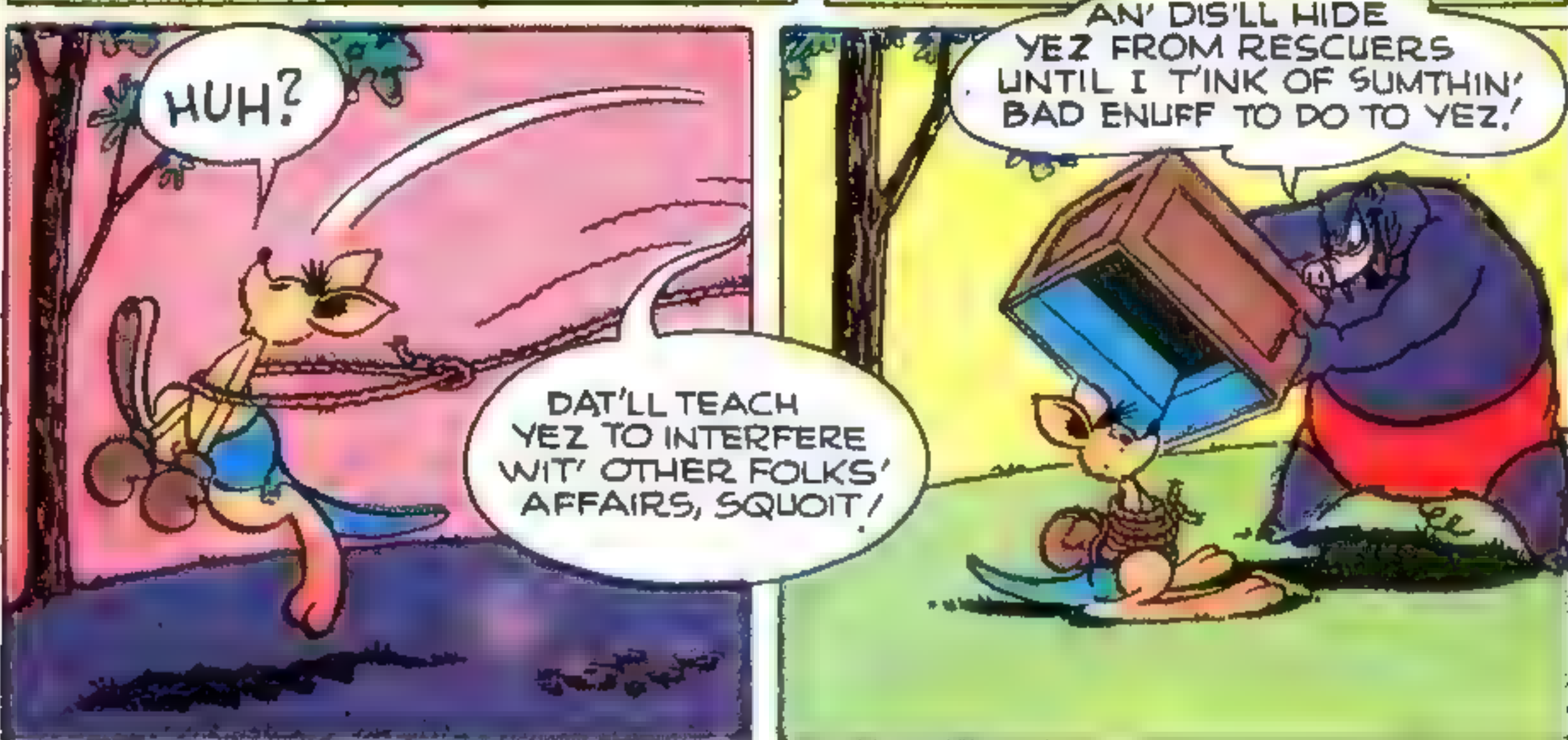
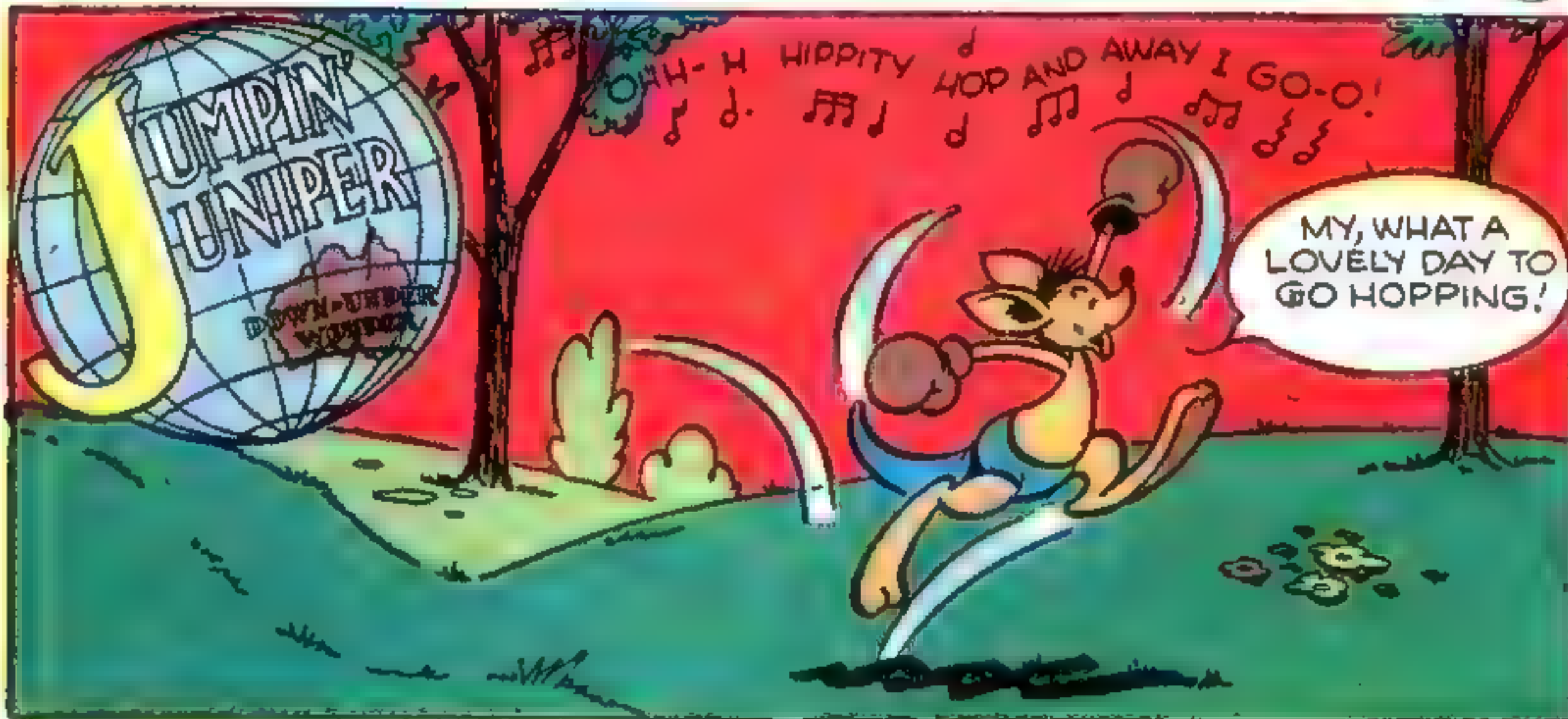


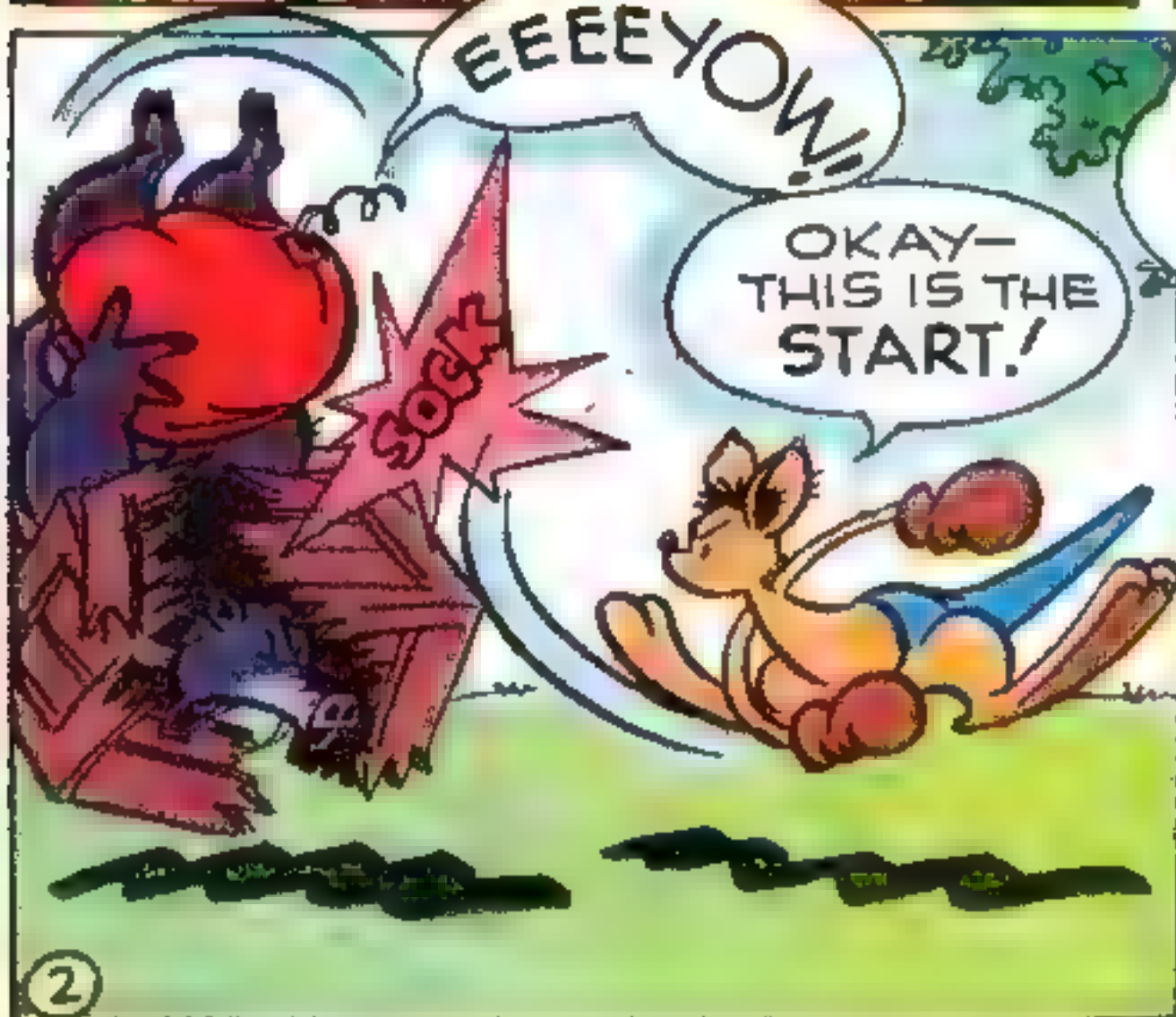
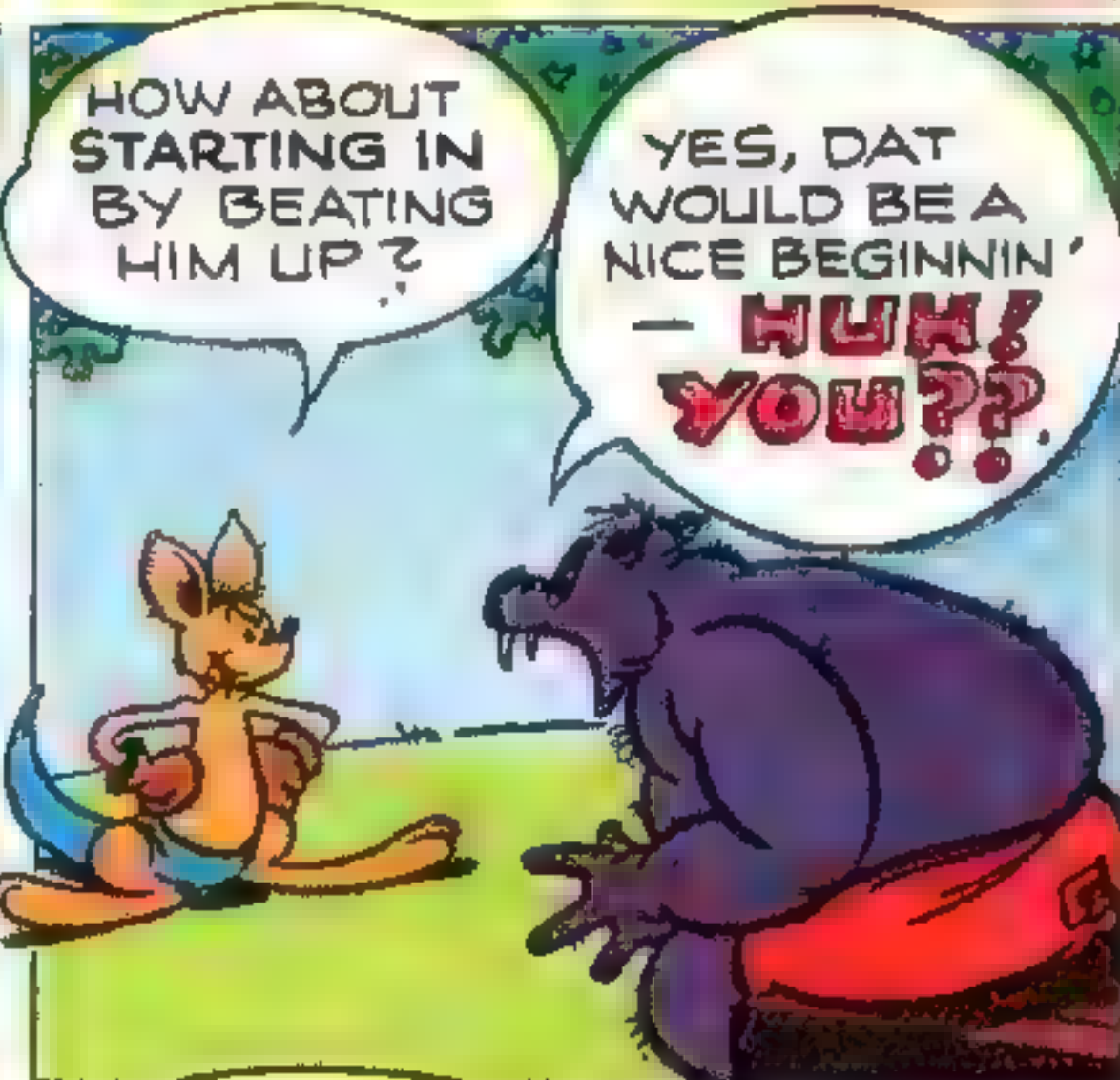
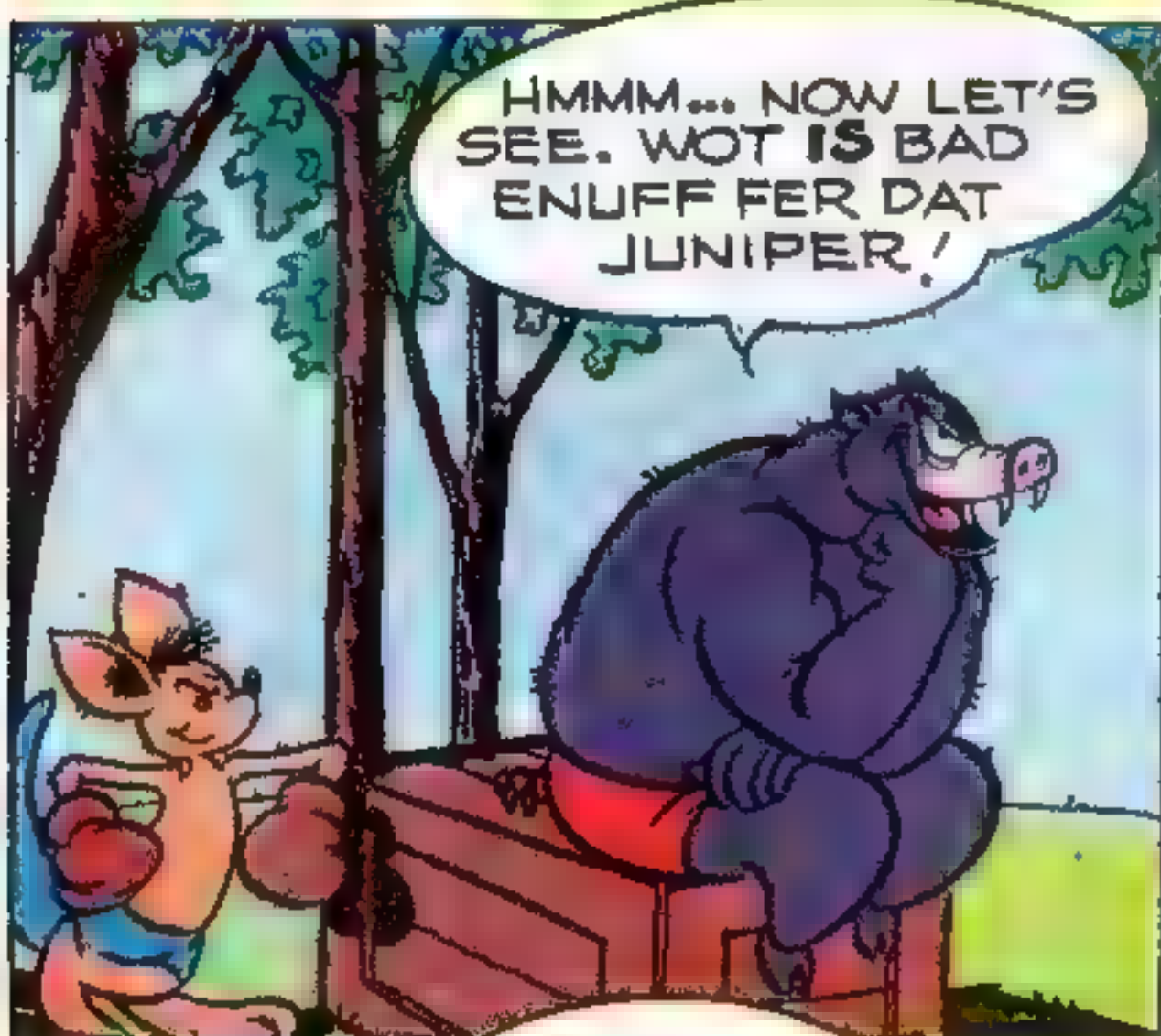
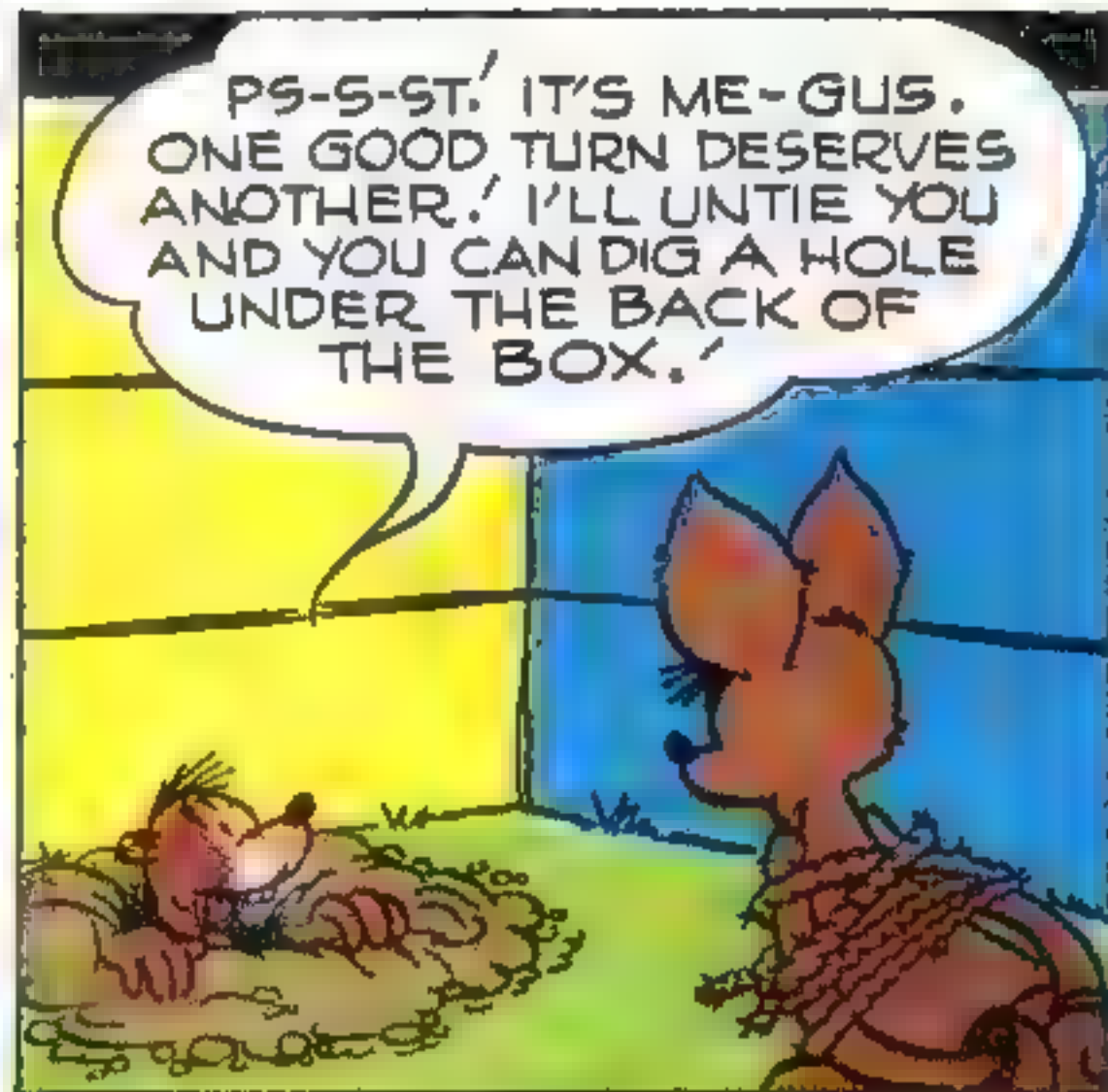
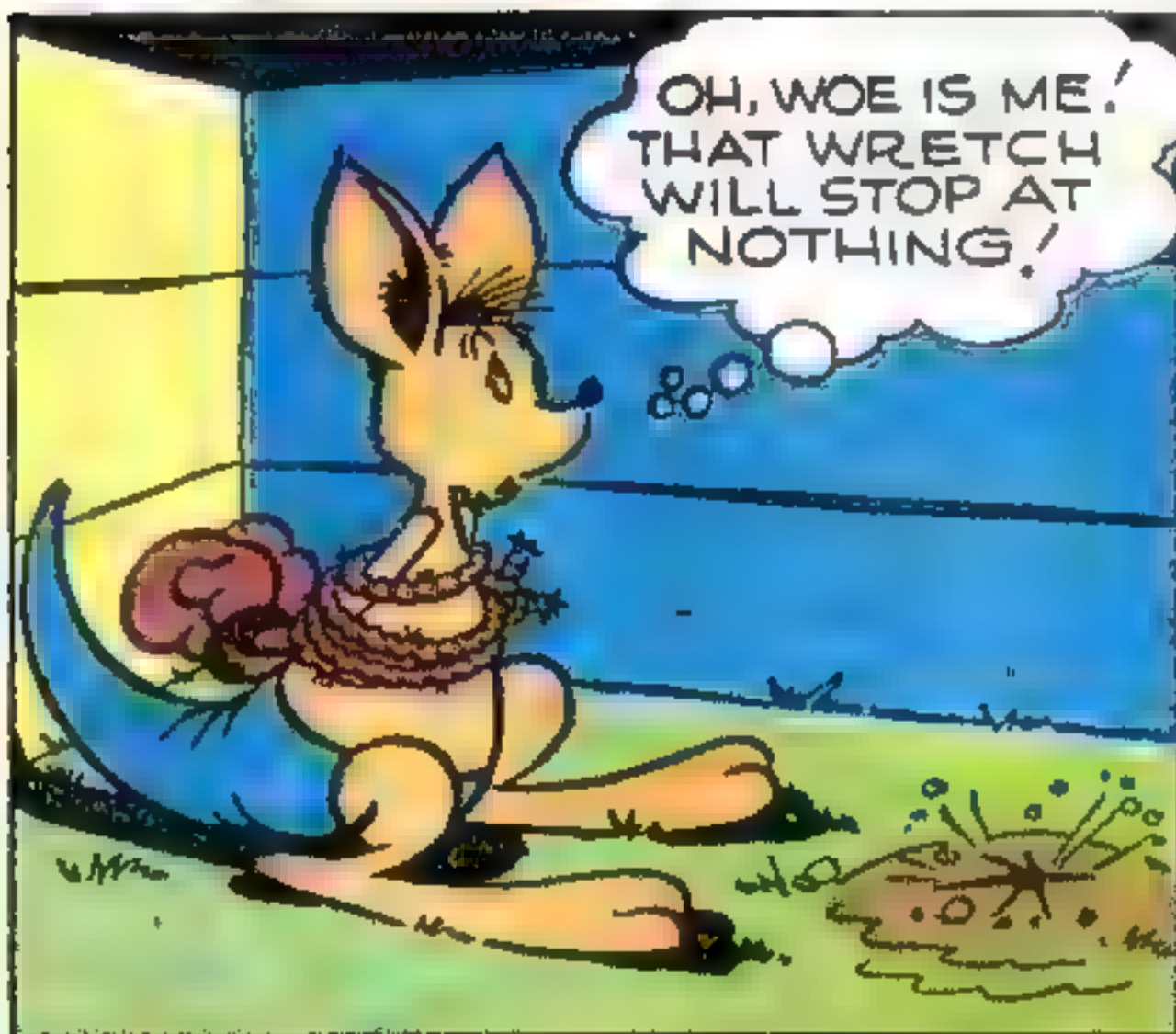
WHEW! WHAT A
CRUISE! THIS ROPE O'
PEARLS WILL FETCH A NICE
TIDY SUM FOR THE OLD
SEAMAN'S HOME!



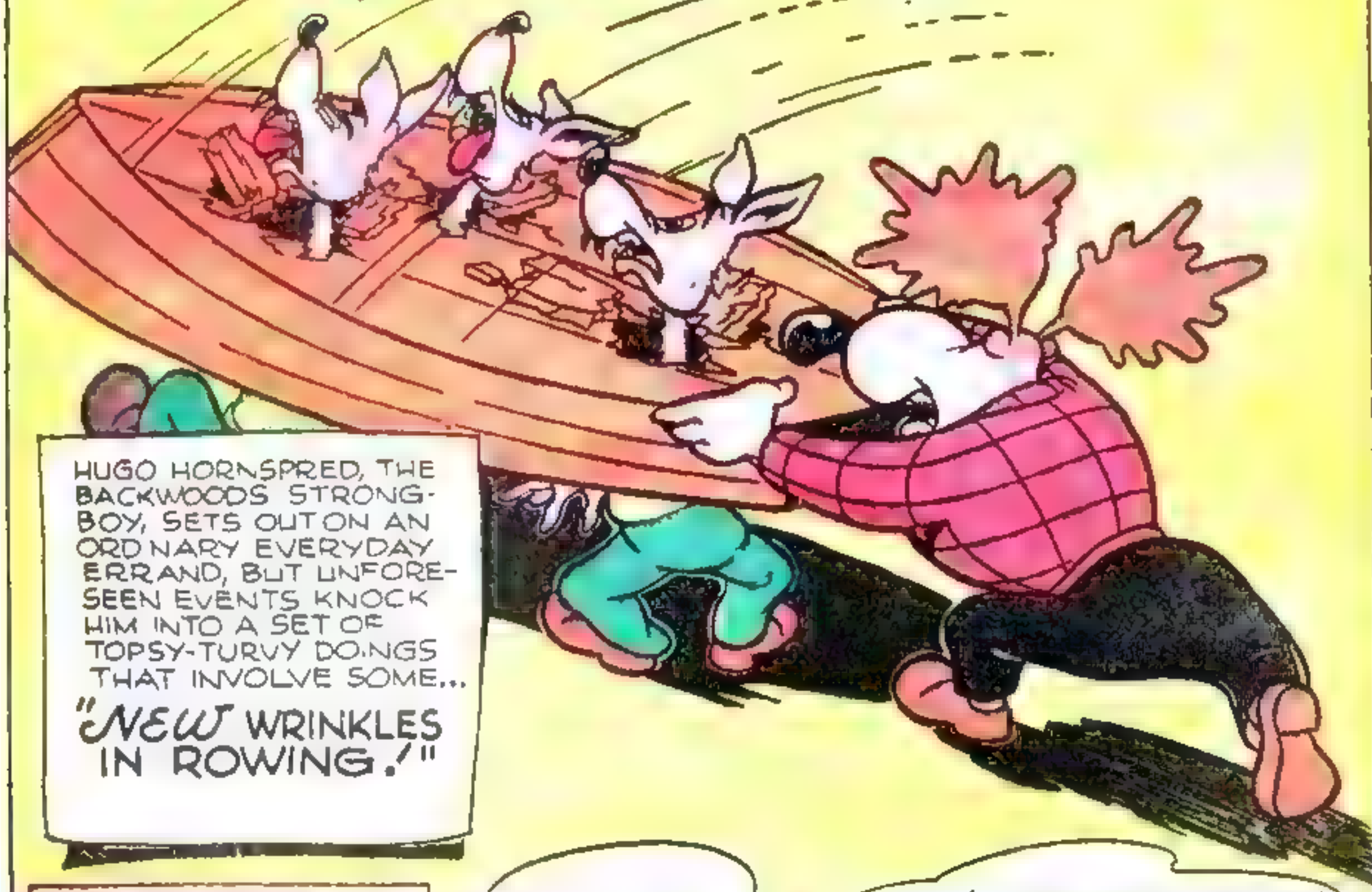
OH, WELL, I'M LUCKY TO HAVE
GOT OFF WITH MY LIFE, NOT TO
MENTION THE PEARLS...HI/HO!
AWOY THERE, OL'
METHUSELAH!







Hugo Hornspred



HUGO HORNSPRED, THE BACKWOODS STRONG-BOY, SETS OUT ON AN ORDINARY EVERYDAY ERRAND, BUT UNFORESEEN EVENTS KNOCK HIM INTO A SET OF TOPSY-TURVY DOINGS THAT INVOLVE SOME...

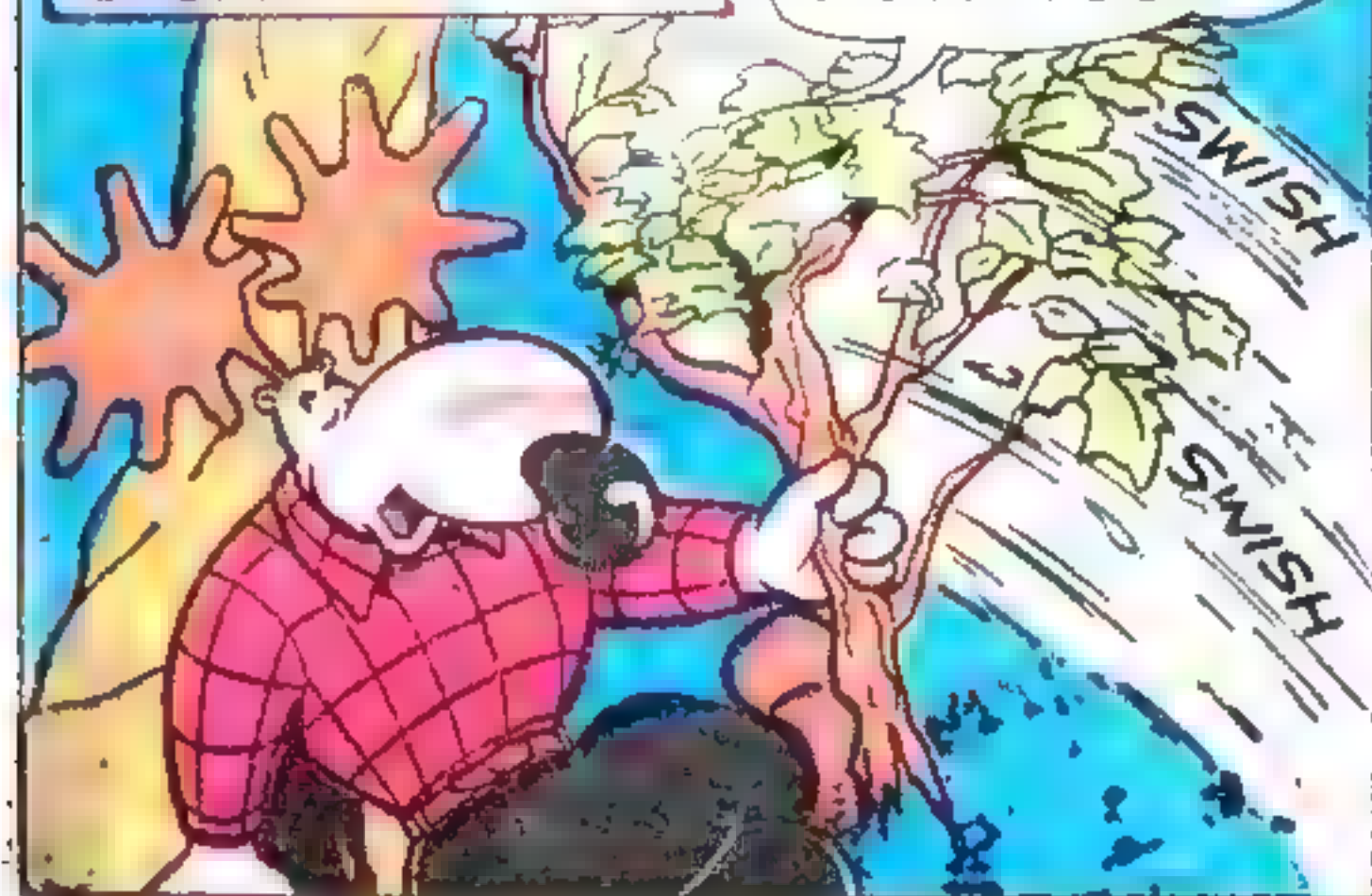
"NEW WRINKLES IN ROWING."

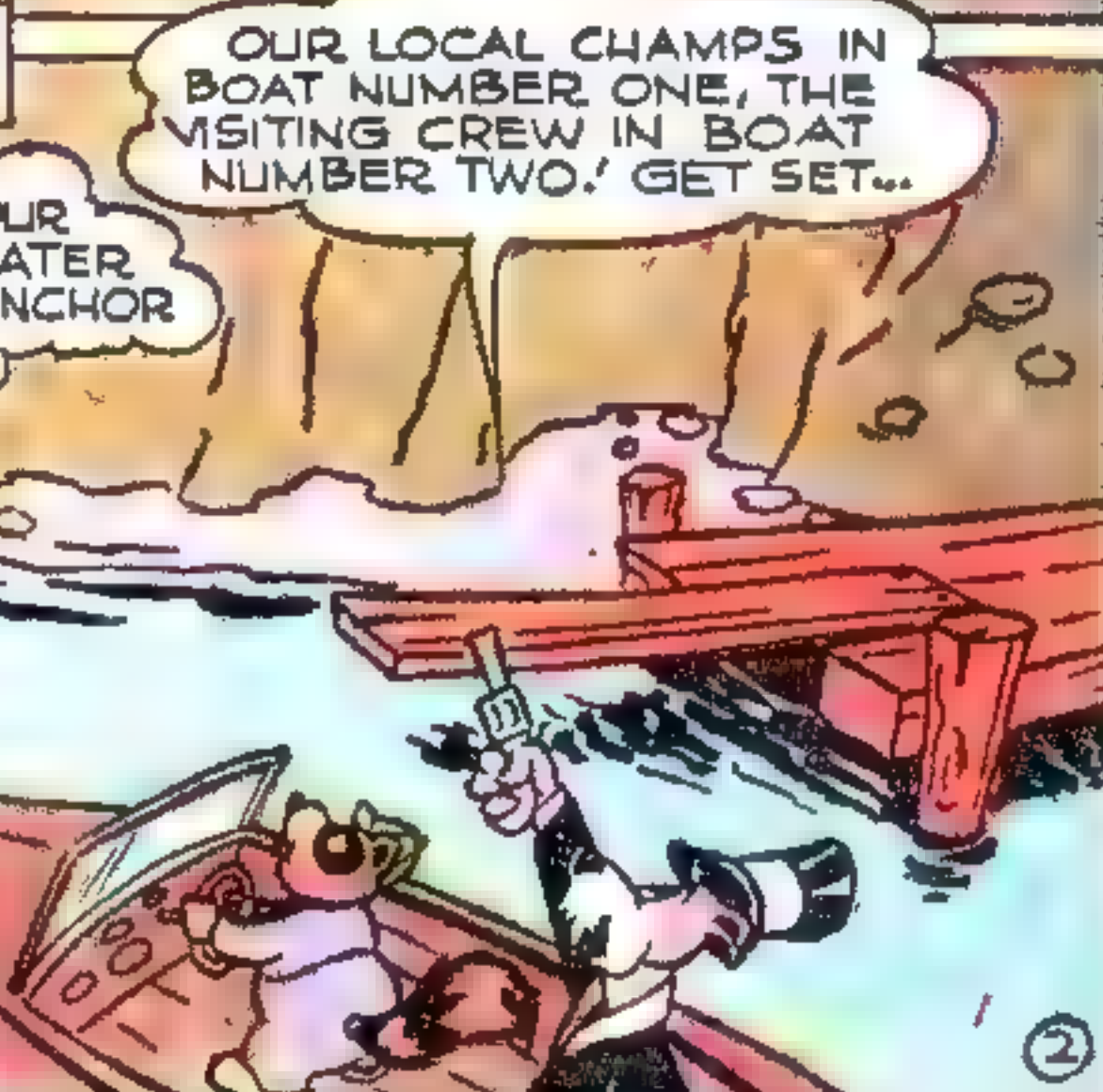
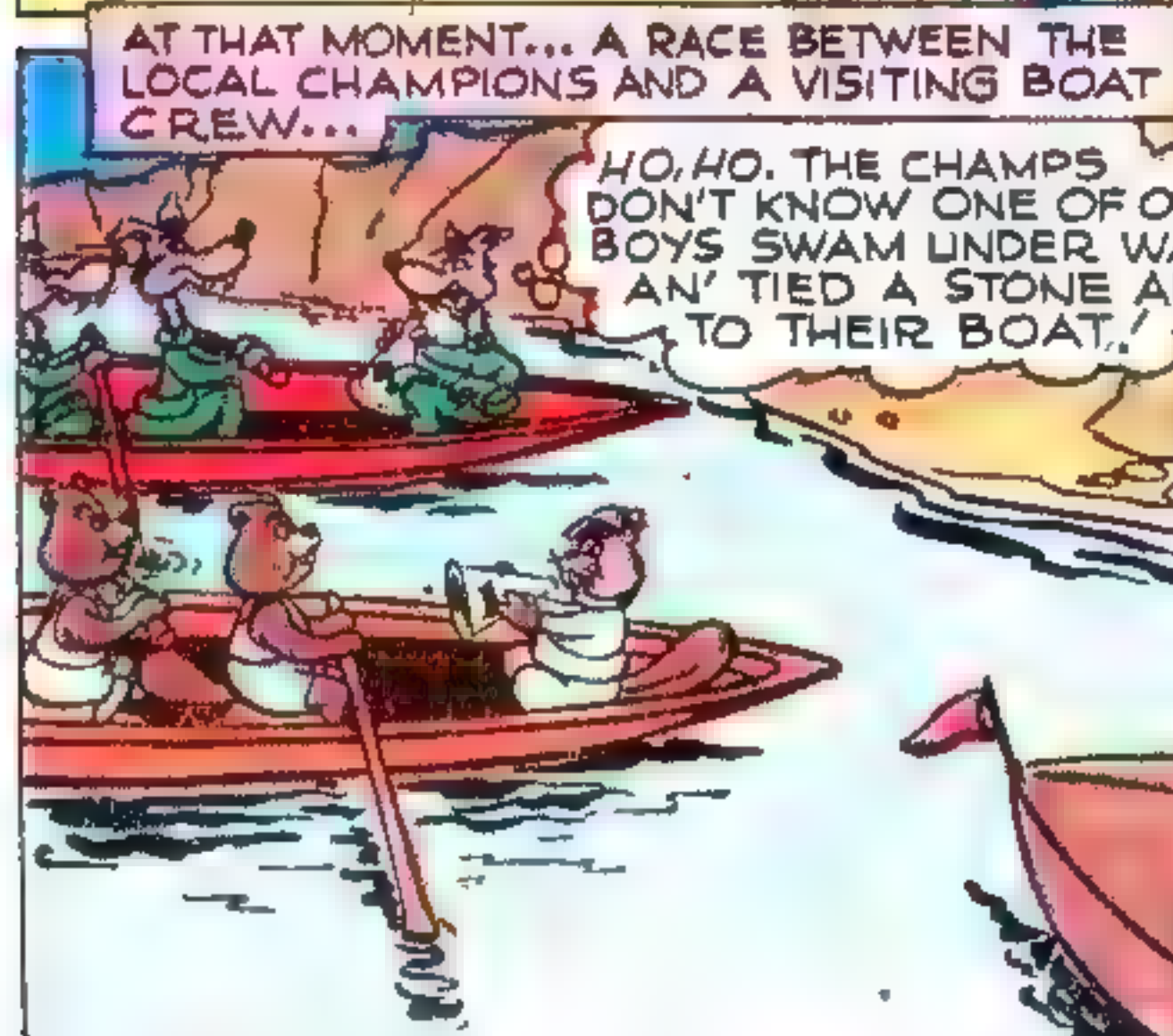
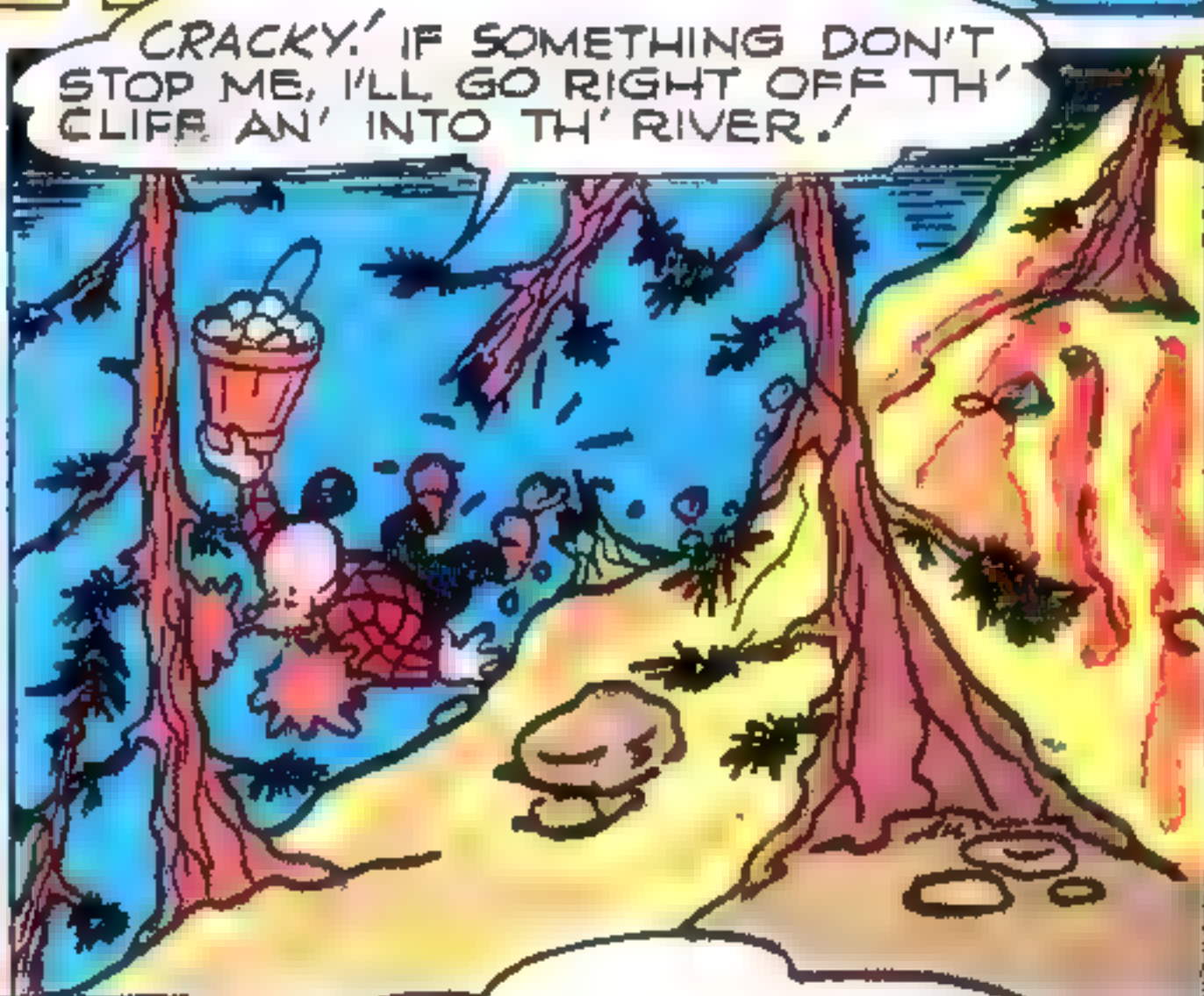
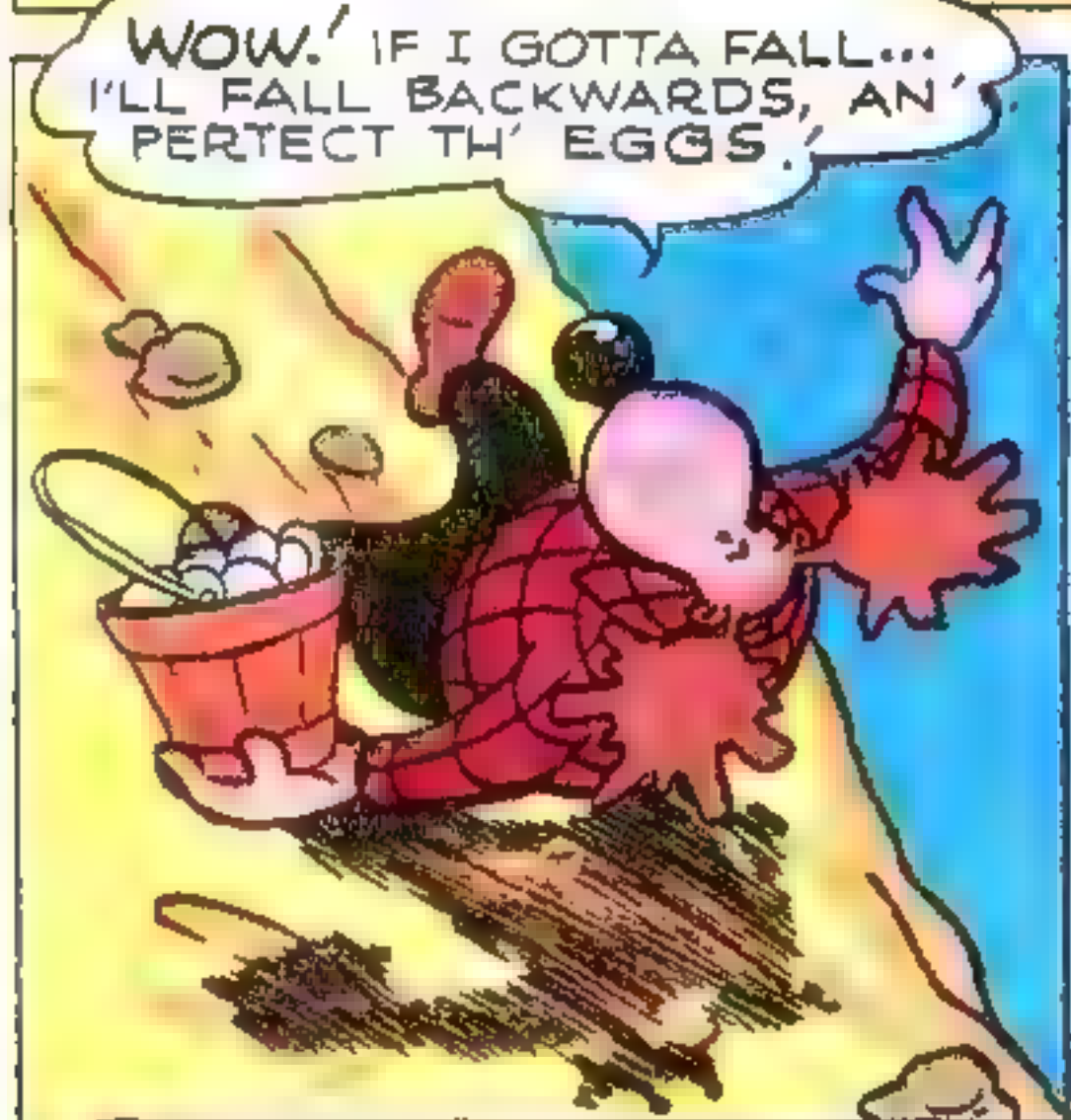
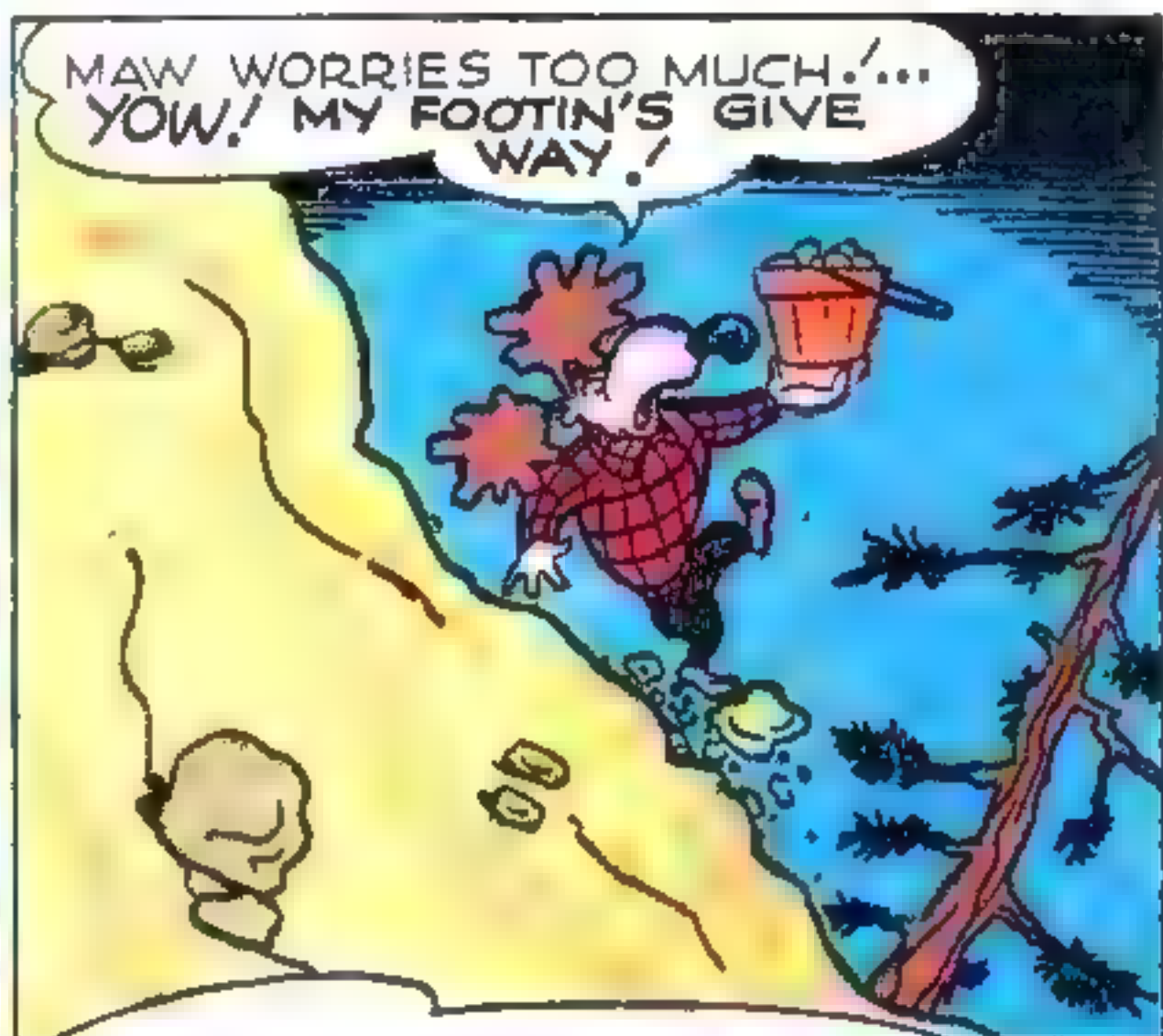
HUGO HORNSPRED, THE YOUNG HERCULES OF THE HILLS, LIKES TO KEEP COOL...

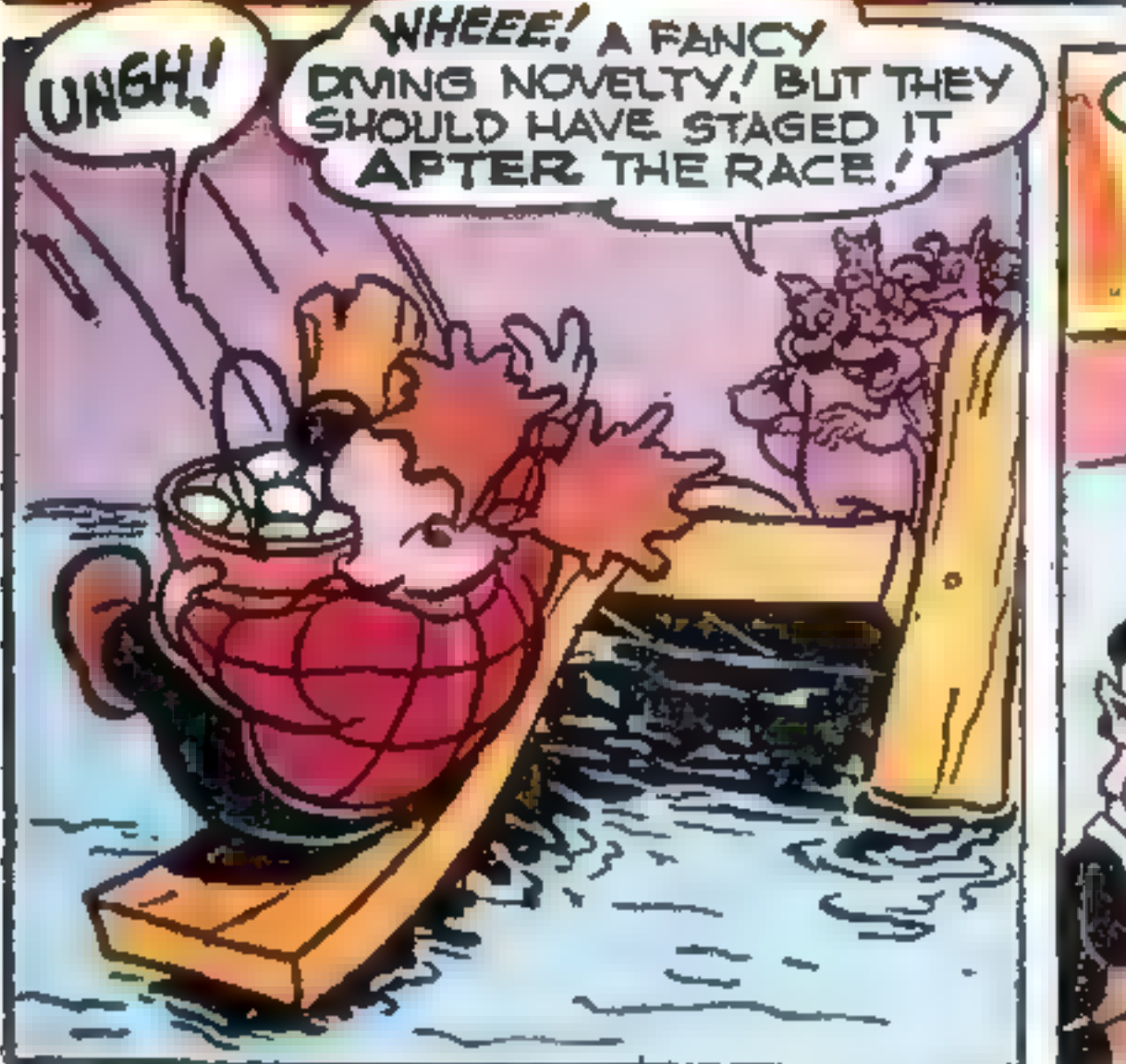
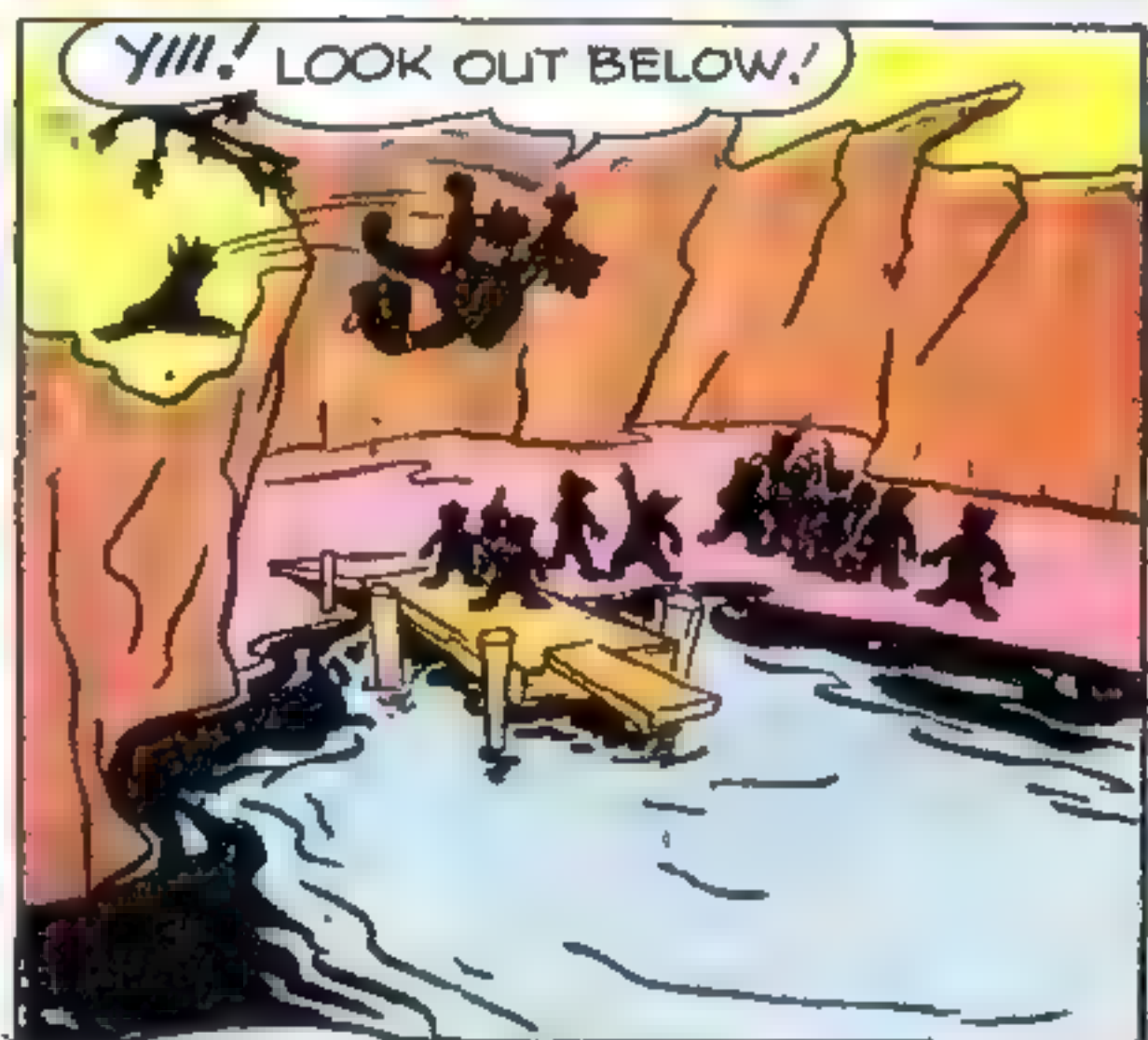
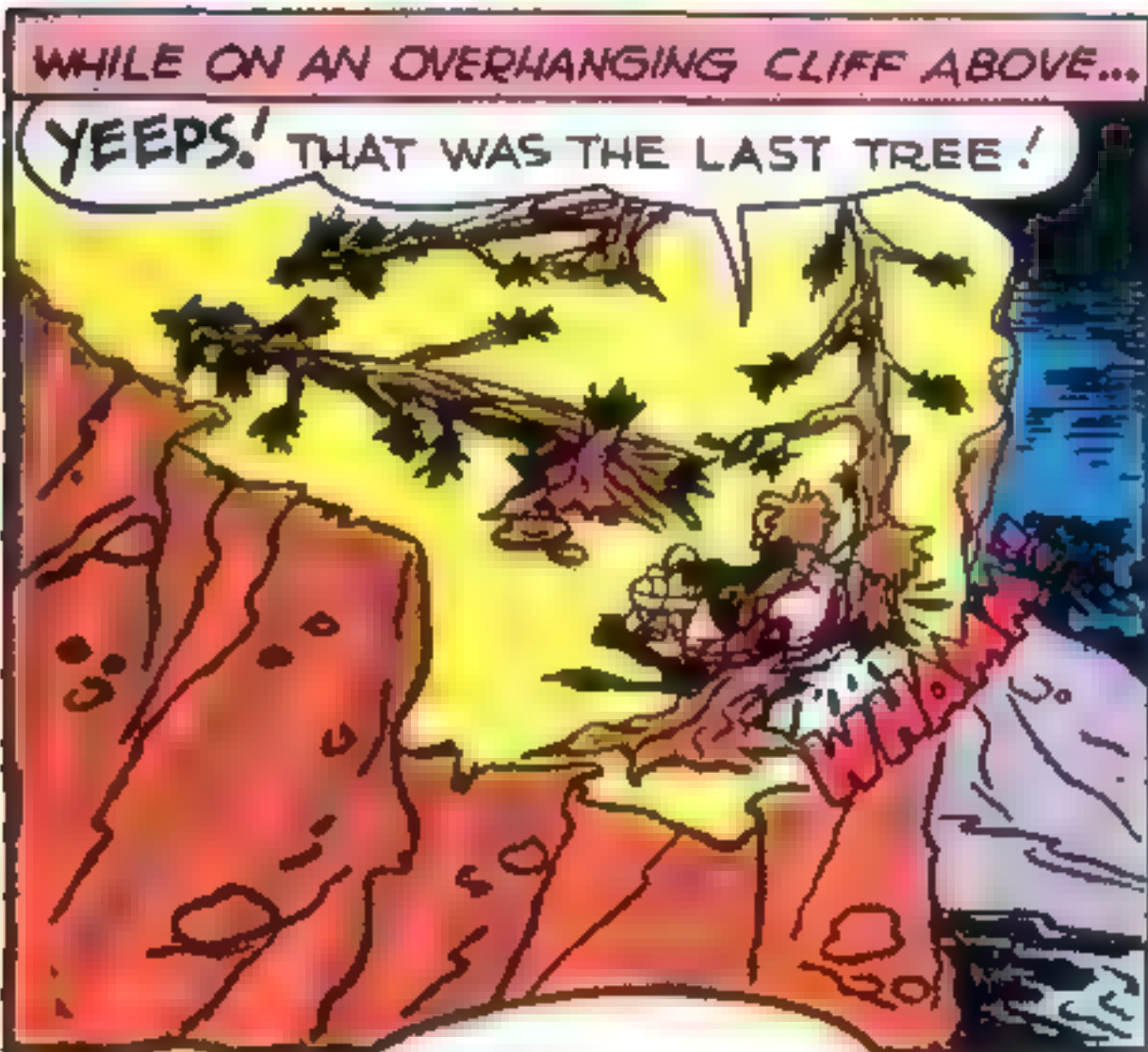
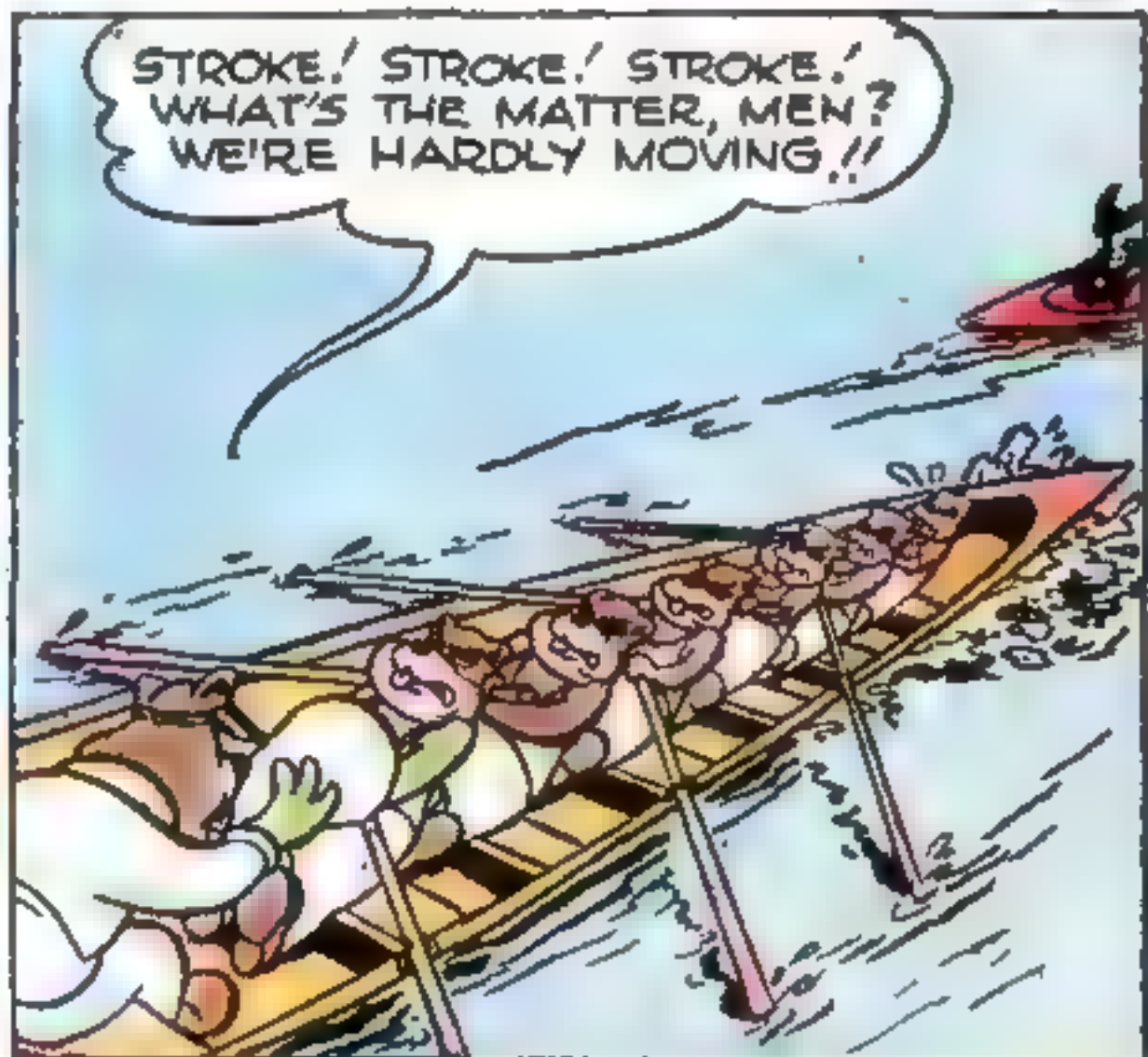
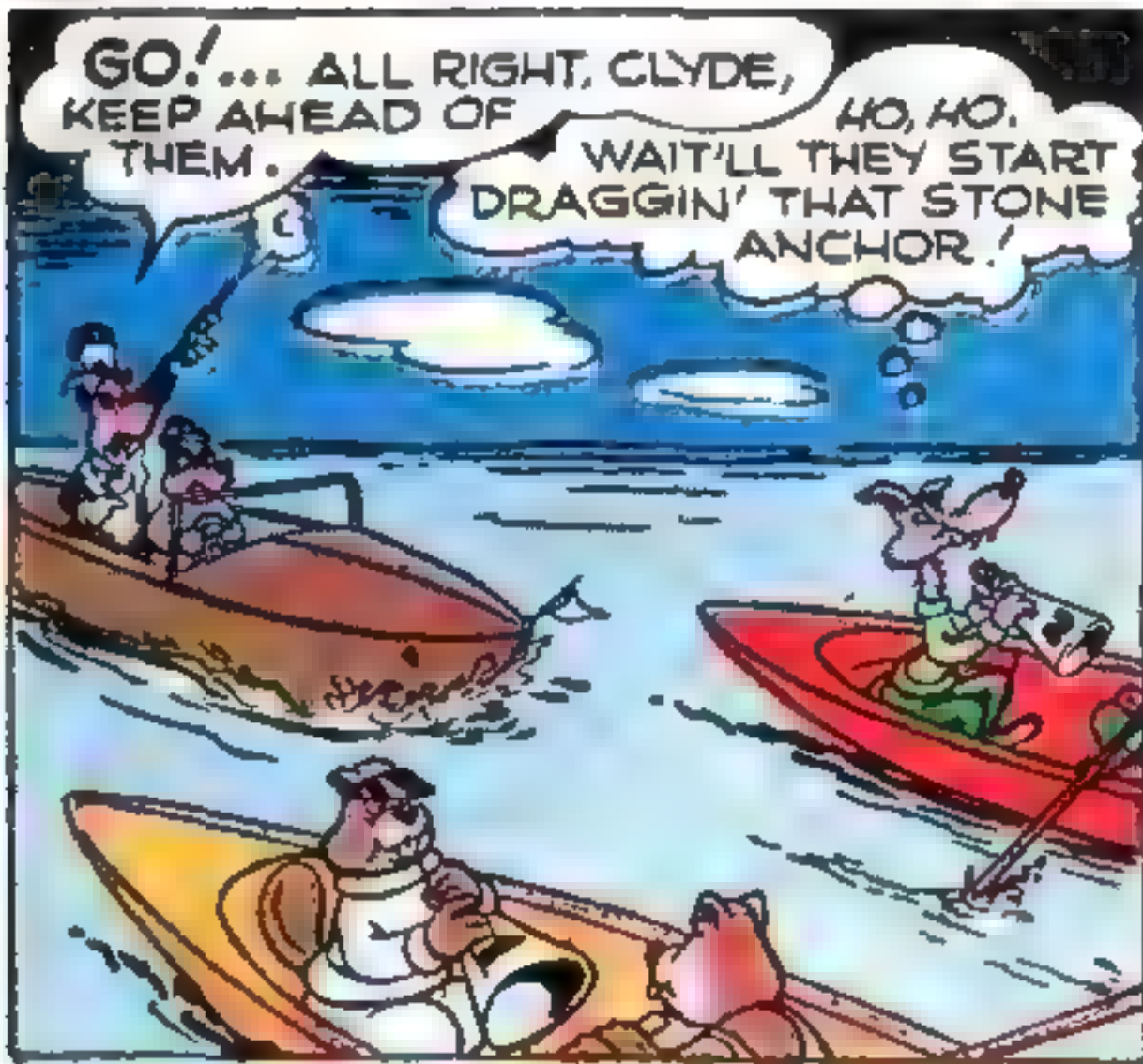
SURE IS A HOT DAY-GOTTA KEEP THIS OL' SWISHY-BRANCH GOIN'...

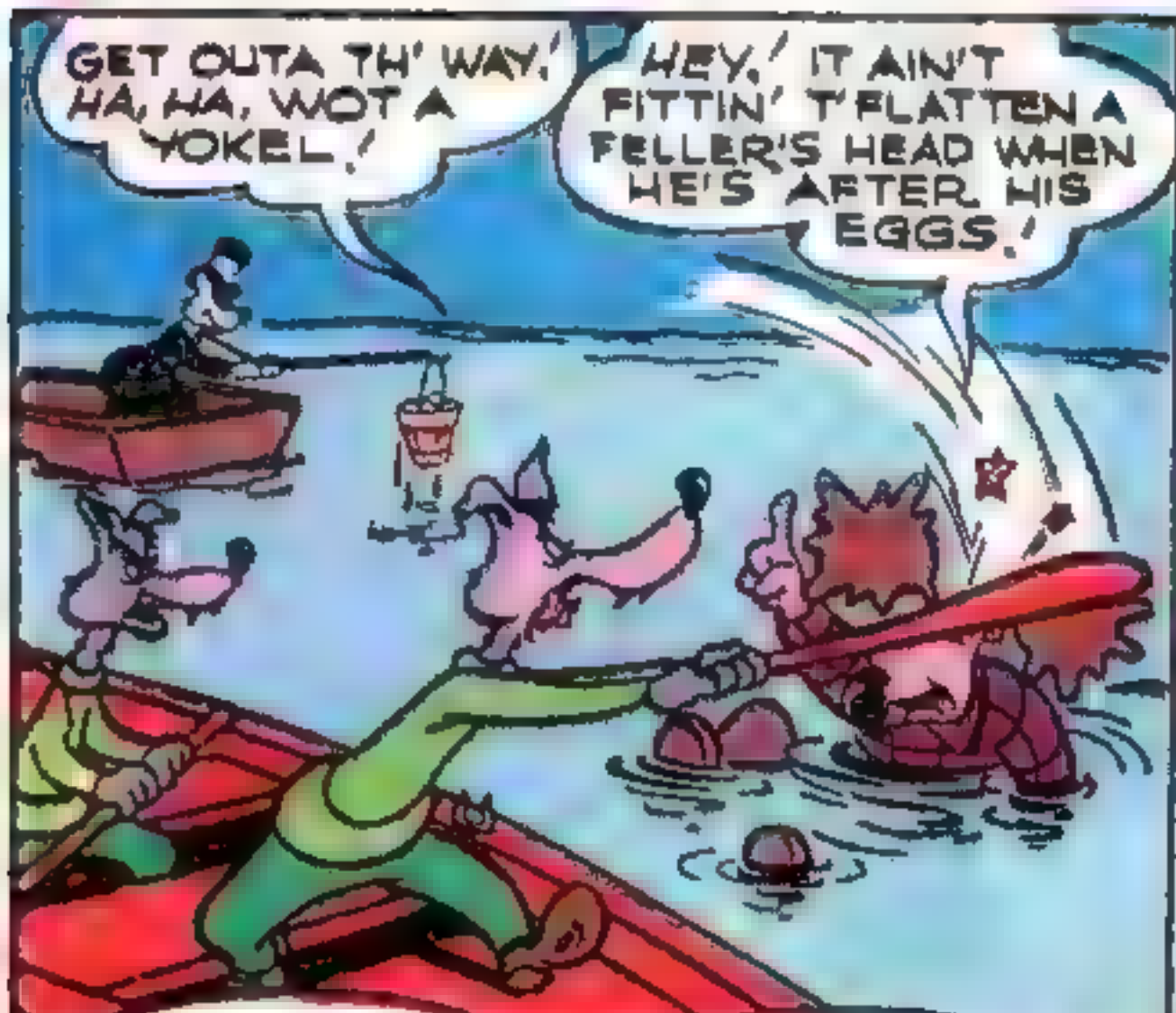
HUGO! LEAVE ALONE WHIPPIN' UP ALL THAT A.R.-YE'LL BLOW TH' HOUSE DOWN!... I WANT YOU T' TAKE THESE EGGS T' MARKET.

GEE WH'LLIKERS, MAW, THAT'S GOOD. I KIN BUY MYSELF A STICK O CHAW. IN' GLM IN TOWN.



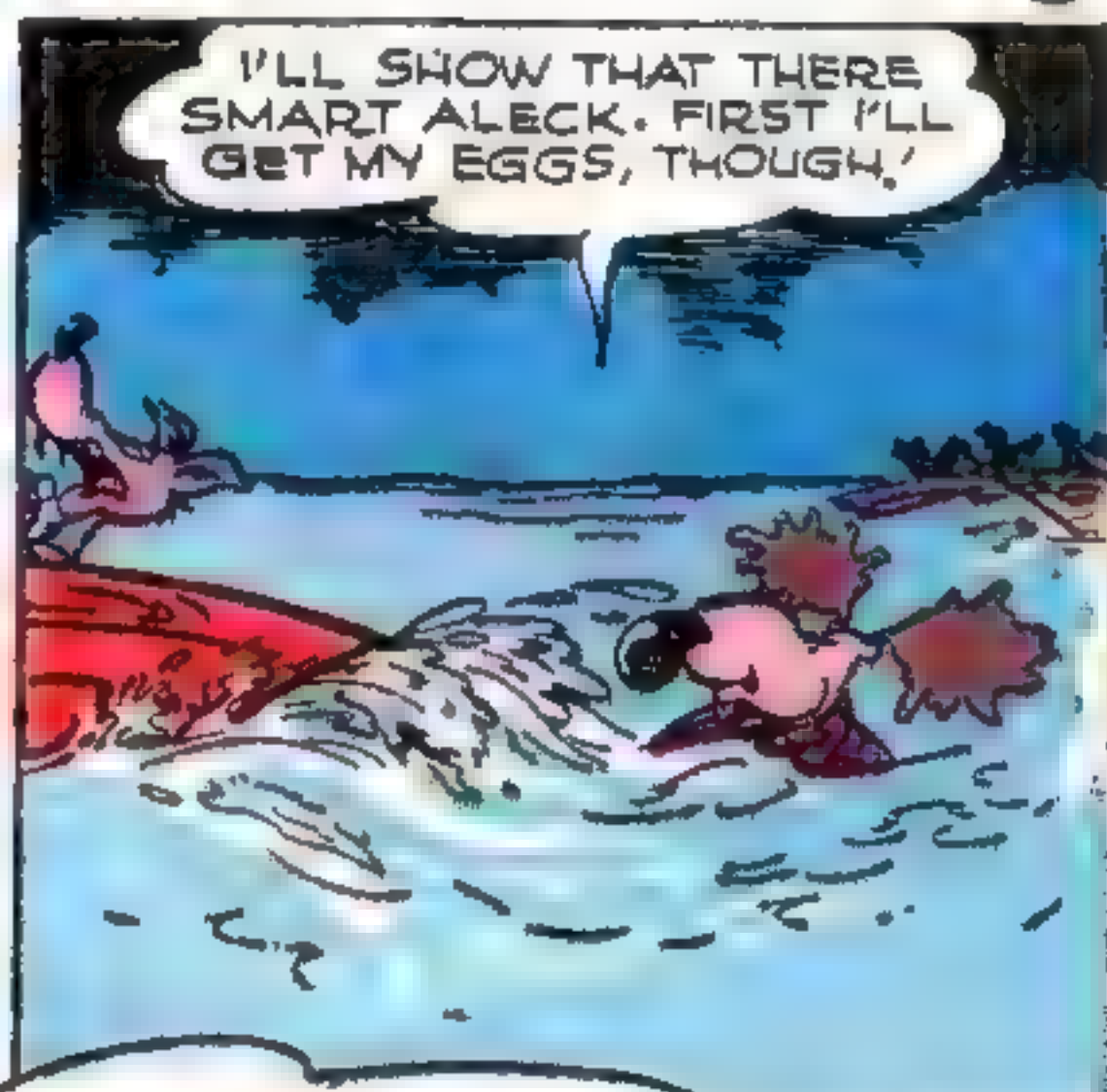




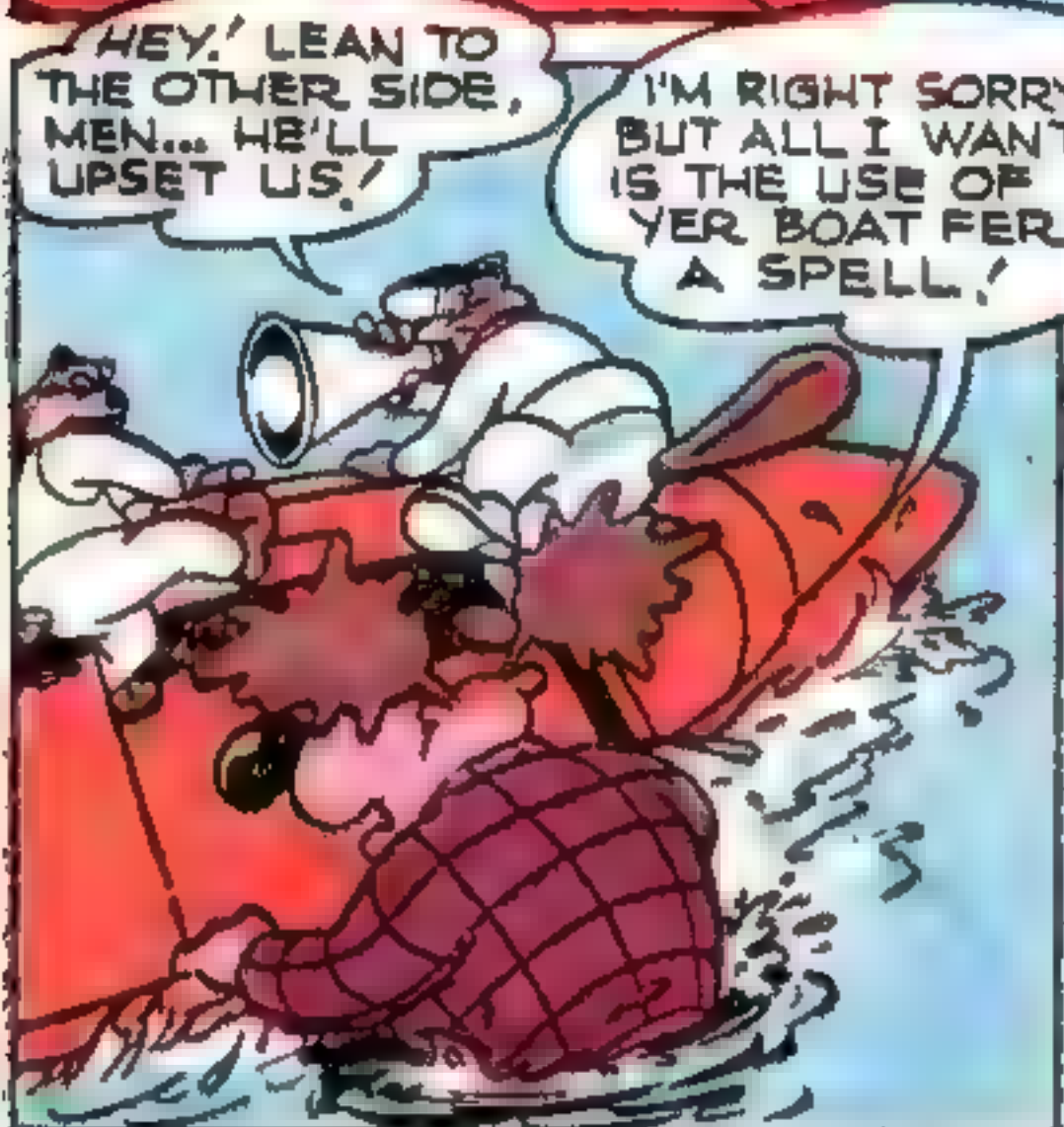


GET OUTA TH' WAY!
HA, HA, WOT A
YOKEL!

HEY, IT AIN'T
FITTIN' T' FLATTEN A
FELLER'S HEAD WHEN
HE'S AFTER HIS
EGGS!

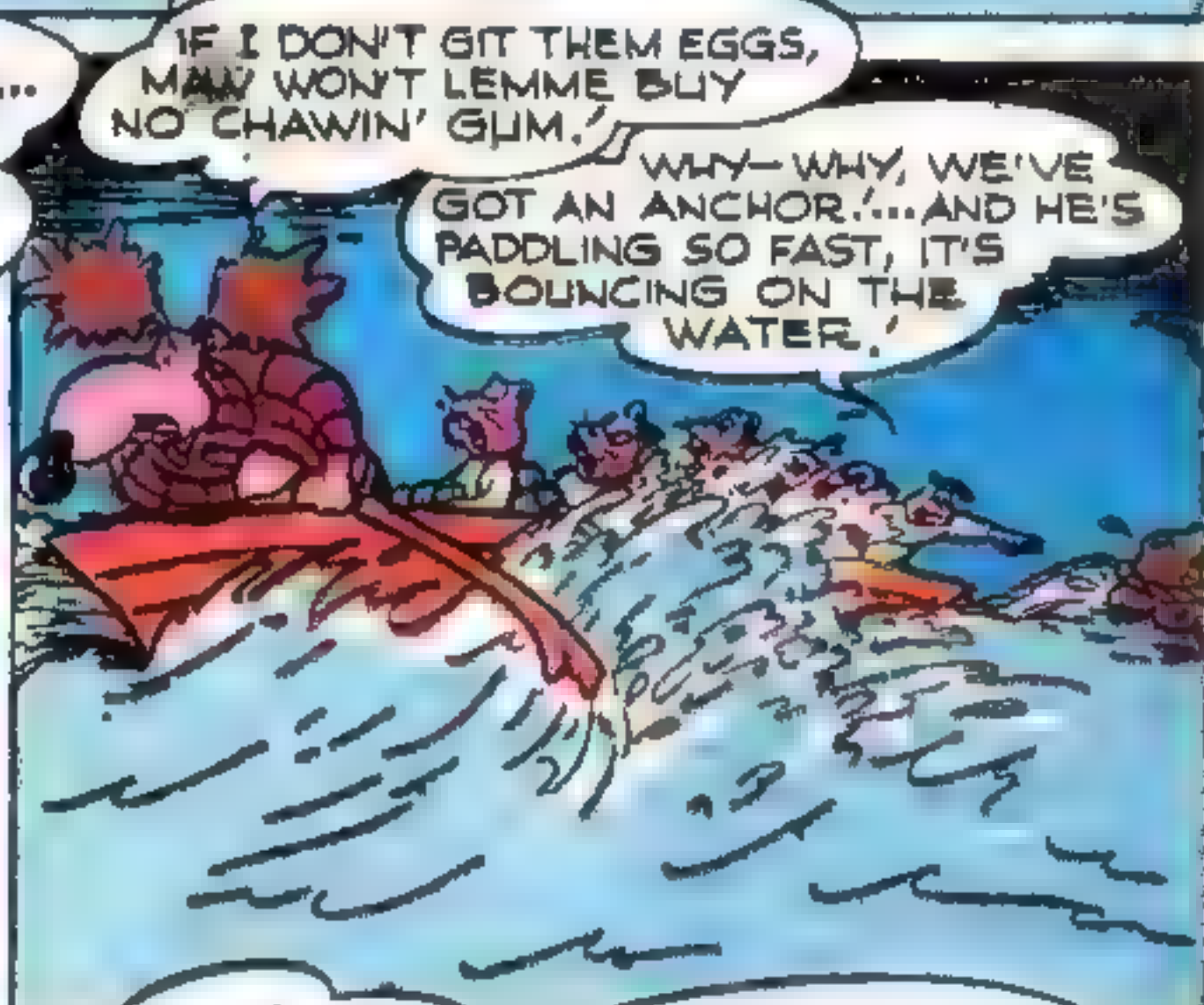


I'LL SHOW THAT THERE
SMART ALECK. FIRST I'LL
GET MY EGGS, THOUGH!



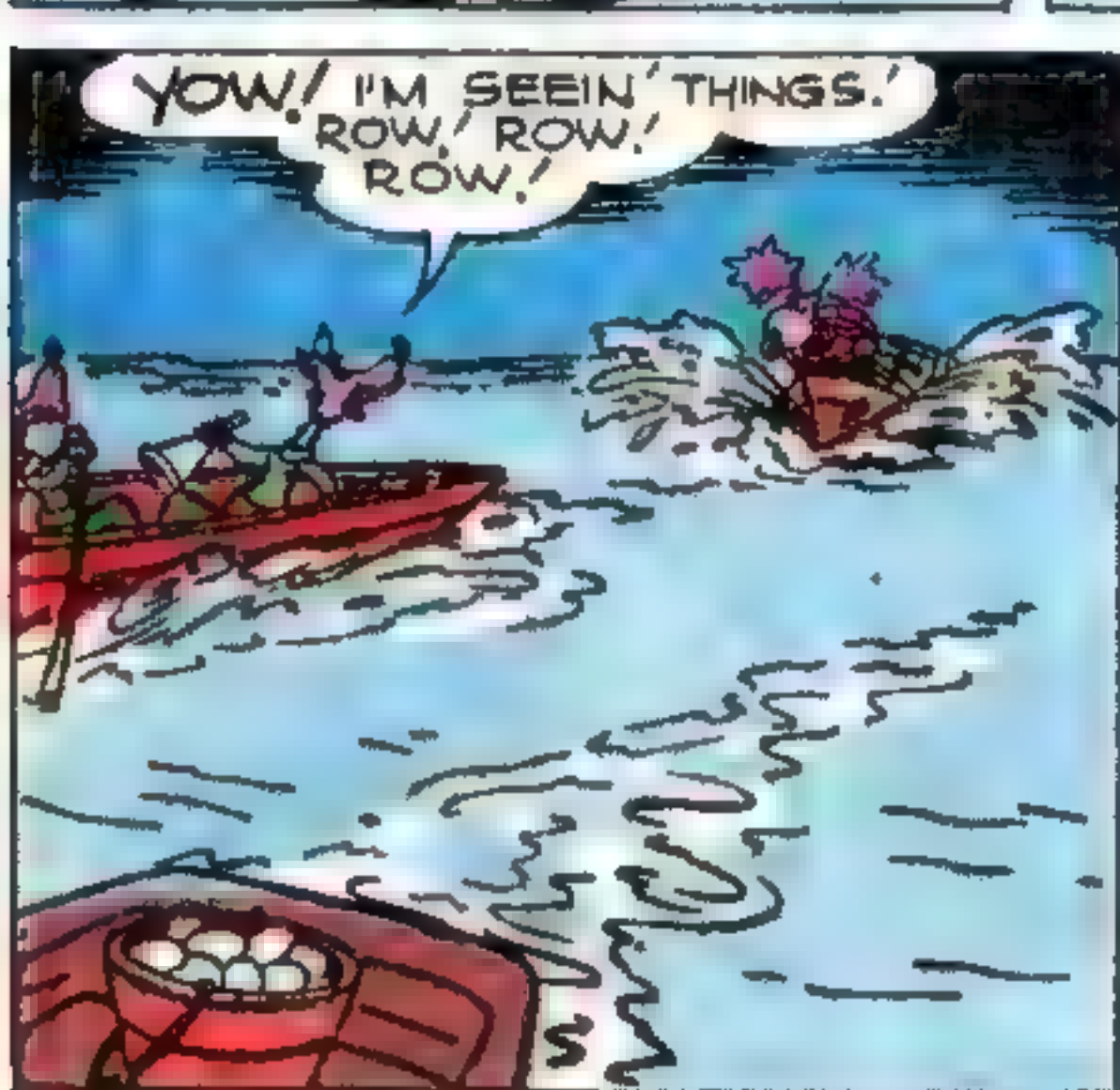
HEY, LEAN TO
THE OTHER SIDE,
MEN... HE'LL
UPSET US!

I'M RIGHT SORRY...
BUT ALL I WANT
IS THE USE OF
YER BOAT FER
A SPELL!

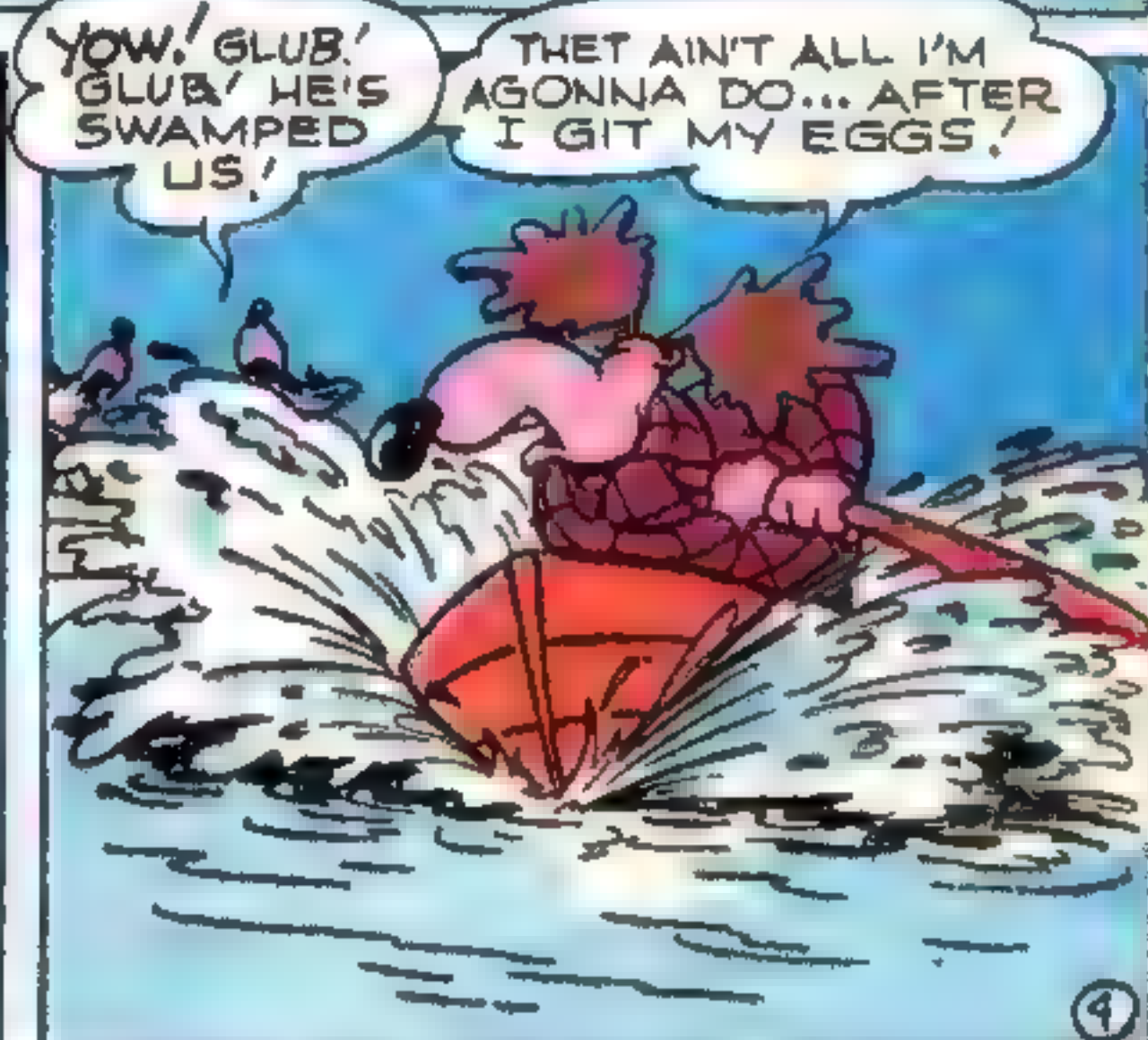


IF I DON'T GIT THEM EGGS,
MAW WON'T LEMME BUY
NO CHAWIN' GUM!

WHY-WHY, WE'VE
GOT AN ANCHOR...AND HE'S
PADDLING SO FAST, IT'S
BOUNCING ON THE
WATER!



YOW! I'M SEEIN' THINGS!
ROW, ROW,
ROW!



YOW! GLUB!
GLUB! HE'S
SWAMPED
US!

THET AIN'T ALL I'M
AGONNA DO... AFTER
I GIT MY EGGS!



HOORAY!... THE LOCAL CHAMPS
WIN, EVEN WITH AN ANCHOR
TIED TO THEM!
YIPPEE!

-FINISH-

JESS A COUPLA
MORE STROKES AN'
I'LL HAVE M'EGGS!

HEY! THE CHALLENGERS HAVE
SWUM ASHORE AND ARE
STEALING THE SILVER
LOVING CUPS!

TH' EGGS KIN WAIT! OUTA
TH' BOAT, EVERYBODY!

EYOWK!
YOWOOTCH!

THERE!
NOW WE'RE
EVEN, DERN
YE!

STEADY, HORNSPRED!...
JUST A SECOND MORE
AND I'LL GET YOU
A NICE STICK
OF "CHAWIN' GUM"
AS YOU REQUESTED!

GOSH, WAIT'LL I TELL MAW TH'
EGGS IS OKAY AN' THE BOAT CLUB'S
GONNA BUY 'EM, AN' WE WON A RACE,
AN'... AN' EVERYTHING?

WHEEE! YOWEE!
FOR HORNSPRED!

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PATRICK PARROT'S UNNATURAL HISTORY

TRANSLATED FROM
THE ANIMAL LANGUAGE
by JESSE MERLAN •

WHY ZEBRAS WEAR STRIPES

ALL the forest folk were enjoying a noonday drowse under Pat Parrot's tree. It was one of those lazy-hazy days, just made for sleeping. In a cool mud-pool nearby, Carl Crocodile and Albert Alligator and Horace Hippopotamus were fast asleep, their eyes tight-shut. Horace was bubbling and blowing huge snoring sounds, but Carl and Albert were as silent as stones. Up in his tree, on his usual bough-perch, even Pat Parrot nodded and napped a few winks.

But suddenly the peace and quiet were shattered by an air-shaking BOOM! BOOM! that came from way off to the right.

Patrick Parrot was the first to get really awake and the first to speak.

"Hmm," guessed Pat, "that sounds mighty like a shotgun, eh? I wonder if Philo Fox could have been caught prowling around some farmer's chickens."

The two explosion-sounds had wakened most of the forest folk, and they kept their eyes and ears open to hear more if they

could. And sure enough, in just about seven seconds, the quick pitter-patter of running feet came up toward them, and six seconds after that Philo Fox raced into the clearing with his tongue hanging out and his breath going PUFF! PUFF! PUFF! like a tired steam-engine.

Patrick Parrot's sharp tongue got right to work on Philo Fox. "Oho! Aha!" he sneered, "so some skulking varmint almost got himself shot, eh? Let's see now . . . Couldn't it have been Philo Fox lurking around a certain farmer's chicken coop? I wonder . . ."

Philo's face got as flushed as his red-brown coat. Anyone could see at a glance that he was guilty. But Philo only snapped back the first angry answer that came to his mind. "Oh, quit picking on me, you talkie-talkie bird! Why don't you accuse somebody else of doing something wrong. For instance . . . why not pester Zeb Zebra over there? Zeb's got stripes on, so maybe he's a jail-bird or an escaped convict. Get after him

and leave me alone!"

At the first mention of his name, Zeb Zebra picked up his head from the tender grass he was eating. But when Philo said "Jail-bird" and "Convict", Zeb's nose dropped sadly and he turned silently away. He was too sad and hurt to argue with Philo Fox.

But if Zeb wasn't in any mood to defend his reputation, he had a dozen good and true friends who were. Everybody liked the kind and gentle Z. Zebra, and many forest folk had fun riding zebra-back on long trips. Especially Pat Parrot. Pat always enjoyed a brisk zebra gallop as a welcome change from flying. So Patrick was very indignant and screamed at the bad-name-calling Philo.

"Now isn't that just like a rooster - running tricky - thief foxy-Fox!" squawked Pat loudly. "Trying to give Zeb Zebra a bad reputation! Philo Fox, you're just a nasty-minded, name-calling scoundrel and I have a good mind to . . ."

And a dozen angry voices chimed in to agree with Pat-

rick's wrath. Tears of gratitude came to Zeb Zebra's eyes when alligator and squirrel and deer and bear cried "Shame! Shame on Philo! Zeb's a kind and honest fellow. He's our friend."

Philo Fox ducked his head under the storm of rage his unfounded remark had raised. "Oh, all right! I'll apologize. I'll admit I was wrong! Can't a fellow say a joking word? I thought that since prisoners wear stripes, I'd tease Zeb about his. And by the way," ended Philo, "how did Zeb Zebra ever get to wear stripes anyway?"

Even Patrick Parrot was quickly quieted by Philo's long and humble apology. And when Philo went on to practically beg Pat to tell one of his Ancestor Story-Fables . . . Well!

P. Parrot rocked back and forth on his bough and couldn't resist puffing out his chest with pride. Because by this time everyone in the forest was chorusing "Tell us, Pat! Tell us about Zeb Zebra's stripes!" And Zeb himself was looking longingly up at Patrick, silently pleading for a zebra-story.

With one last scornful glance at silent Philo Fox, Pat Parrot began to speak. "Before I start, I want to say this: Zeb Zebra's no convict, no escaped prisoner, despite those stripes!

And I can explain those stripes easily enough. Listen:

"Once, about a skillion years ago, all Zebras were pure white. Yes, white as snow or Monday's bleached wash. And all Zebras were always as honest and pure from black crime as that same snow. But there's one thing I'm forced to say about Ancestor Zebras . . . they were lazy, very lazy.

"Especially this Ancestor that got stripes on his white coat. His name was Zeke Zebra, and he was so lazy that he once tried to get a job as a statue in a museum. Just so he wouldn't have to move. So lazy that he almost wouldn't move his jaw to chew his food, even when hungry. That Zeke Ancestor Zebra practically invented the word L-A-Z-Y and made it famous.

"Well, one day Zeke Zebra was at his favorite pastime—being lazy. He'd draped himself in his spotless and stripeless white coat and dozed off against a park fence in the sun. And that's how he started to get black stripes on his coat.

"Because that park fence was made of black iron. And when a park attendant came along to paint it . . . why, Zeke Ancestor Zebra just wouldn't move. Sure, he saw the fence-painter and his black paint coming toward him, but Zeke just shut his eyes and half-snoozed right ahead.

"Now this fence painter was a near-sighted owl and didn't see the white zebra in the sun. So what did the owl do but paint stripes all over Zeke Zebra. And that's how Zebras got to have black stripes."

Patrick's audience chuckled a little and no one thought to



question the end of Pat's fable-fact . . . except Zeb Zebra himself.

"Pardon me, Paddy," piped up the pensive Zebra, "but there are a few things I don't understand. For instance, how did my Ancestor Zeke get stripes on both sides? And why didn't the black paint wash off? And how could . . . ?"

Patrick broke in hurriedly. **HARUMPH!** Why, all that's easy to explain. You see, Ancestor Zeke rolled over to his other side against the fence as he dozed off . . . so that accounts for an even stripe job. And the paint couldn't come off . . . it was indelible, 100 per cent, guaranteed-to-last paint. Does that make my story clear?"

And as the afternoon's audience wandered off to their separate forest paths and duties, Pat called after Zeb again. Because Zeb was still shaking his head in a puzzled way.

"Don't worry over it, Zeb!" squawked down Patrick Parrot. "Those stripes of yours are still very stylish. Any tailor will tell you how really good you look. Be thankful to your Ancestor Zeke Zebra even if you don't . . . ahem! . . . believe my story."

But how can anybody disprove one of Patrick Parrot's stories?

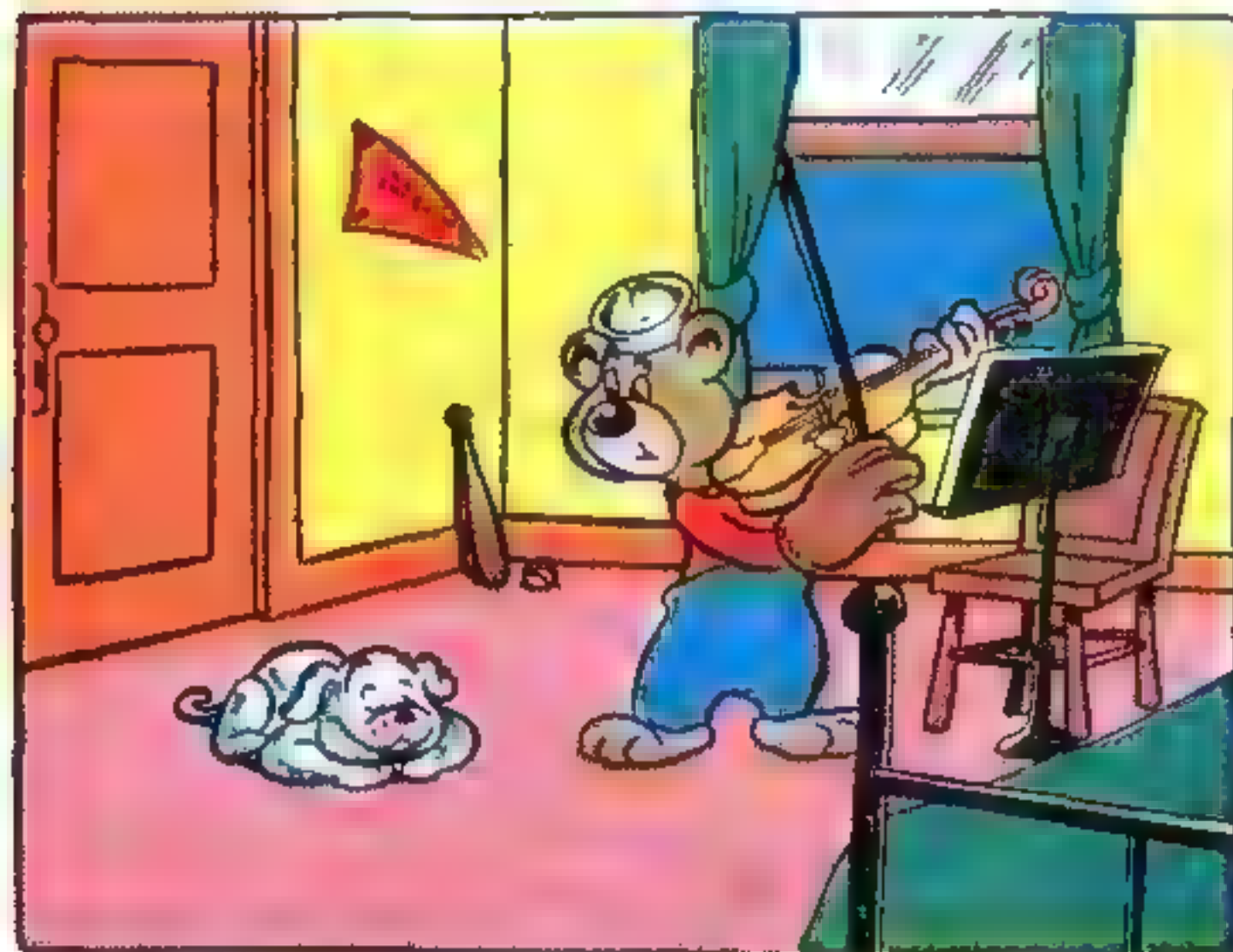




**PRACTICE
MAKES
PERFECT**

YOU'RE NOT LEAVING
THIS HOUSE UNTIL YOU
PRACTICE YOUR VIOLIN
LESSON!

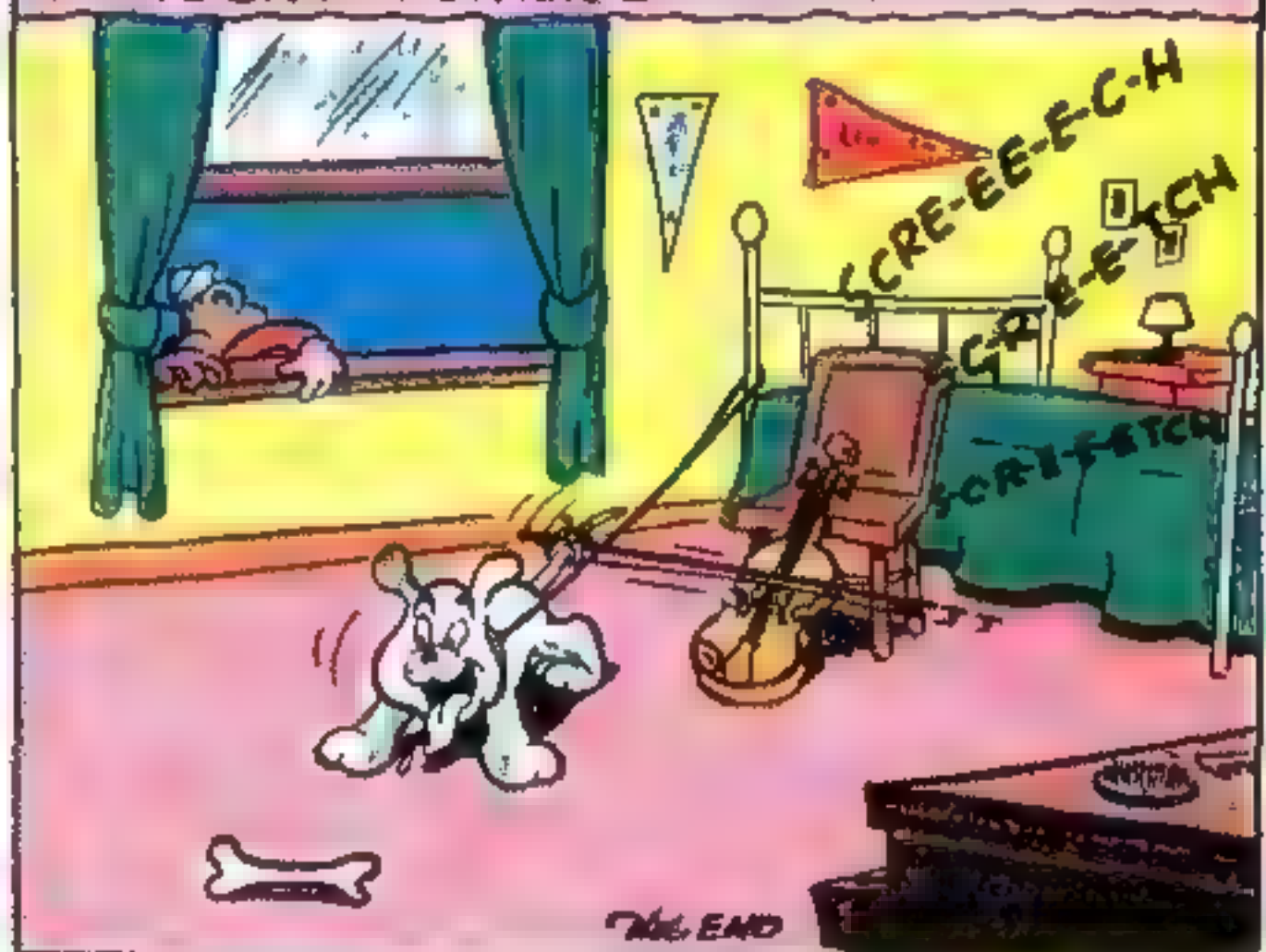
AW, MOM,
HAVE A HEART!



I ALWAYS SAID THAT
PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT...
HE SOUNDS BETTER
ALREADY!



WHILE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR...



PELICAN PETE



PELICAN PETE AND HIS
BOUNTIFUL POUCH
PROVIDE PAINS AND
PUNISHMENT FOR A
PRACTICAL PRANKSTER
IN THIS TALE OF

'Pen and Ink!'

IT'S AN OUTRAGE.
LET'S TELL PELICAN
PETE!

THERE'S
PETE NOW!
HEY, PETE!



WHAT'S UP DOWN THERE,
FELLAS? GOT TROUBLES?



HE SQUIRTS HIS INK
ALL OVER OUR WHITE
SHIRTS! HE'S MEAN,
'HE IS!

HE?
WHO?

SEE
WHAT
WE
MEAN,
PETE?

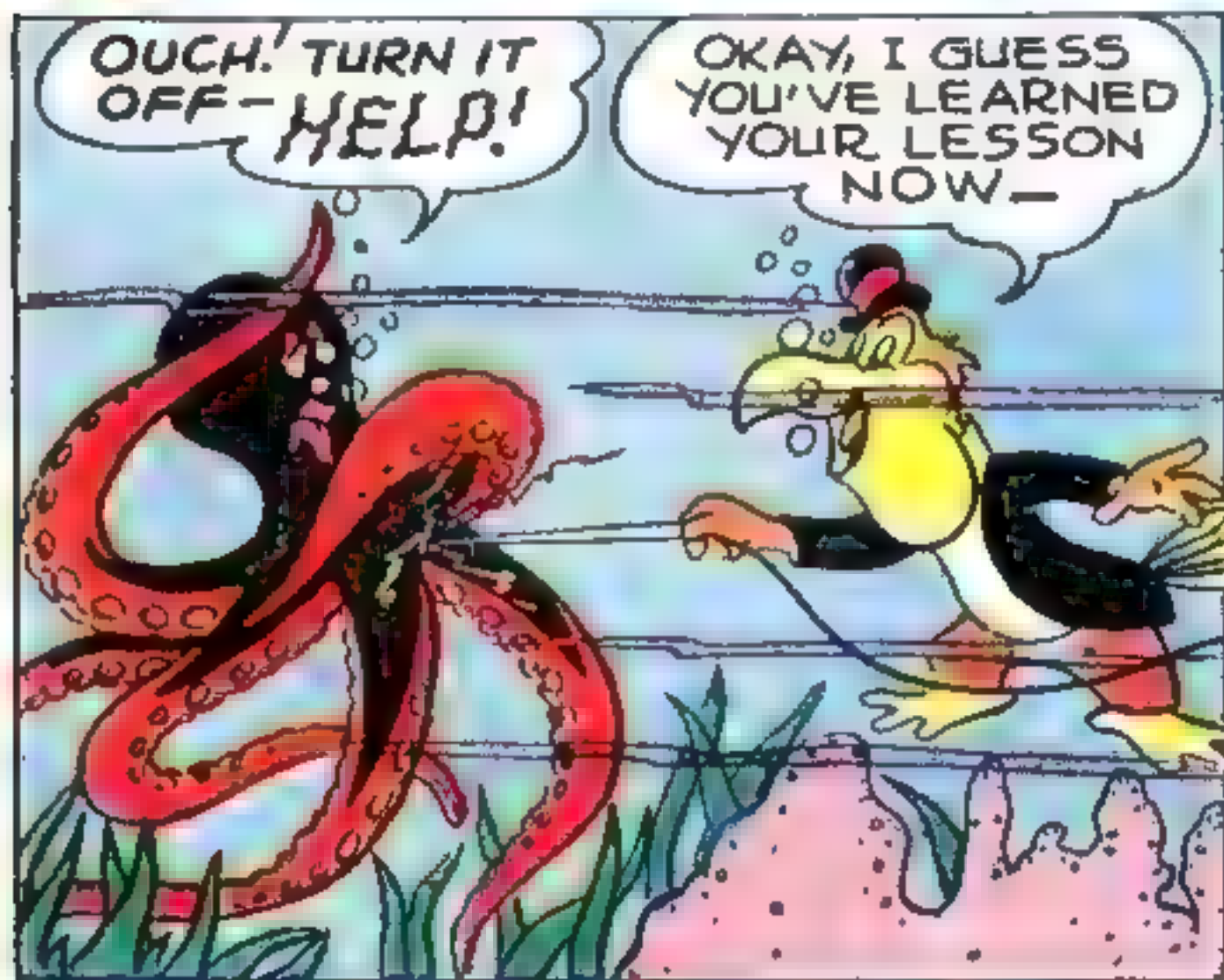
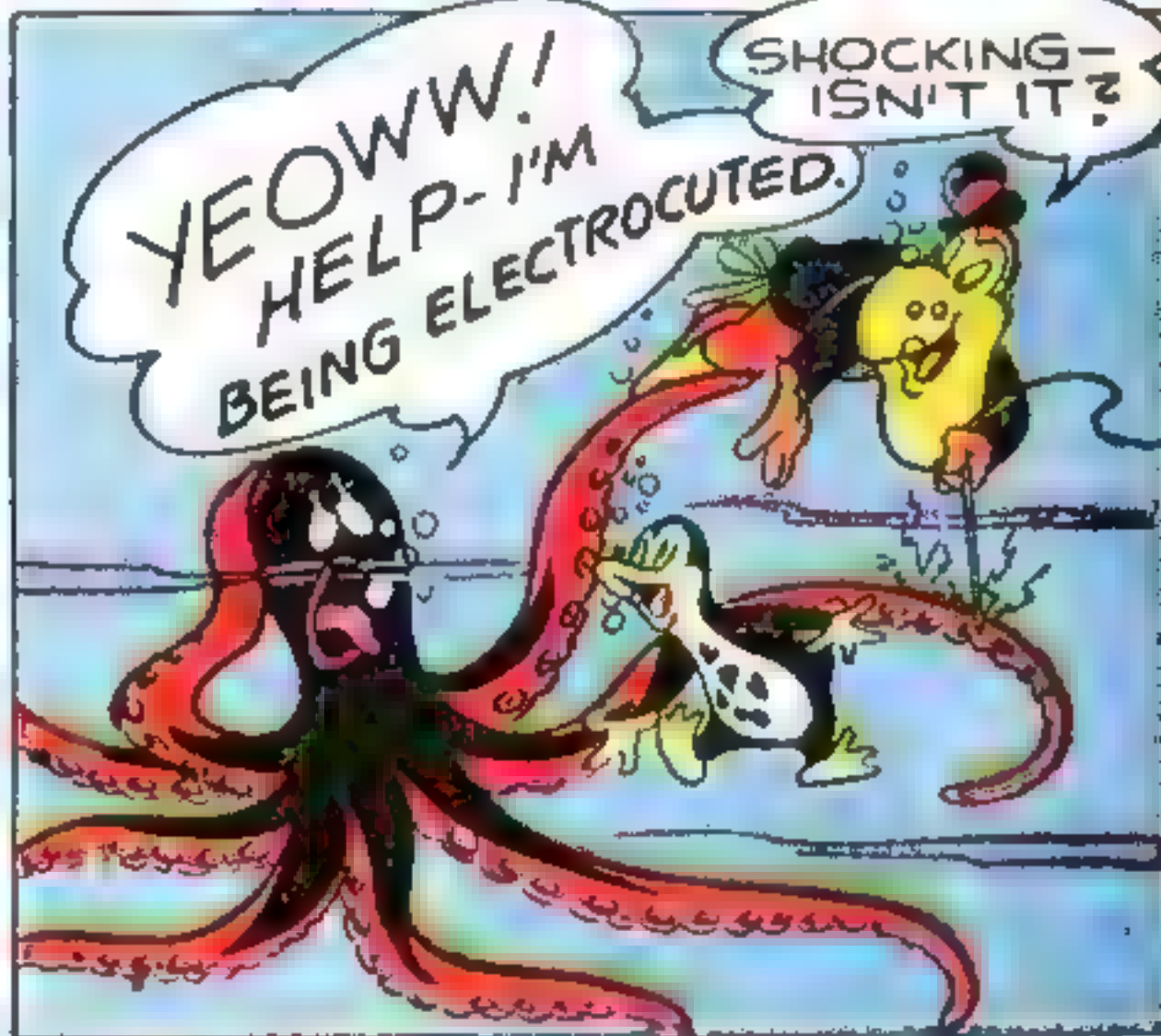
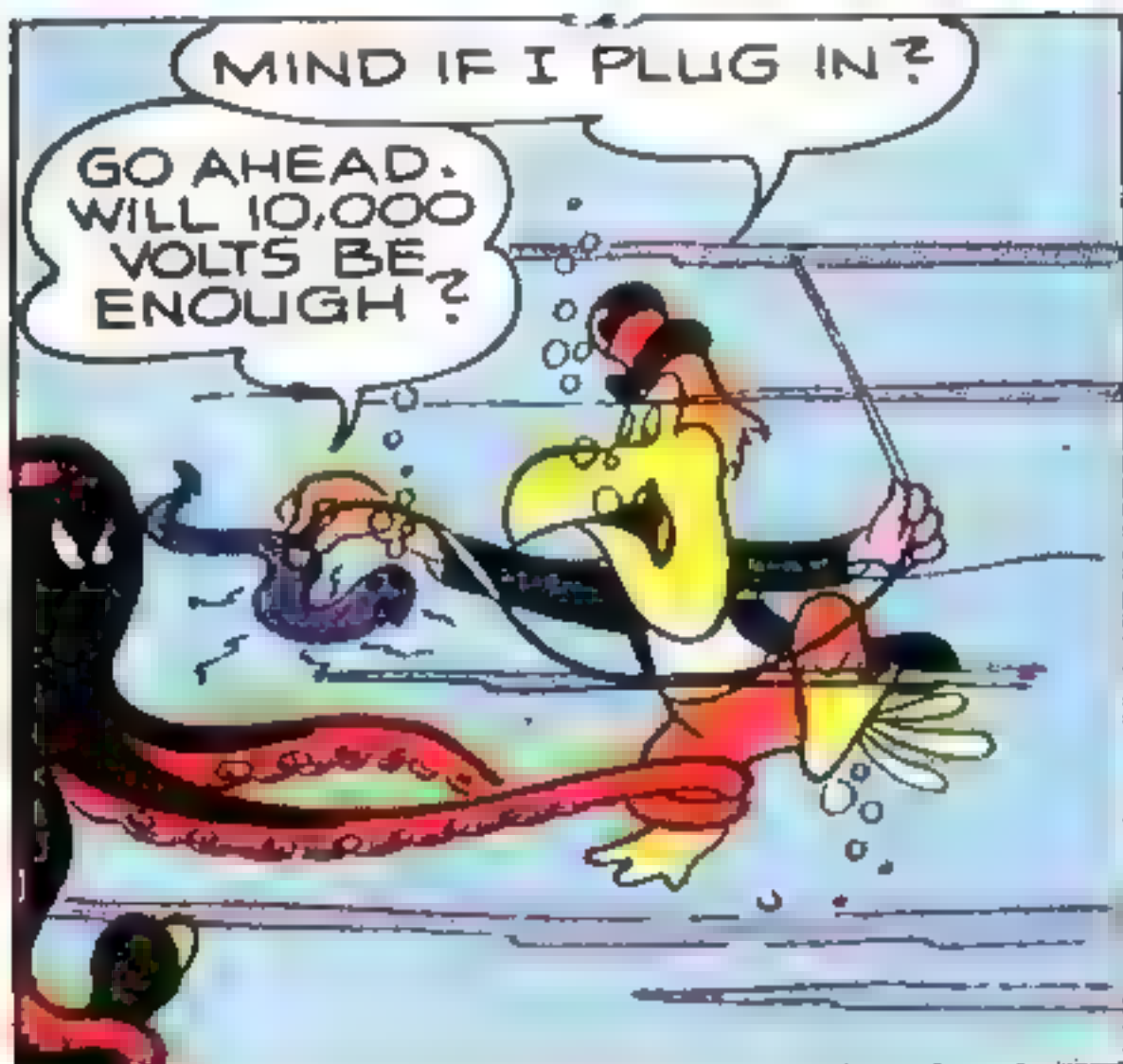
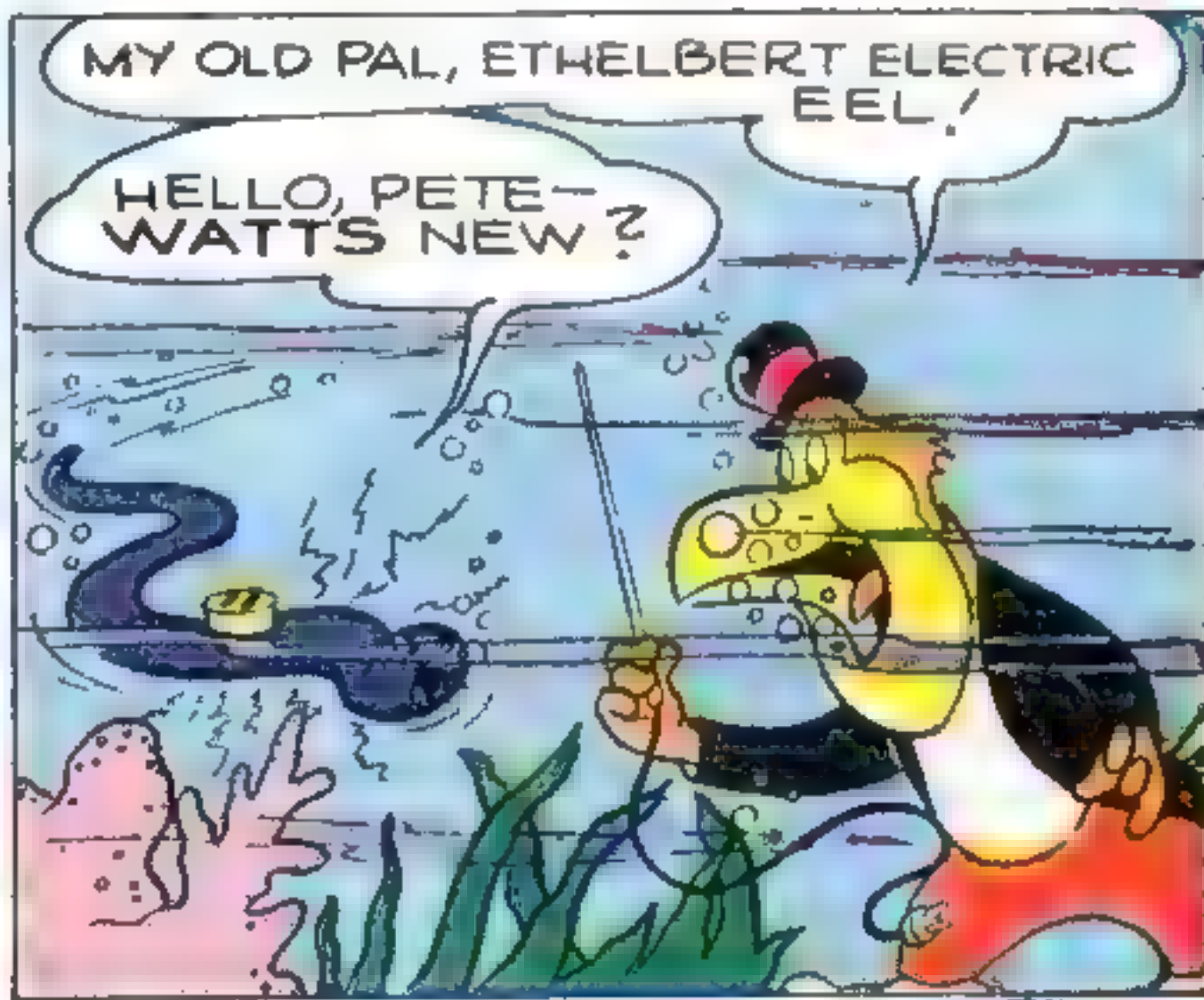
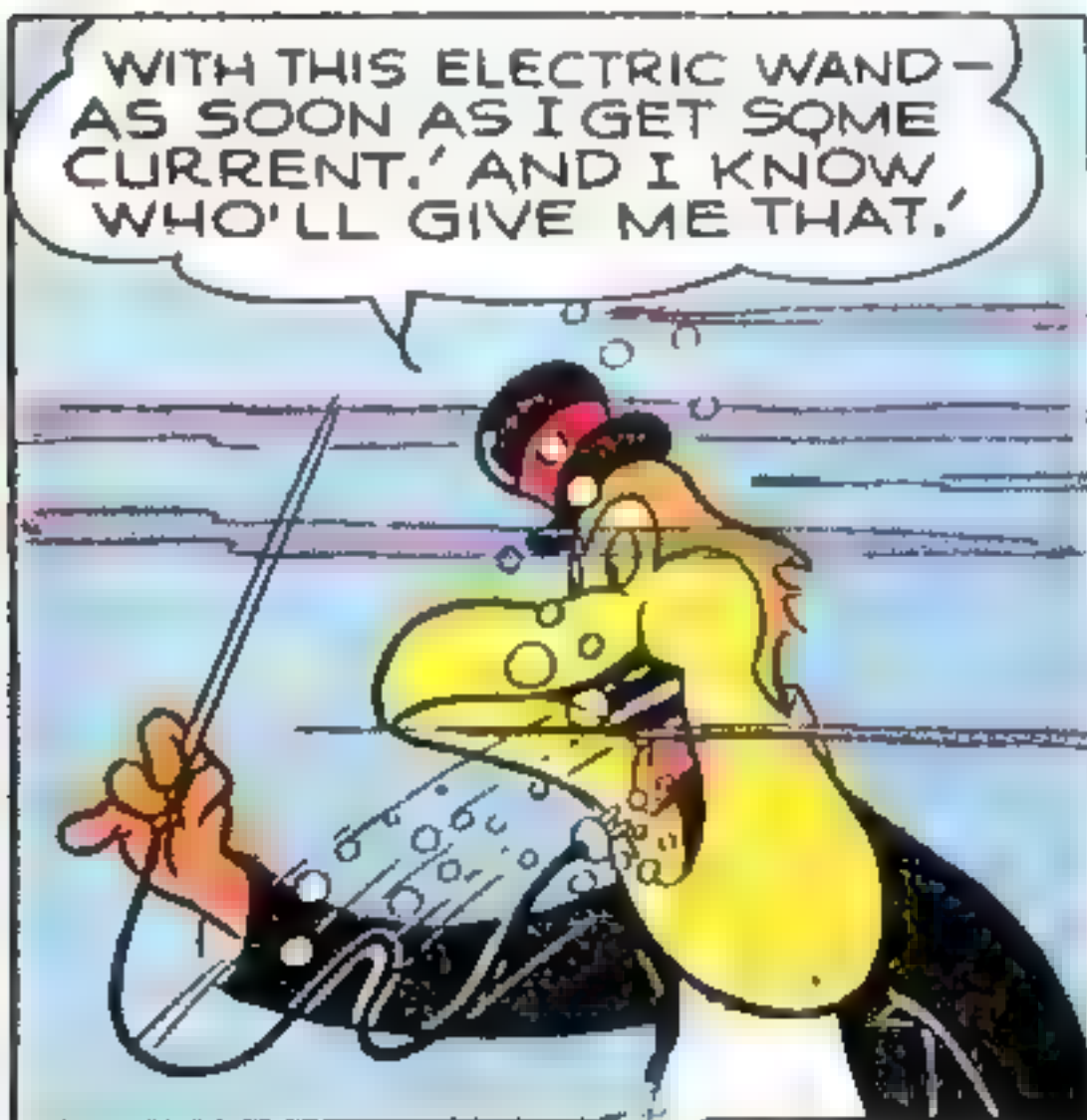
**HELP! HE'S
GOT ME!**

I SEE! IT'S
THAT OLD KILL-JOY,
OBADIAH OCTOPUS!

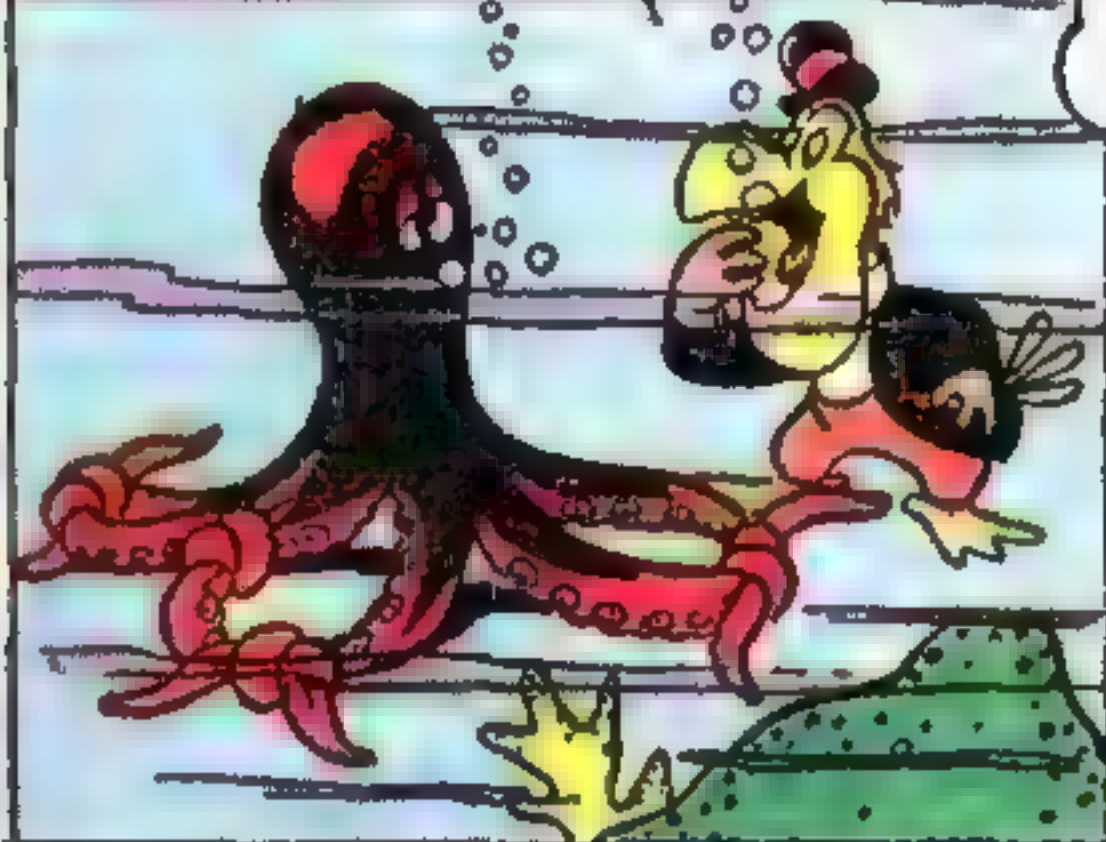
UNHAND-I
MEAN UNWRAP PEN
PENGUIN, YOU SOUR-
PUSS!

HA, HA-
NOW HE CAN'T GO
TO THE PARTY. KEEP
YOUR DISTANCE, MR.
BUSYBODY PELICAN
PETE!

YOUR CONDUCT IS
SHOCKING, OBADIAH.
SO I'M GOING TO
SHOCK YOU-

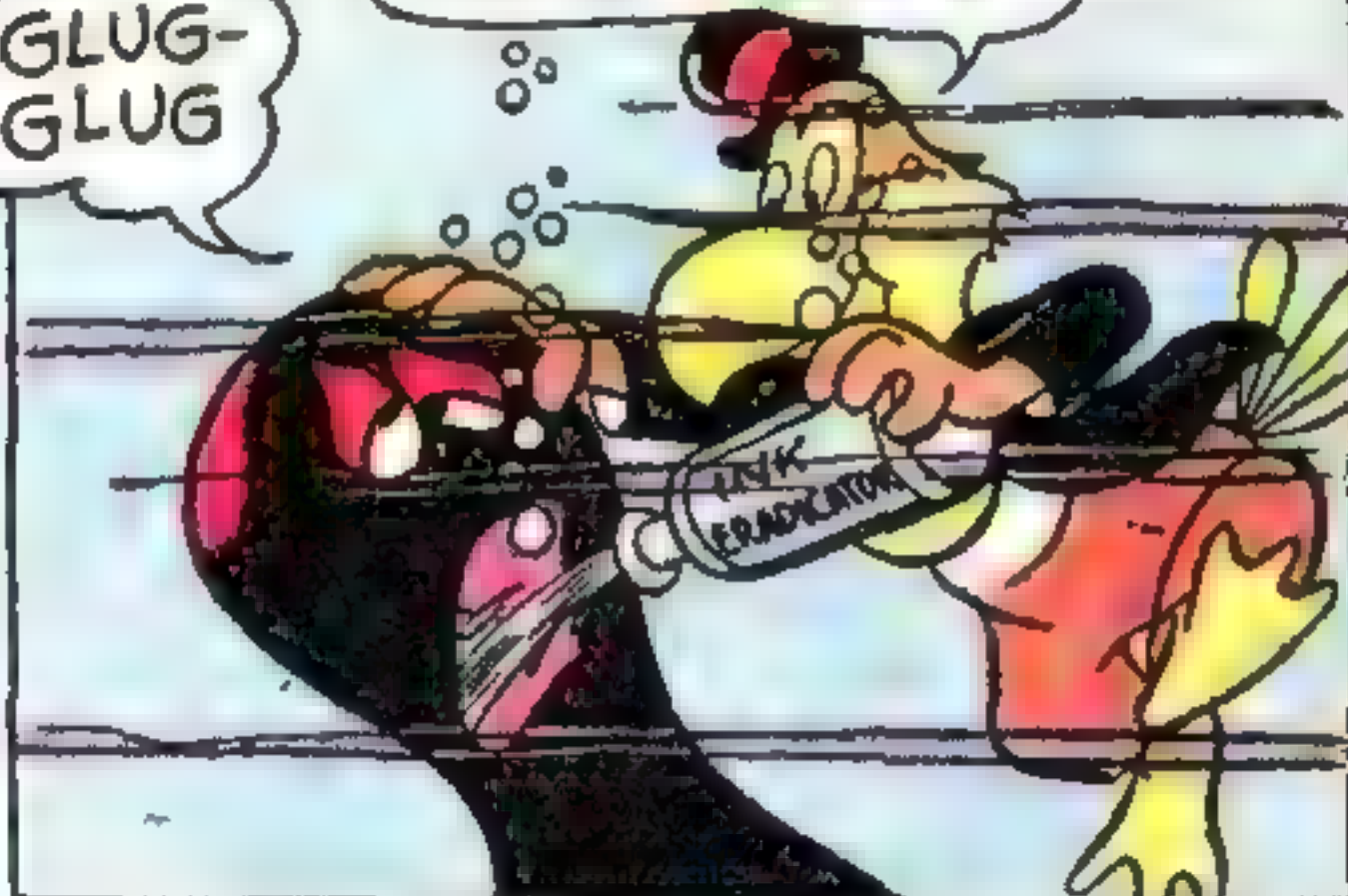


I HAVE SOME MEDICINE
HERE FOR YOU.



GLUG-
GLUG

THIS WILL CURE YOU OF
THE HABIT OF SQUIRTING
INK ON PEOPLE.

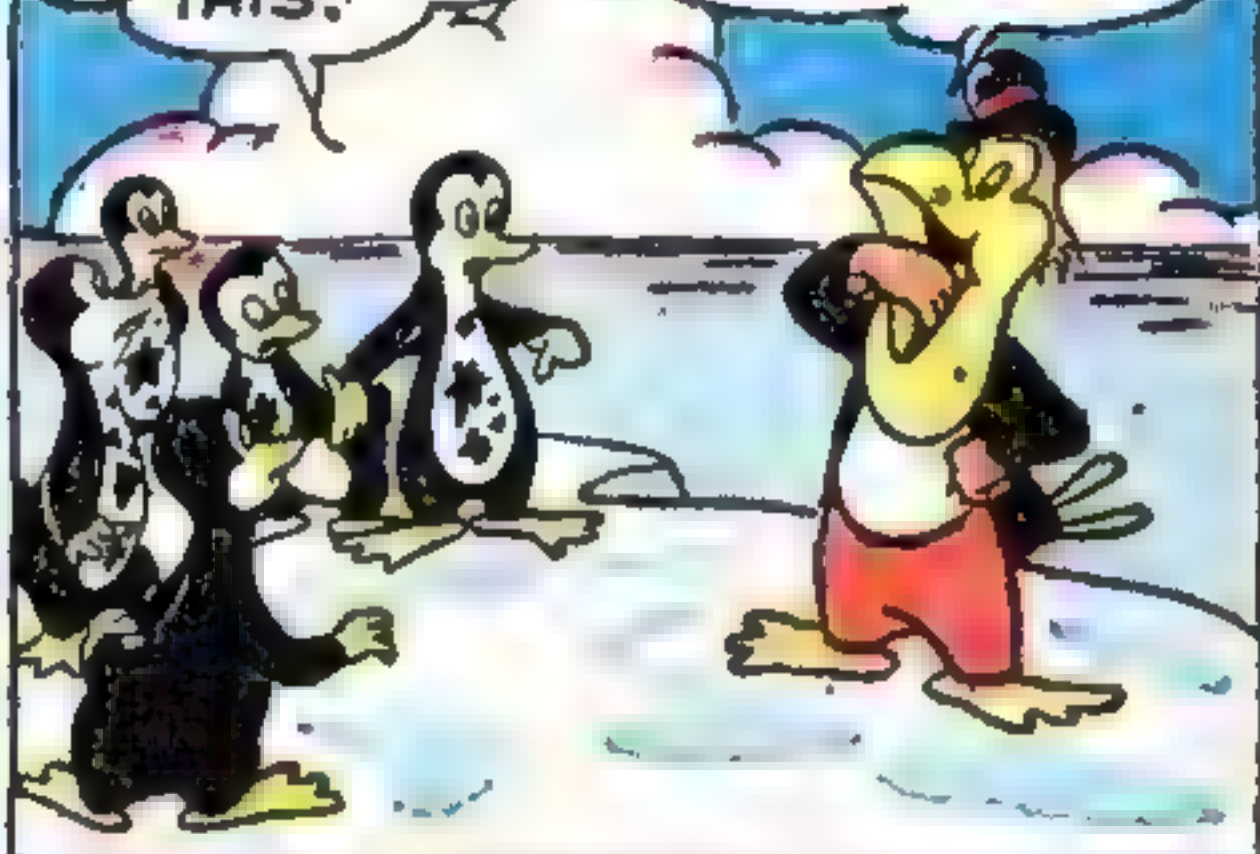


NOTHING LIKE A GOOD
BOOK TO PASS AWAY THE
TIME. SO LONG, PICKLE-
PUSS.



LOOK PETE-- WE
CAN'T GO TO THE
PARTY, TONIGHT,
LOOKING LIKE
THIS!

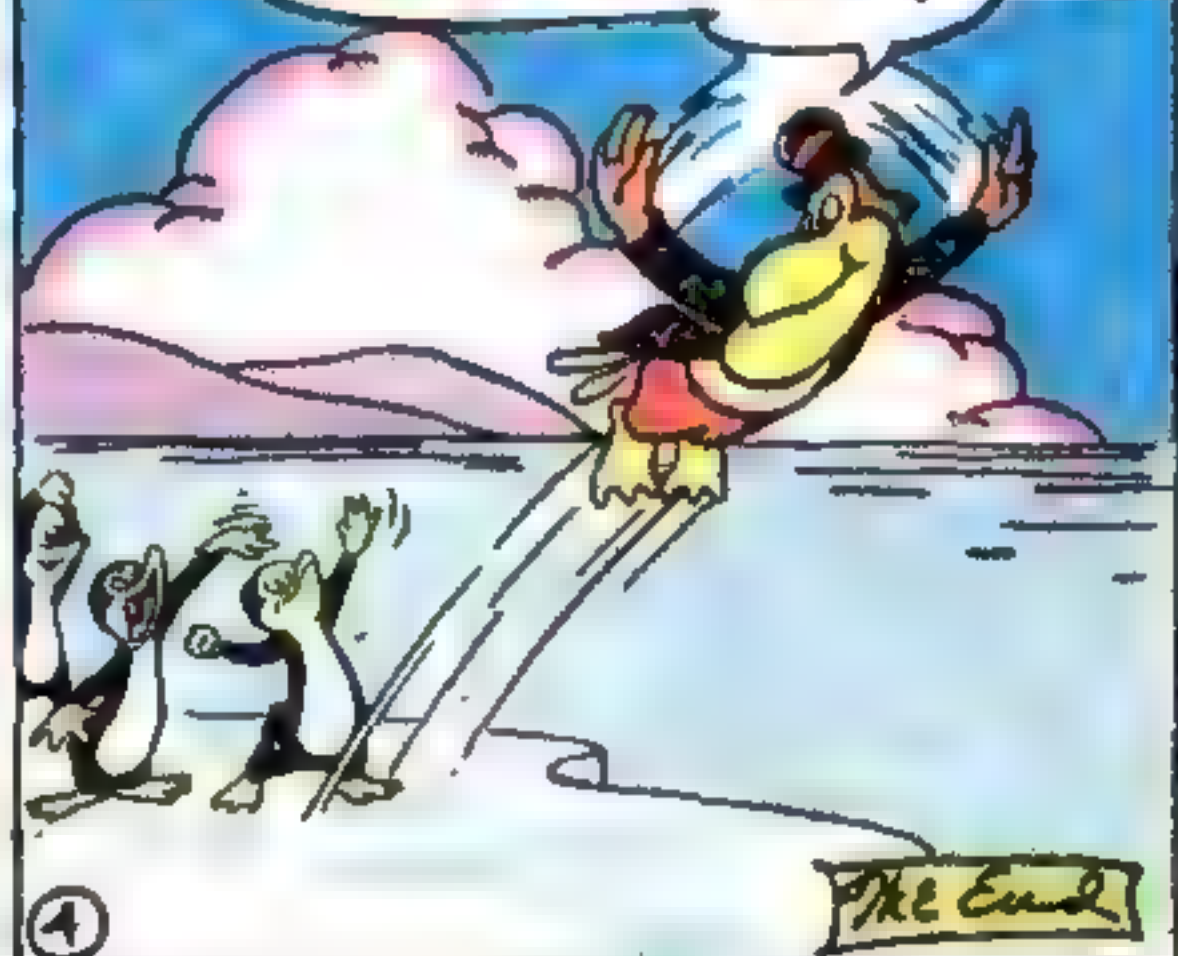
KEEP YOUR SHIRTS
ON, BOYS, WHILE
I DIG INTO MY
POUCH AGAIN!



HOORAY FOR PETE!
HE'S A GENIUS!



I'M NO GENIUS. I'M JUST
A FLYING DEPARTMENT STORE.
GOOD-BYE NOW!



KING OSCAR'S COURT

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—THE MAIN EVENT: A BATTLE TO A DECISION BETWEEN A SEVENTY-FOOT SEA SERPENT, BURSTING WITH THE URGE TO CRUSH, SHATTER, BLAST AND OBLITERATE EVERYTHING IN ITS PATH—AND KING OSCAR OF YE OLD ROUND TABLE, THE UNSEEN REFEREE WILL BE SWIRLIN, THE MAGICIAN, AND THE NAME OF THE JAMBOREE WILL BE...

"THE GREAT RUBBER DRUBBER!"

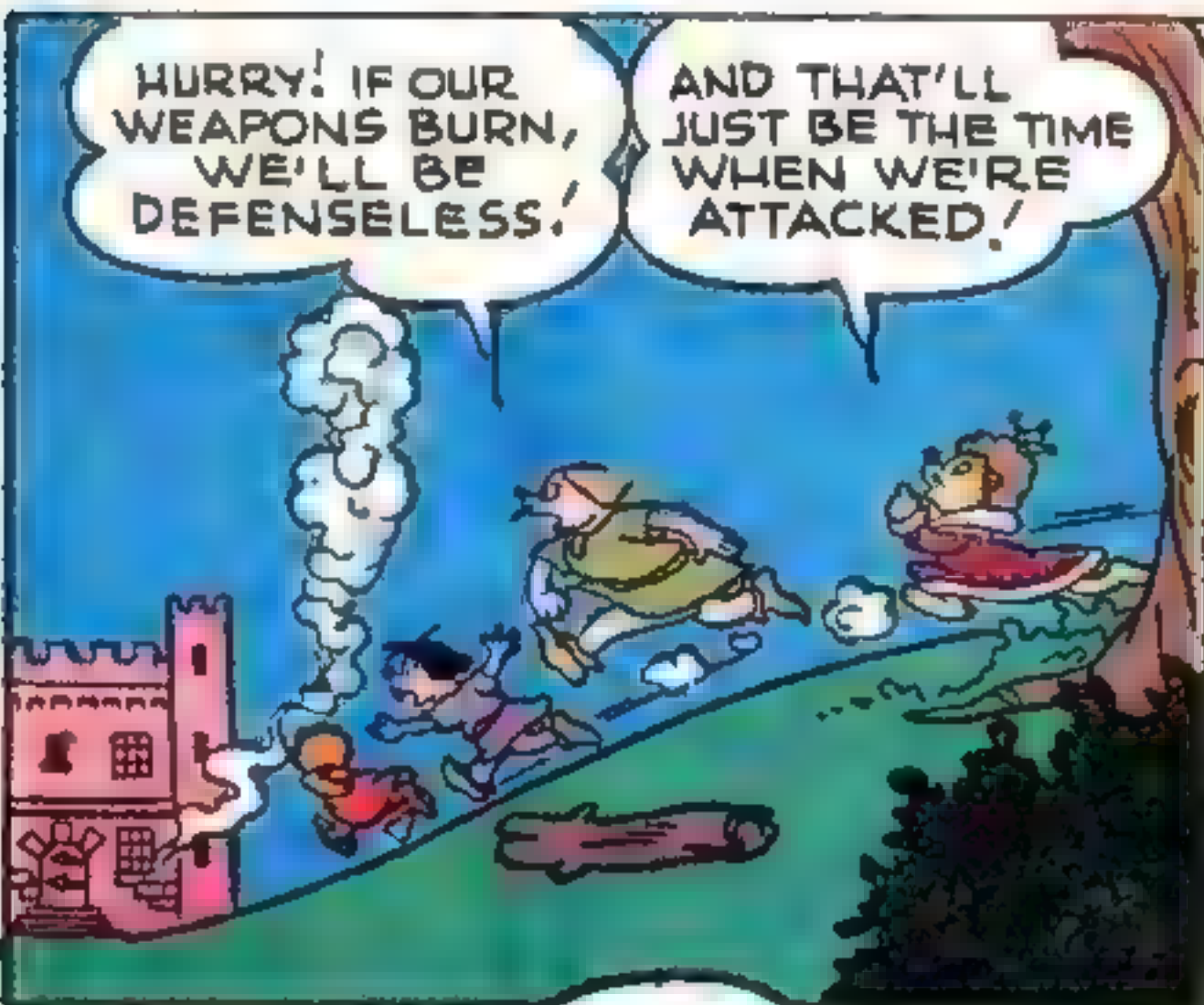


HERE ARE KING OSCAR AND HIS KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE. VERY BUSY, AREN'T THEY?



GORSH! LOOK! THE ARMORY ROOM'S AFIRE!



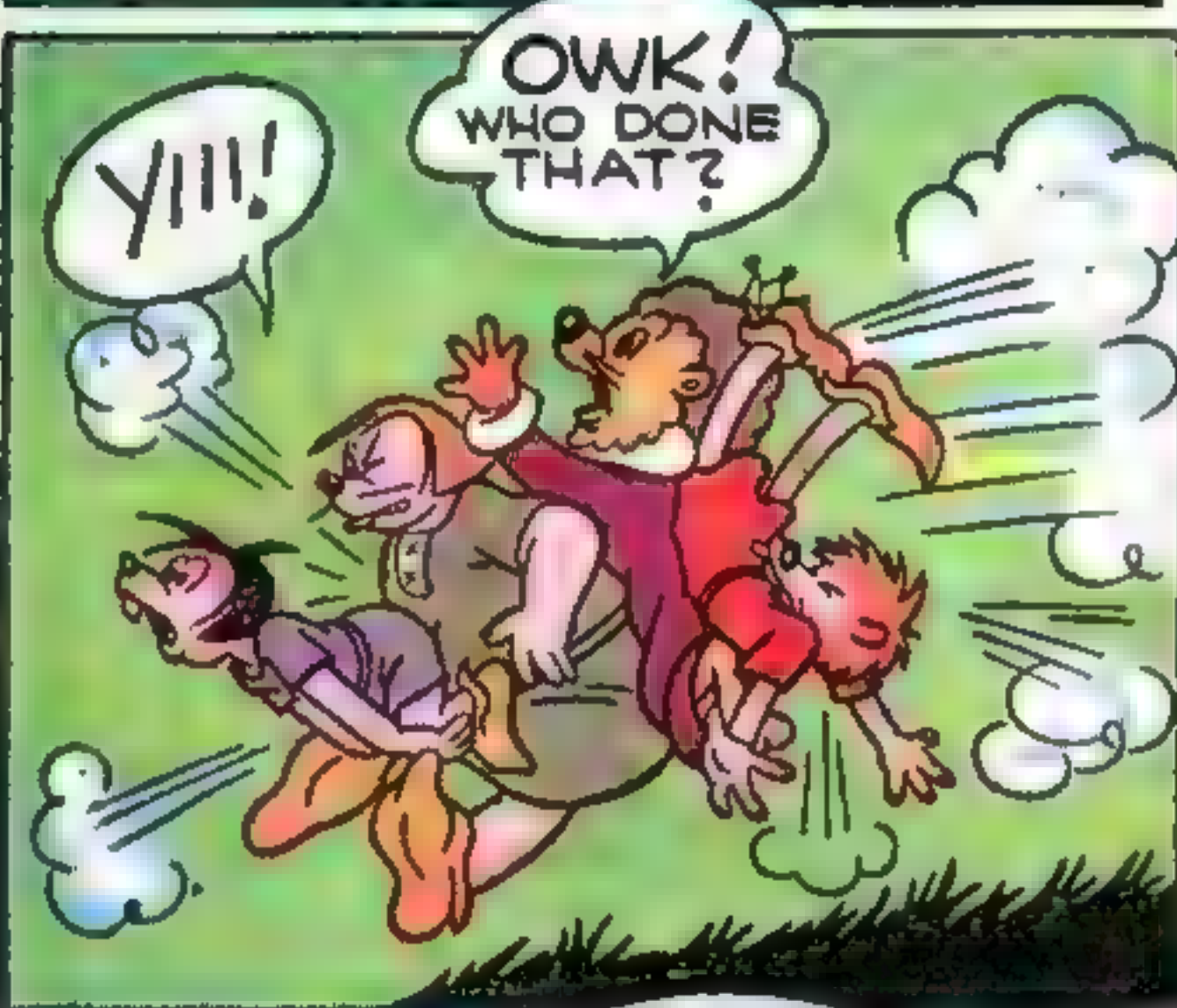


HURRY! IF OUR WEAPONS BURN, WE'LL BE DEFENSELESS!

AND THAT'LL JUST BE THE TIME WHEN WE'RE ATTACKED!

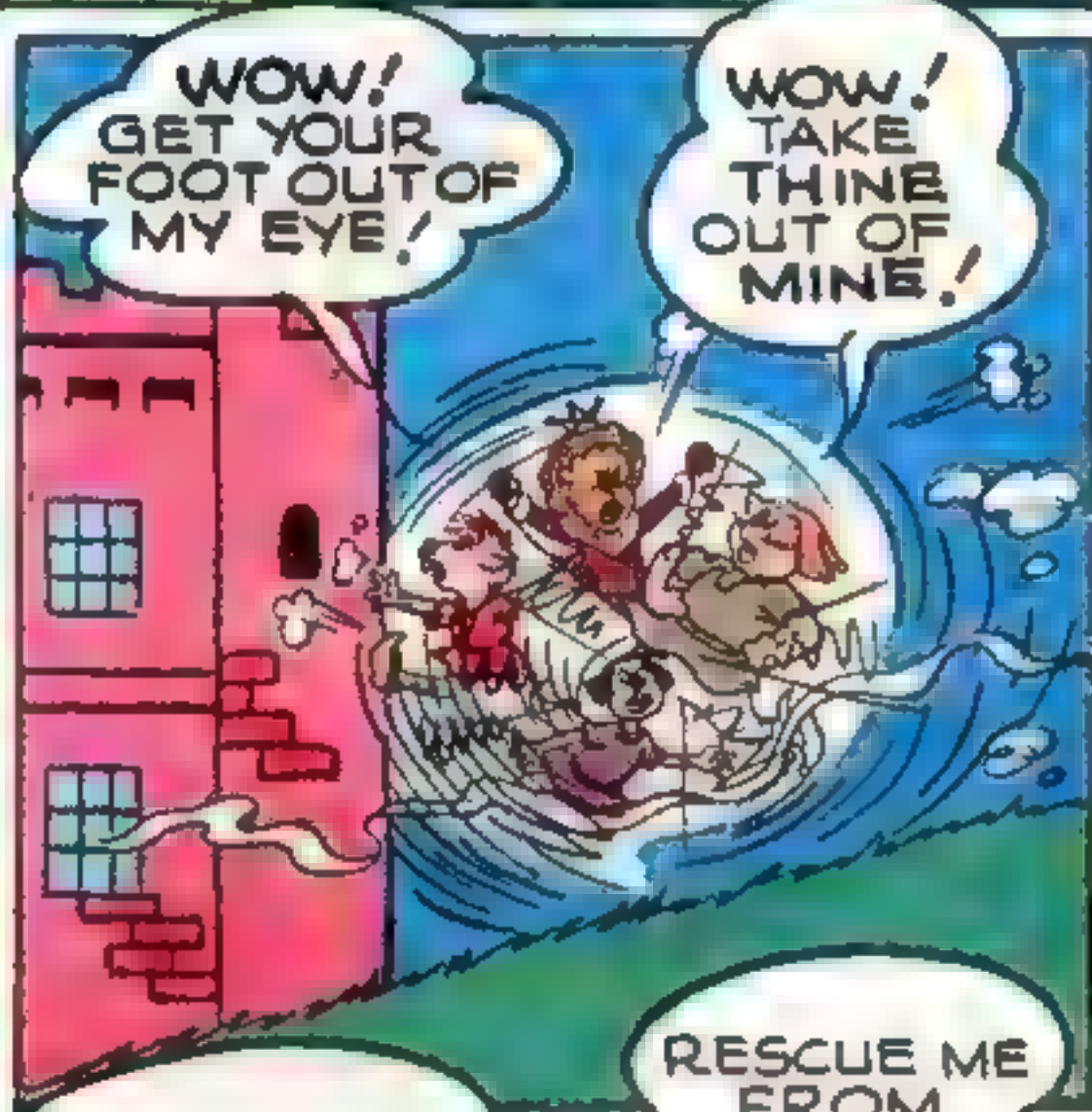


OUCH! THAT STONE!



YIII!

OWK! WHO DONE THAT?



WOW! GET YOUR FOOT OUT OF MY EYE!

WOW! TAKE THINE OUT OF MINE!



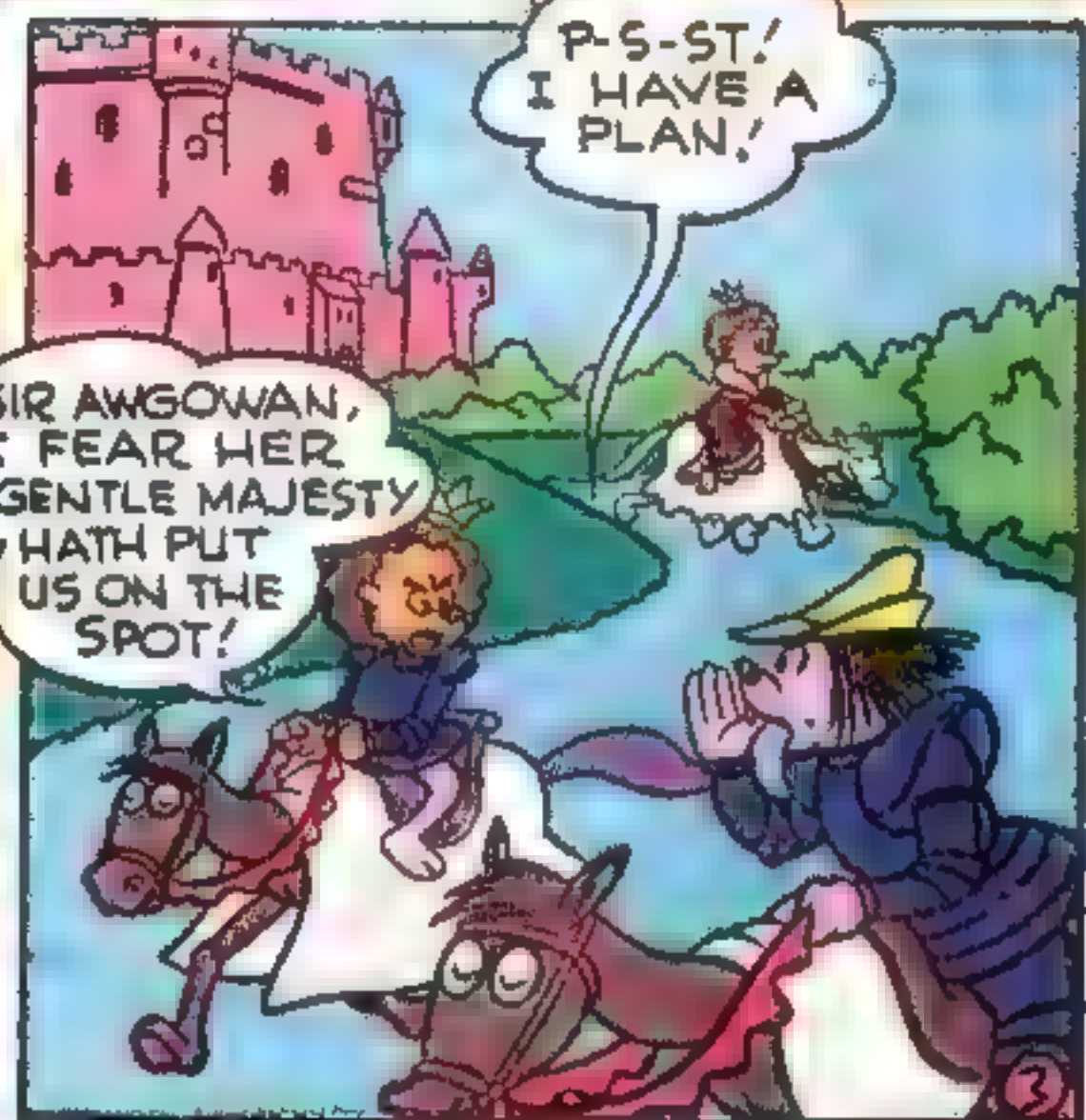
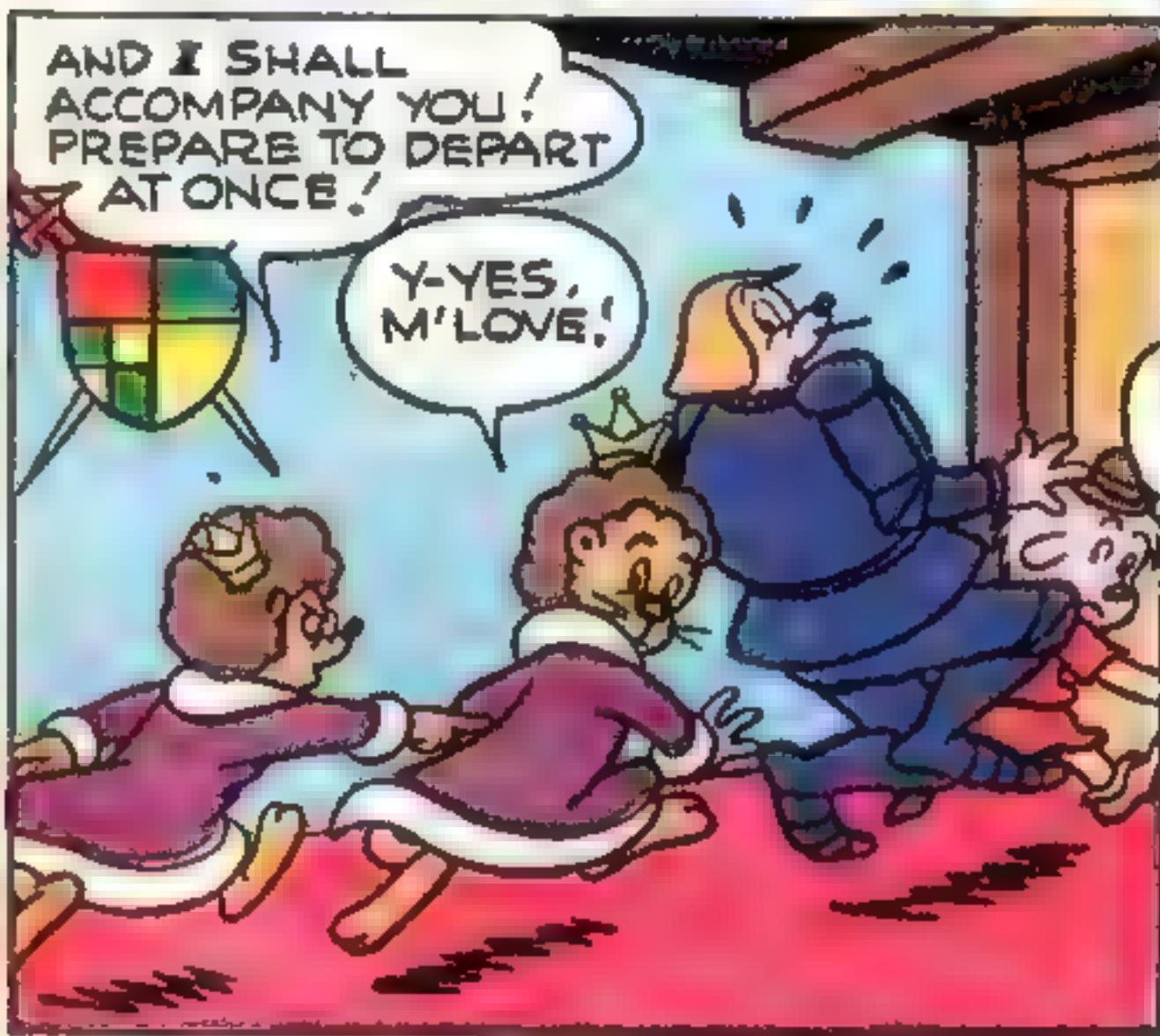
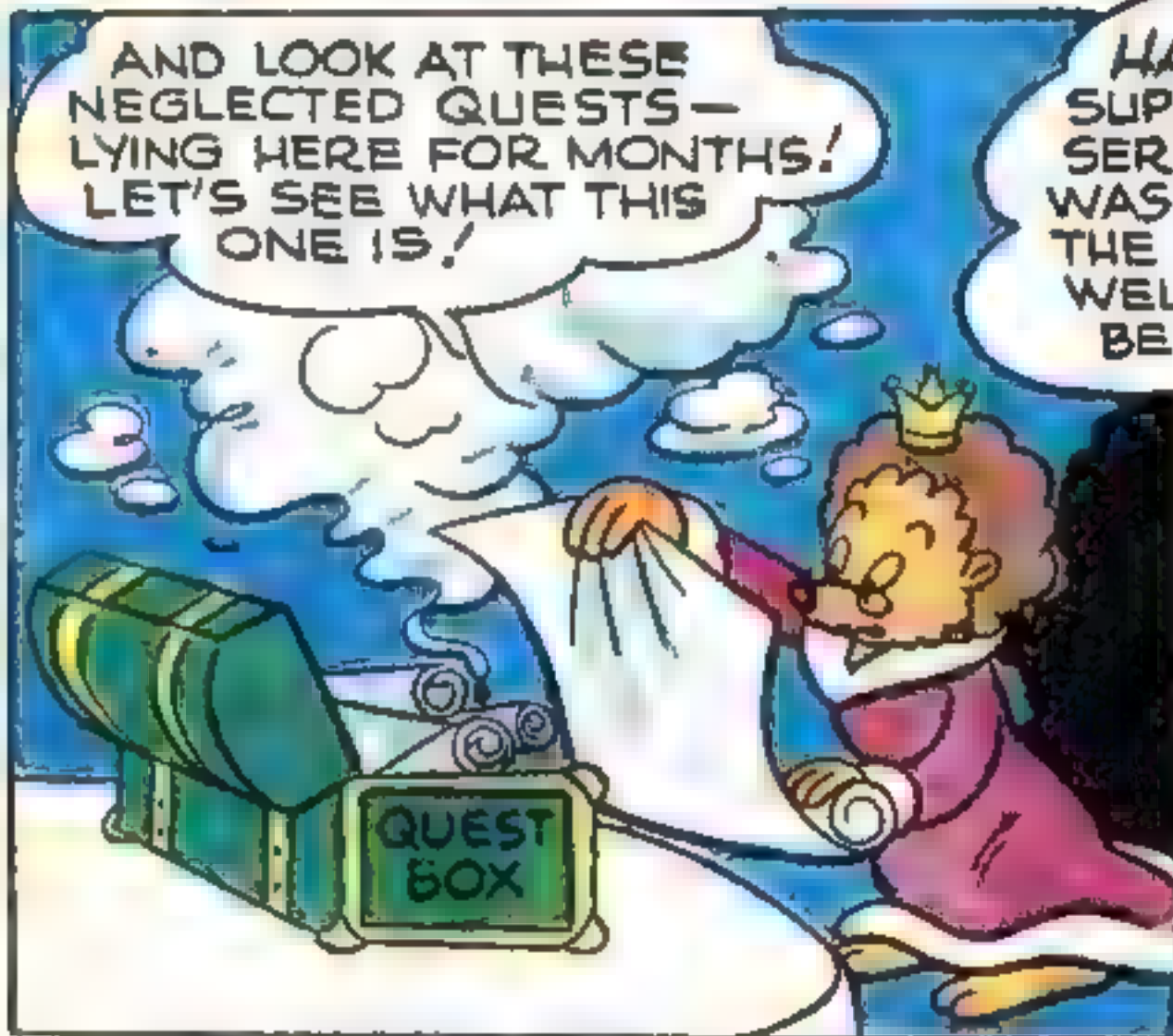
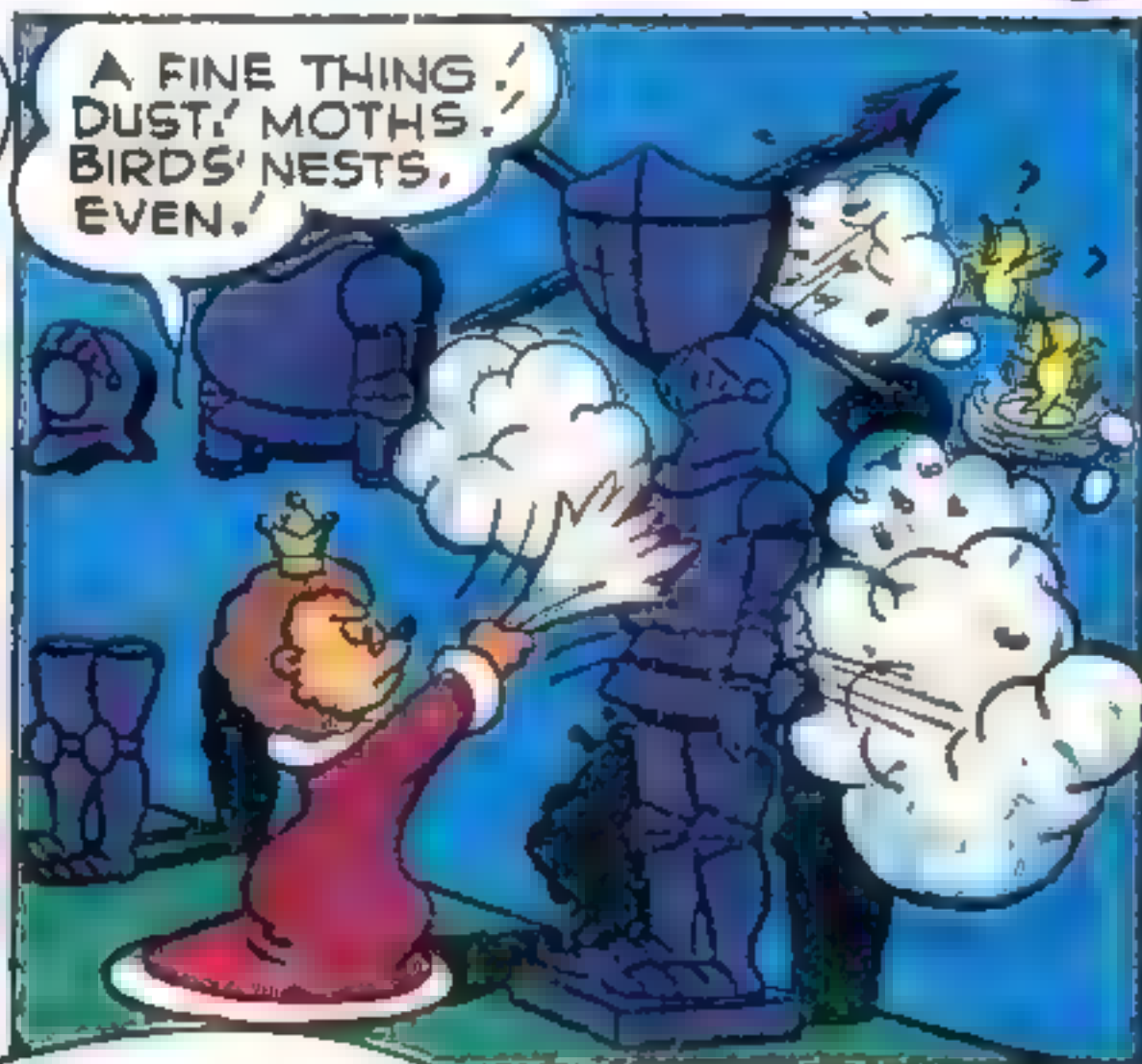
YIIIEEE!

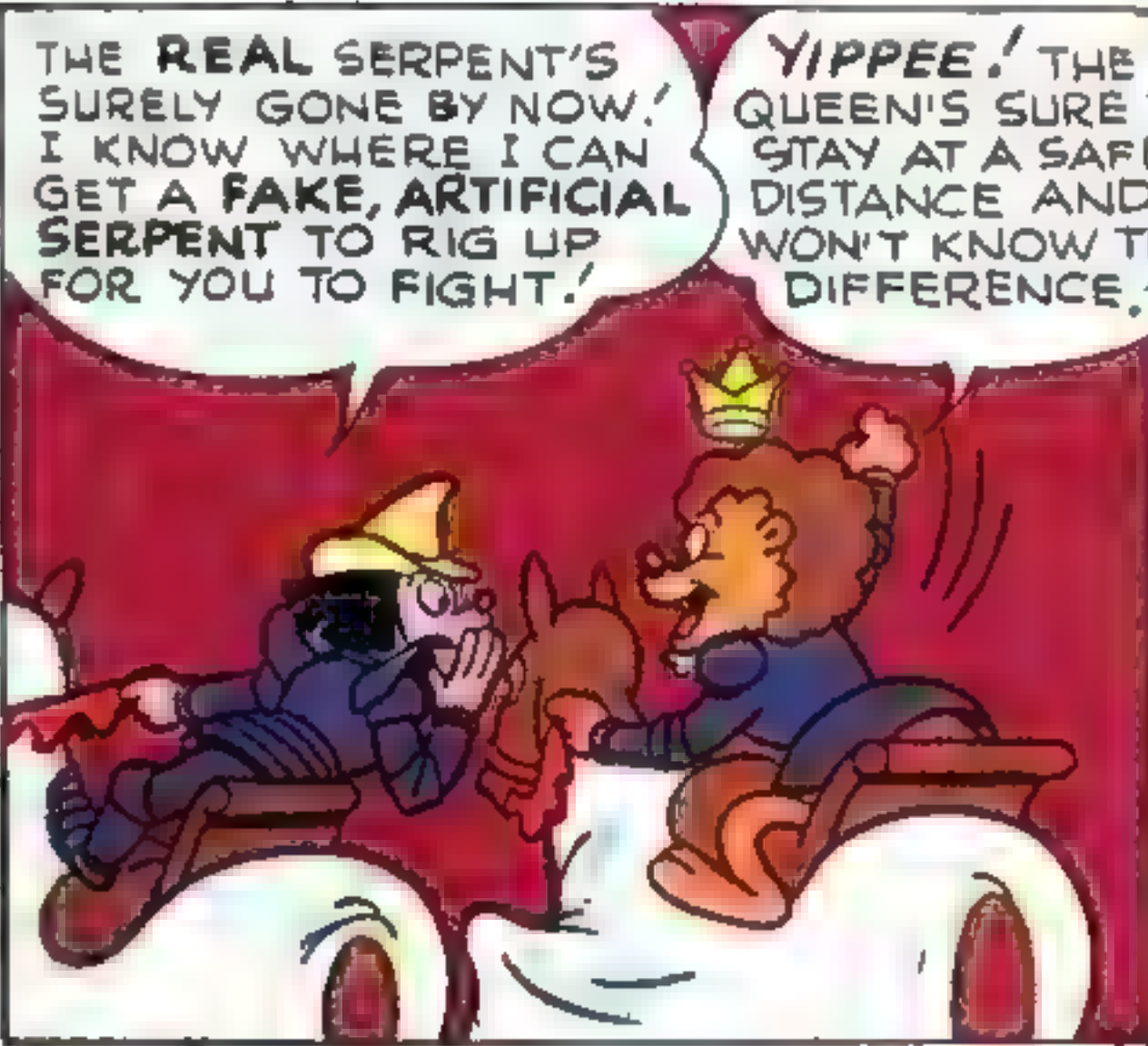
BAM!



FEAR NOT, MY LOVE! WE'VE COME TO RESCUE YOU!

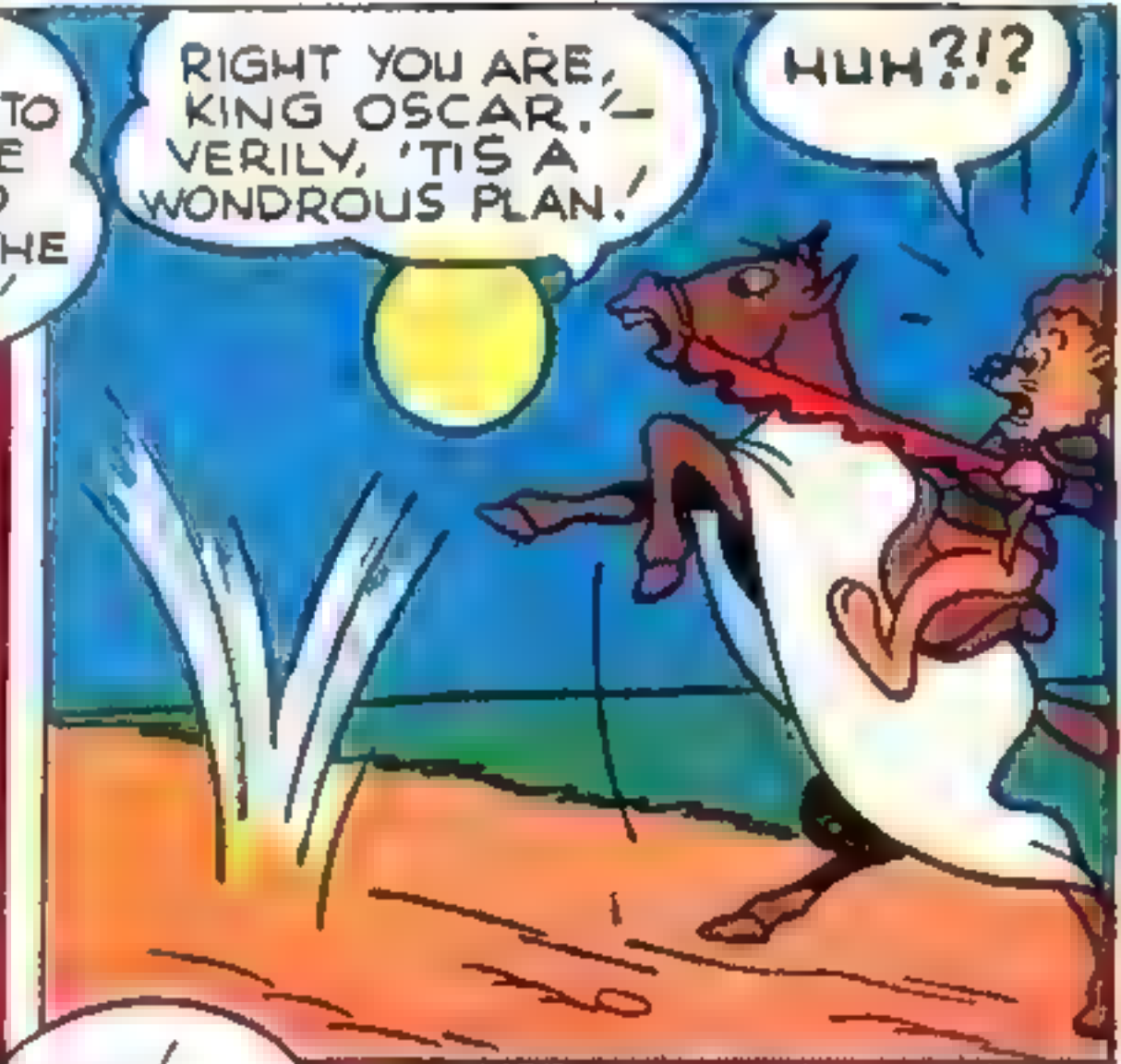
RESCUE ME FROM WHAT?





THE REAL SERPENT'S SURELY GONE BY NOW. I KNOW WHERE I CAN GET A FAKE, ARTIFICIAL SERPENT TO RIG UP FOR YOU TO FIGHT!

YIPPEE! THE QUEEN'S SURE TO STAY AT A SAFE DISTANCE AND WON'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE!



RIGHT YOU ARE, KING OSCAR. VERILY, 'TIS A WONDROUS PLAN!

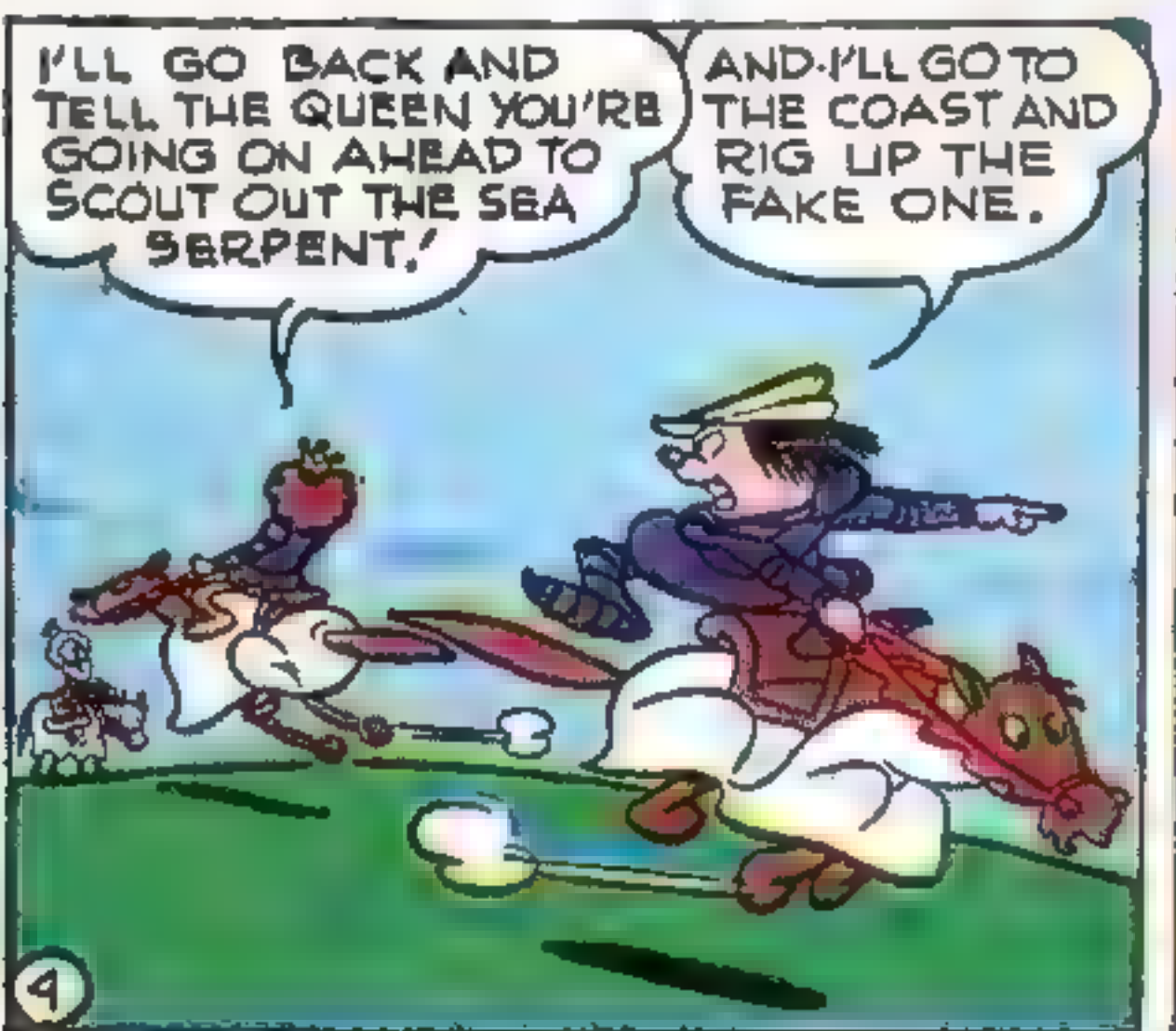
HUH?!?



IT IS I, SWIRLIN, THE MAGICIAN. I'VE BEEN EXPERIMENTING WITH SOME STUFF THAT'S NOT BEEN INVENTED YET—RUBBER!

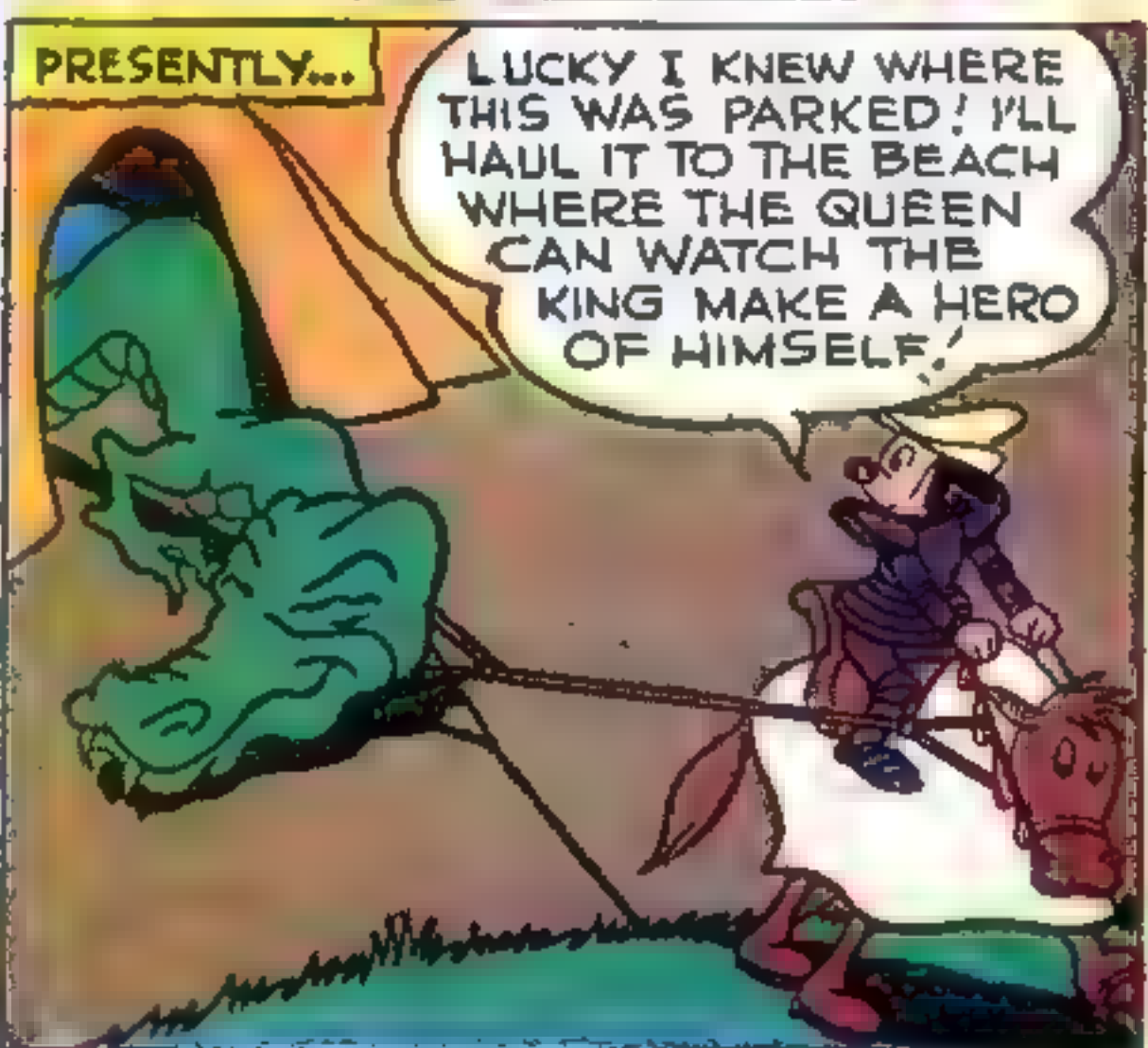
HEY! WHAT ARE YOU BLOWING ALL OVER ME?

MAGIC POWDER, TO TURN YOUR ARMOR TO RUBBER. YOU WON'T NEED METAL ARMOR TO FIGHT A FAKE SERPENT—AND RUBBER ARMOR WILL KEEP OFF THE WET SEA FOG!



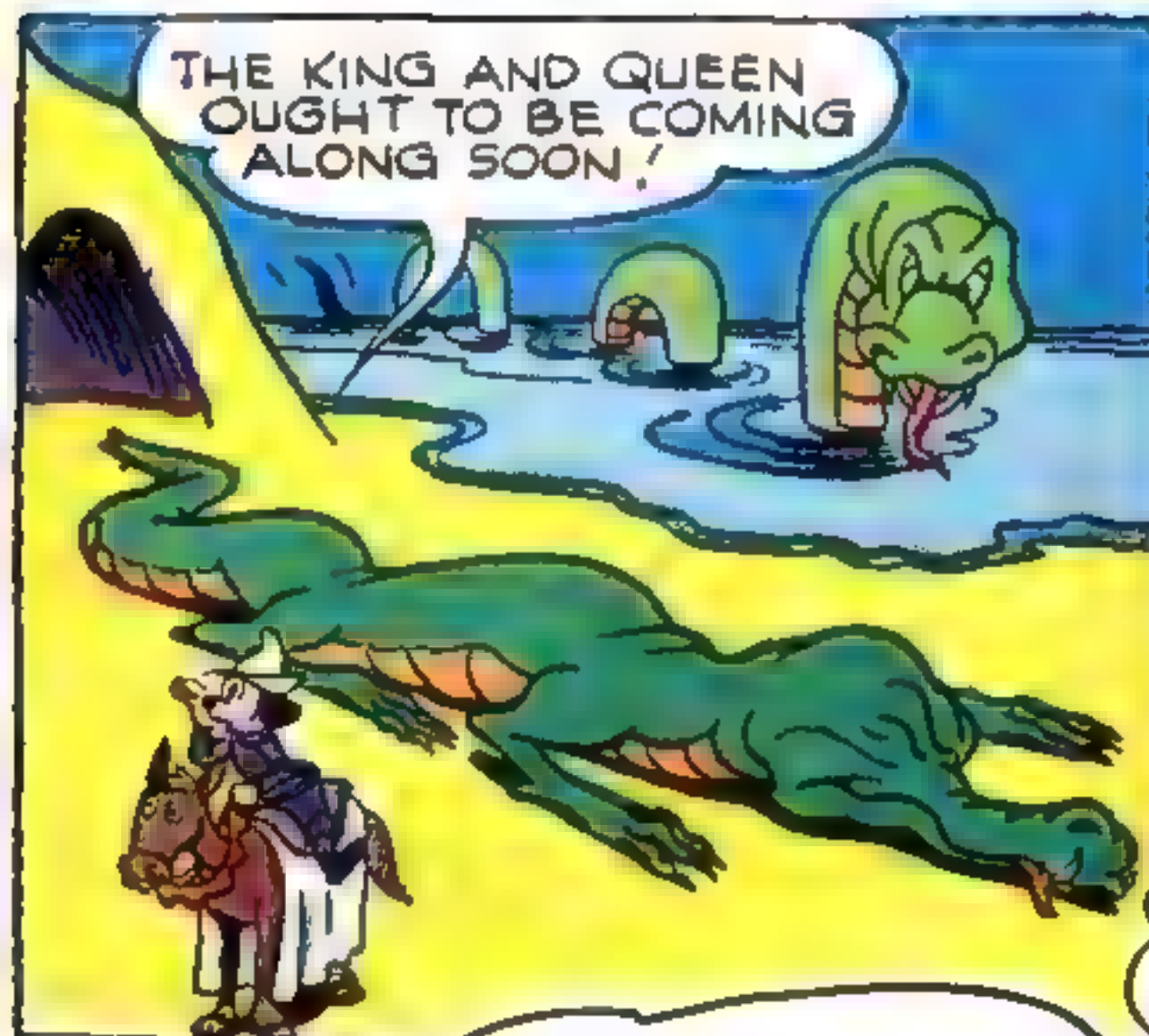
I'LL GO BACK AND TELL THE QUEEN YOU'RE GOING ON AHEAD TO SCOUT OUT THE SEA SERPENT!

AND I'LL GO TO THE COAST AND RIG UP THE FAKE ONE.

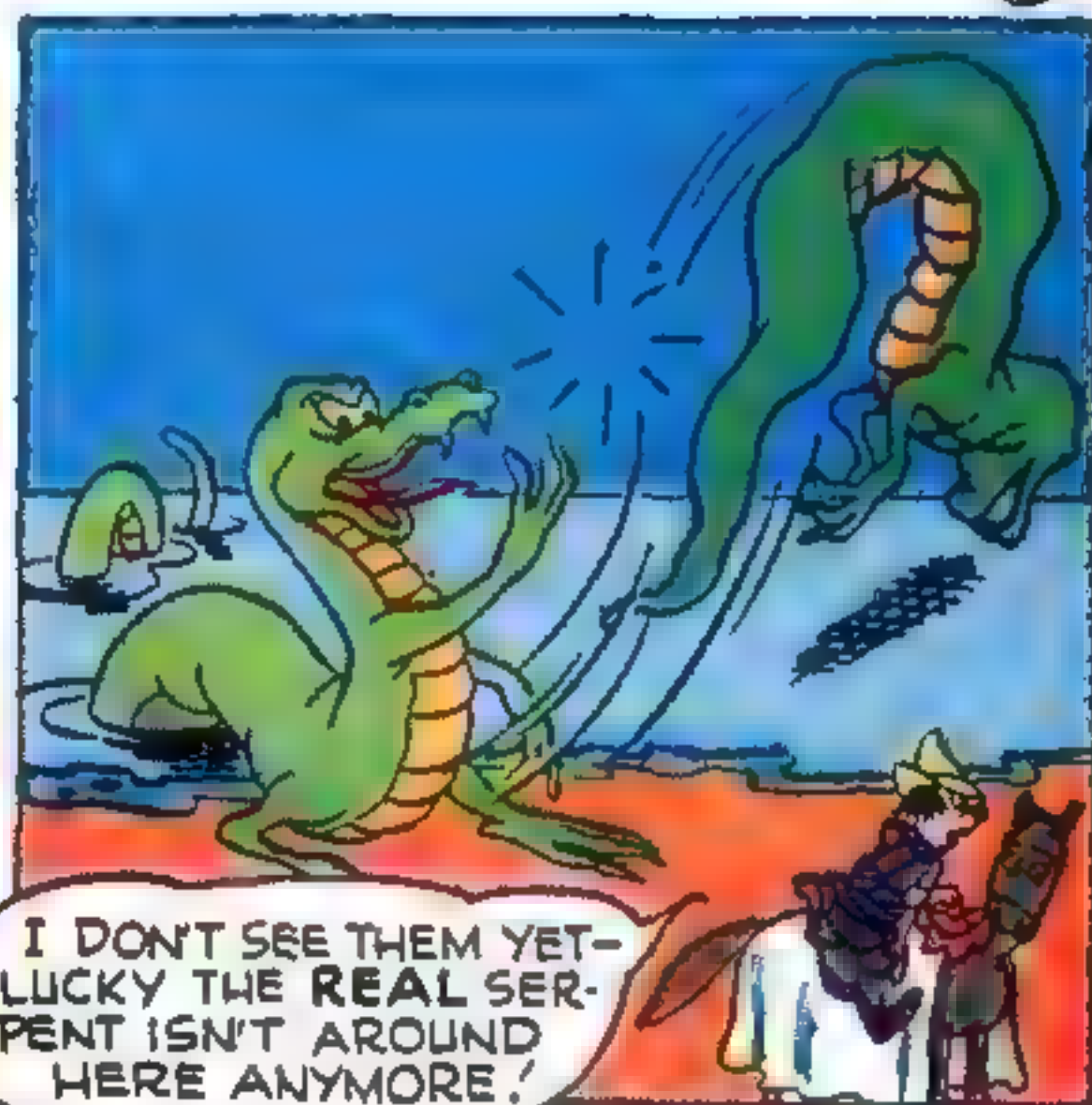


PRESENTLY...

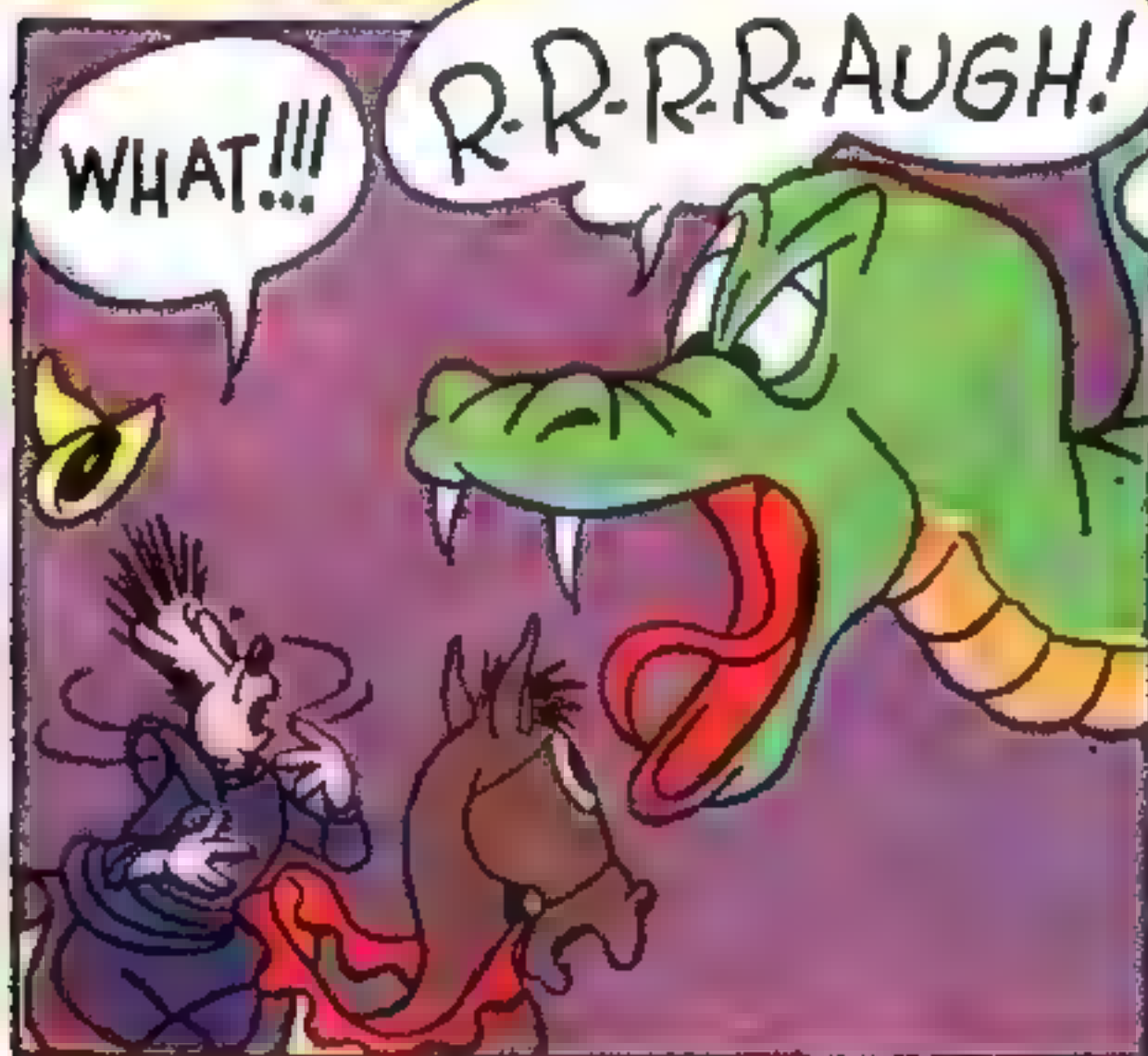
LUCKY I KNEW WHERE THIS WAS PARKED! I'LL HAUL IT TO THE BEACH WHERE THE QUEEN CAN WATCH THE KING MAKE A HERO OF HIMSELF!



THE KING AND QUEEN
OUGHT TO BE COMING
ALONG SOON!



I DON'T SEE THEM YET-
LUCKY THE REAL SER-
PENT ISN'T AROUND
HERE ANYMORE!



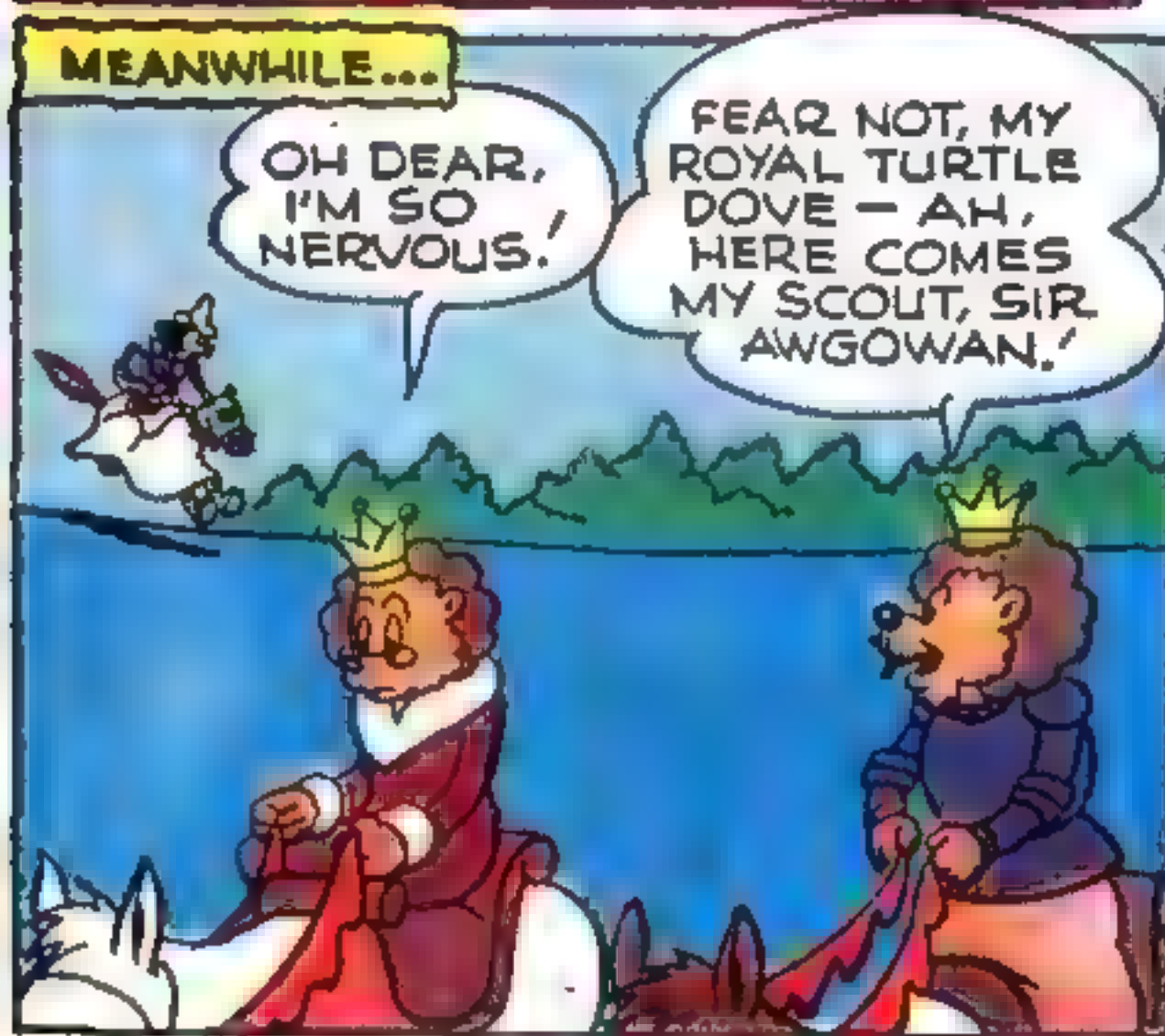
WHAT!!!

R-R-R-R-AUGH!



V-V-V-V-E-E-E-E!

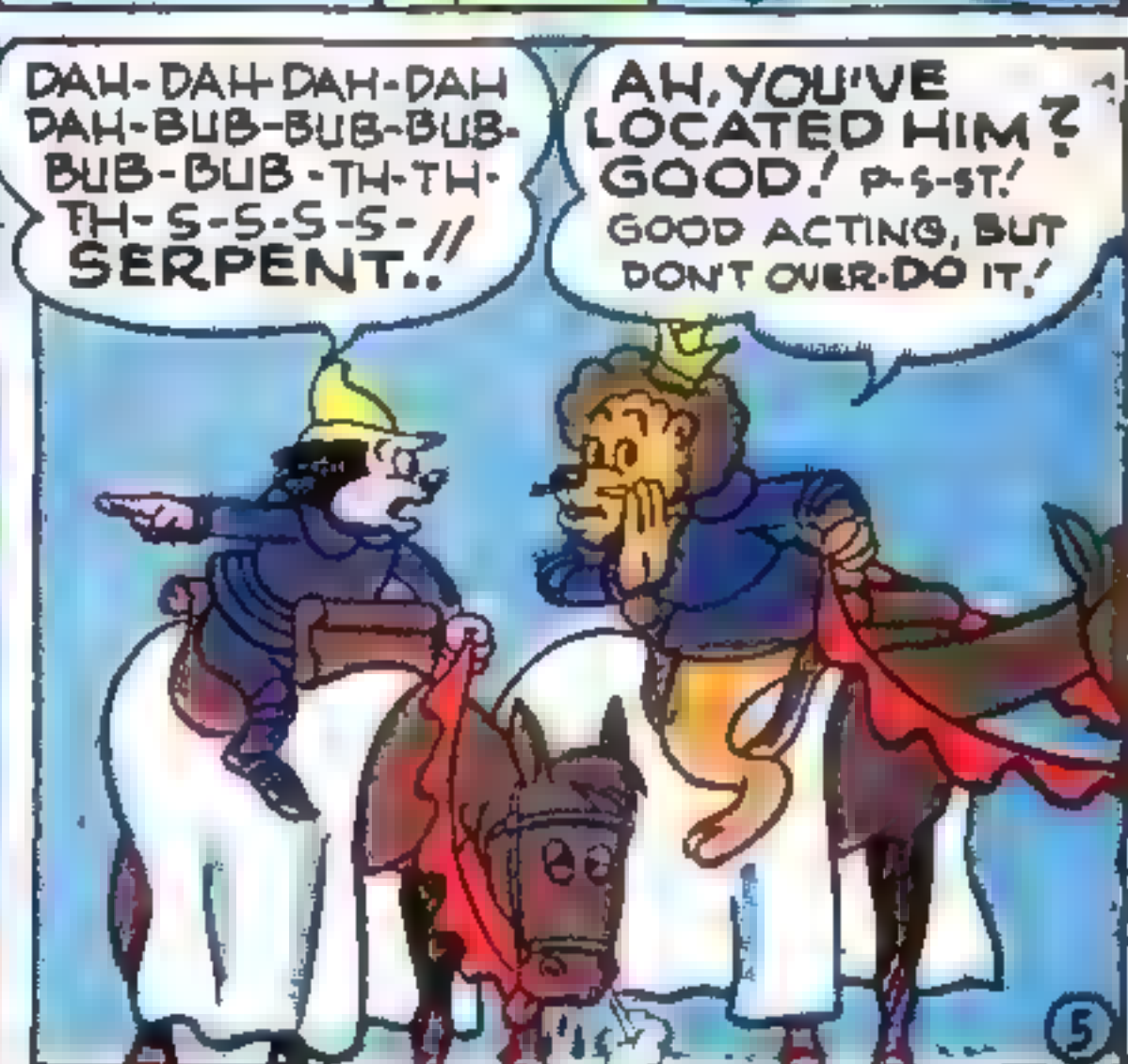
R-R-R-O-O-O-F!



MEANWHILE...

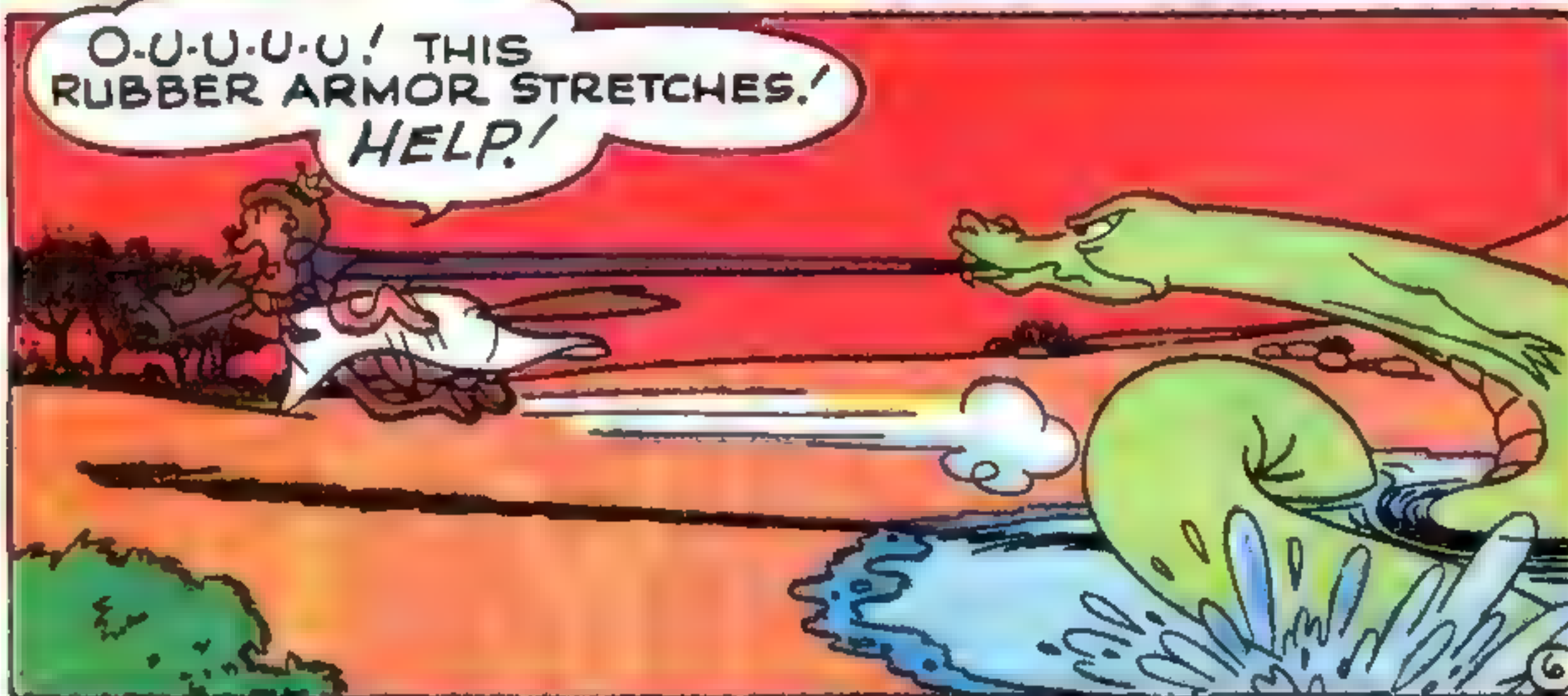
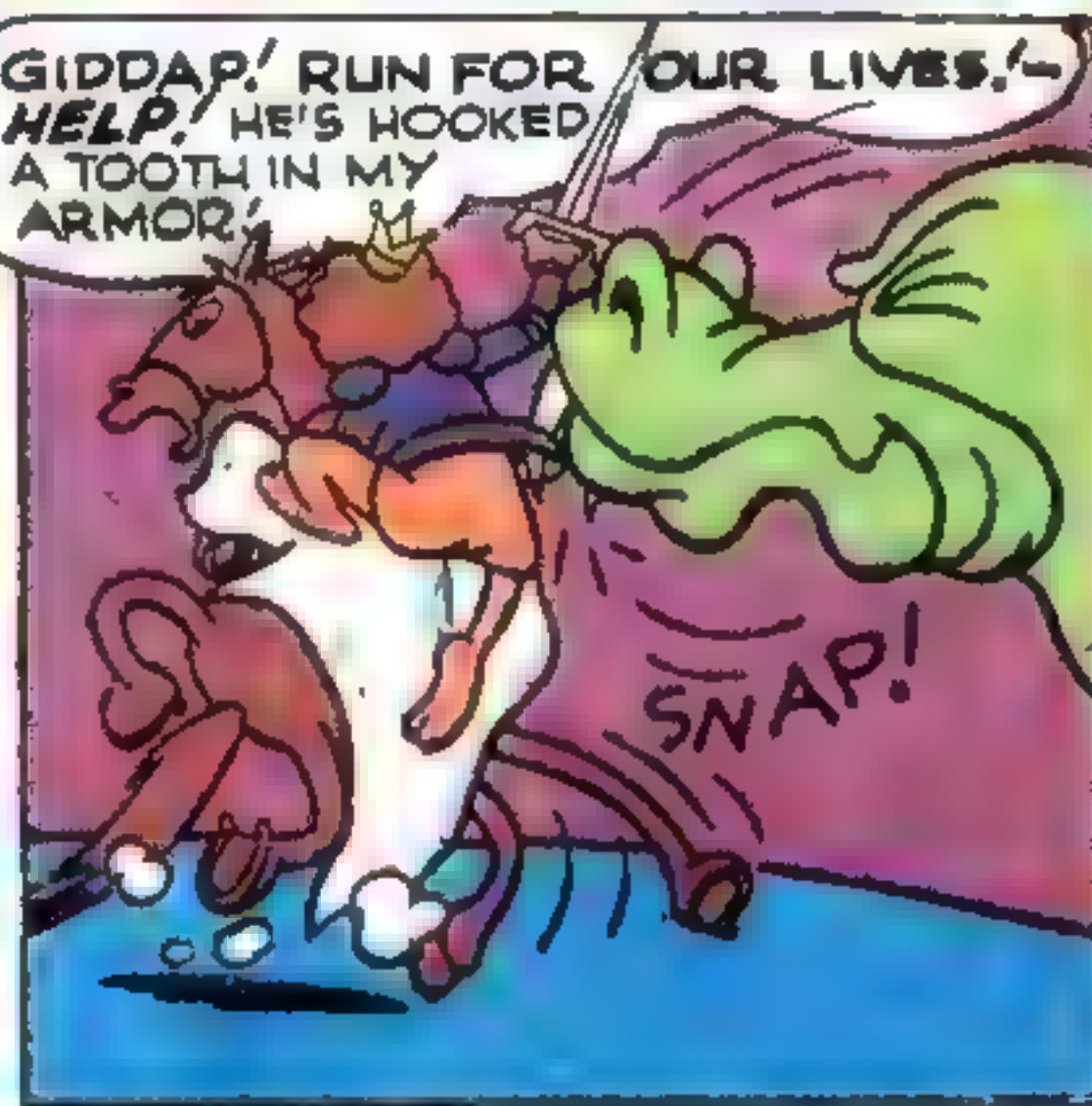
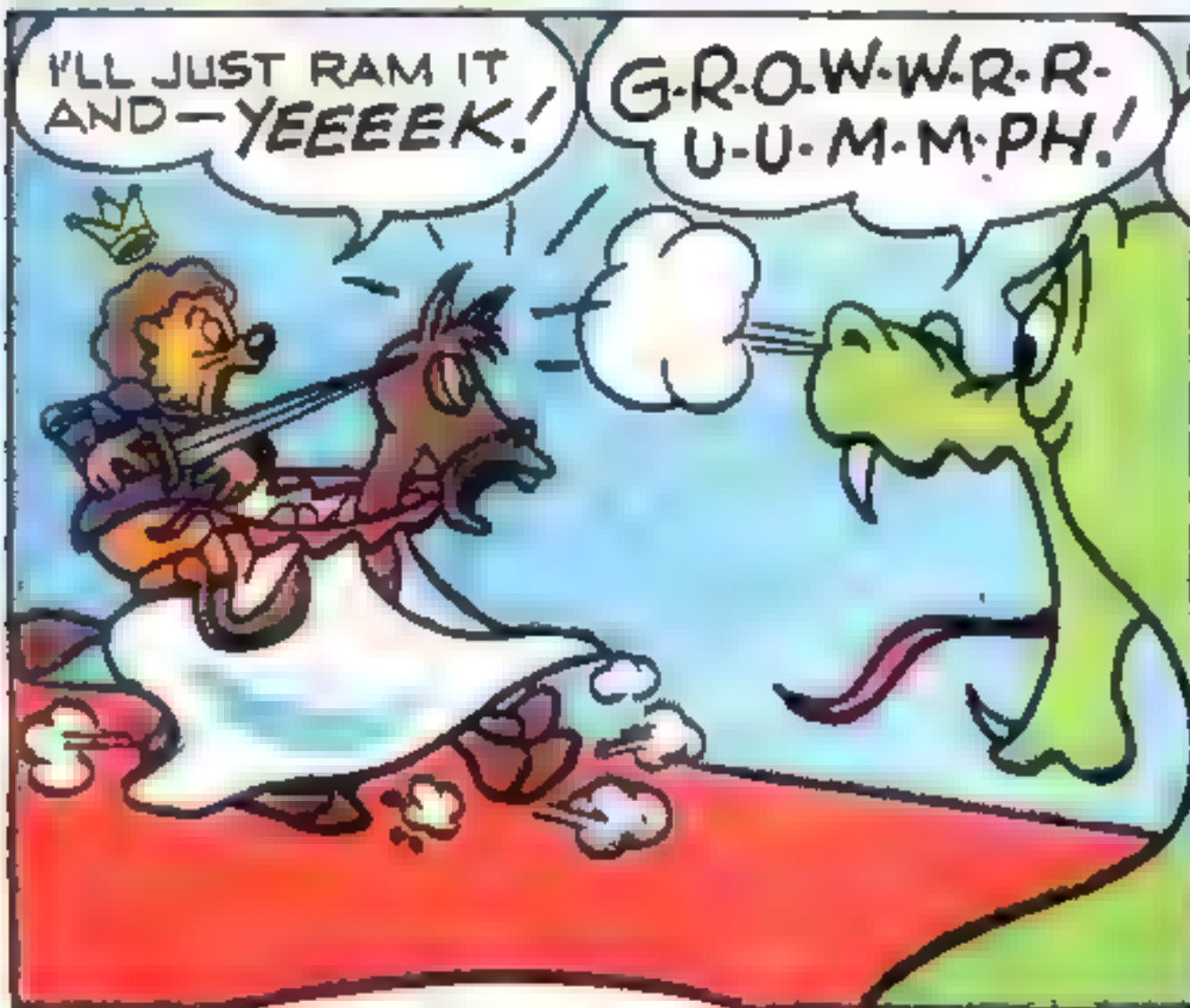
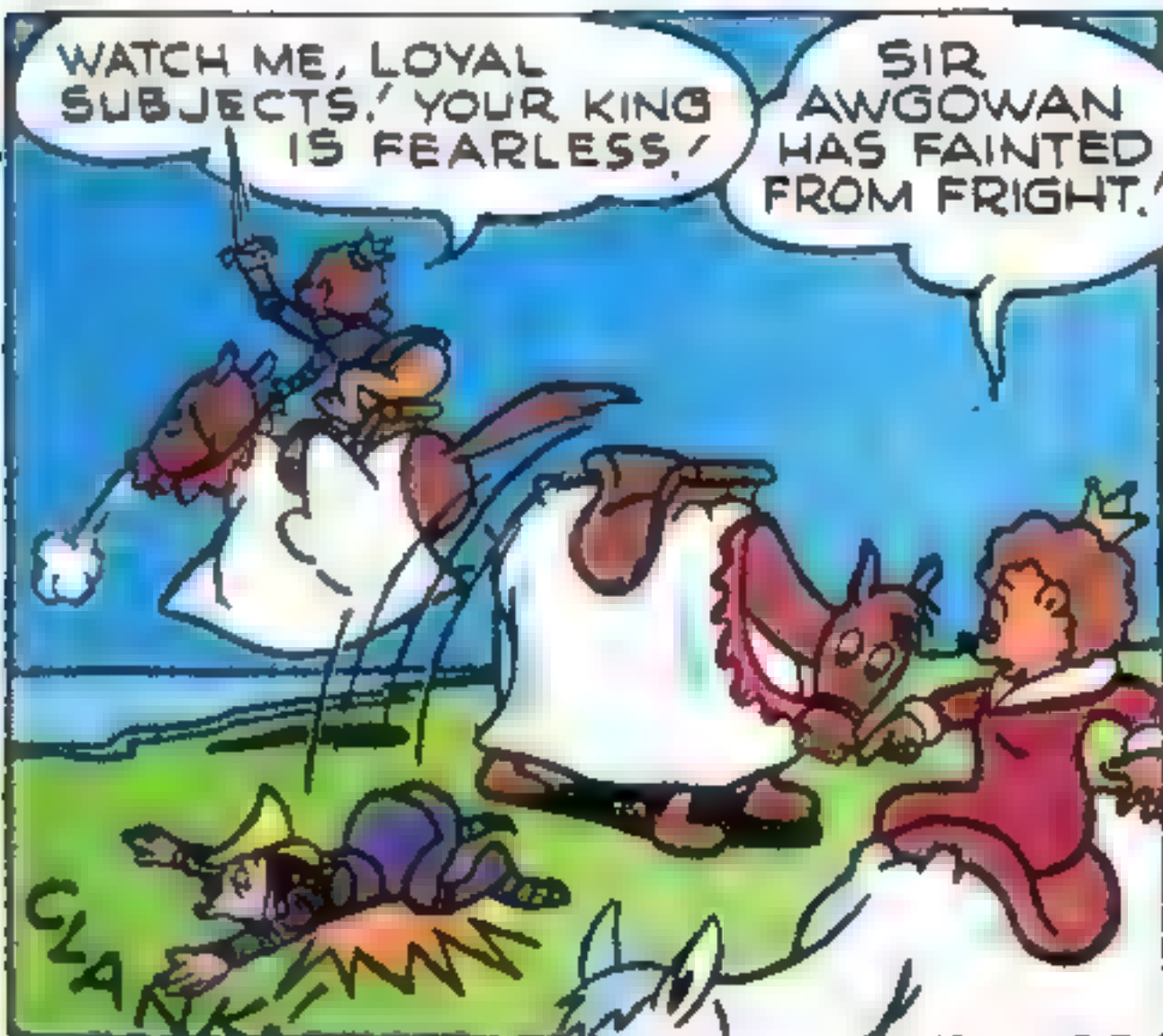
OH DEAR,
I'M SO
NERVOUS!

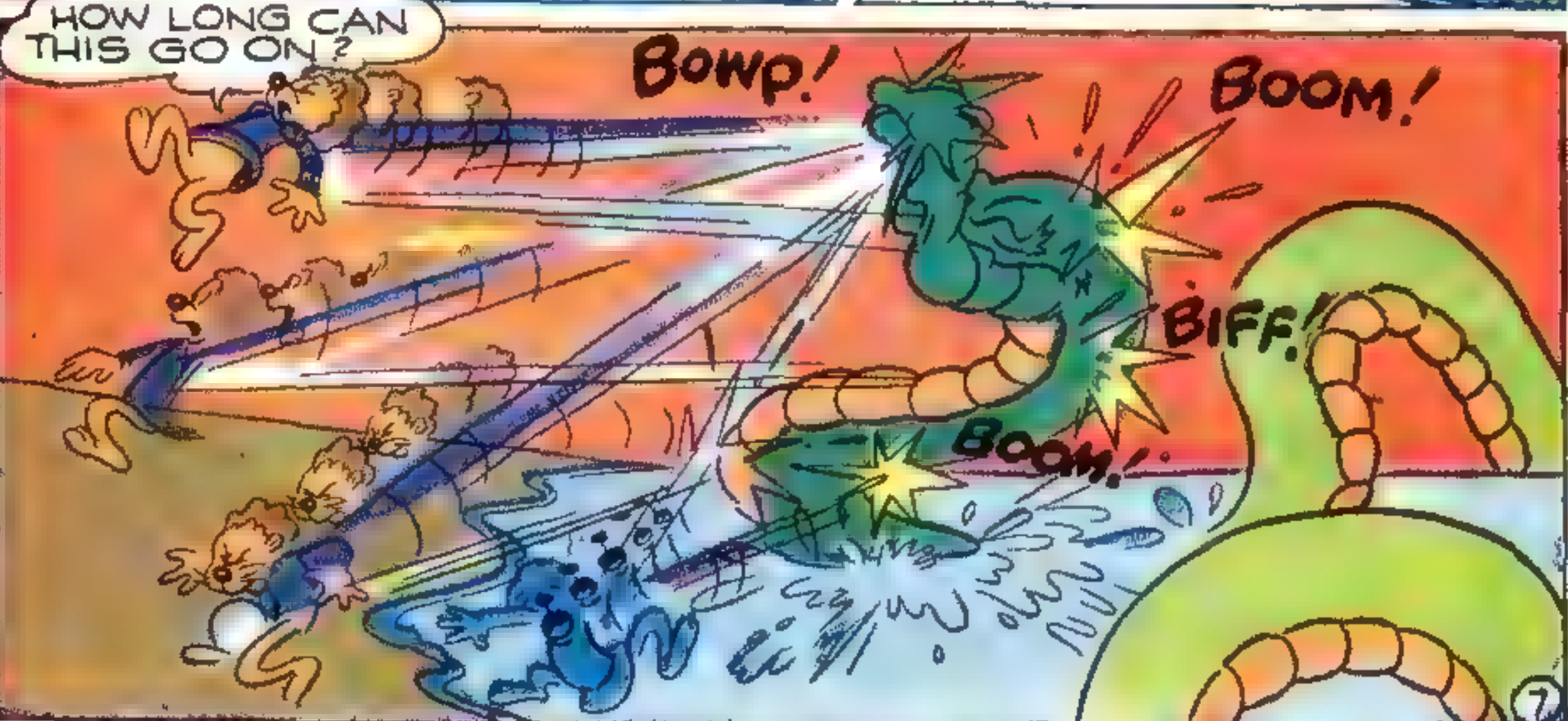
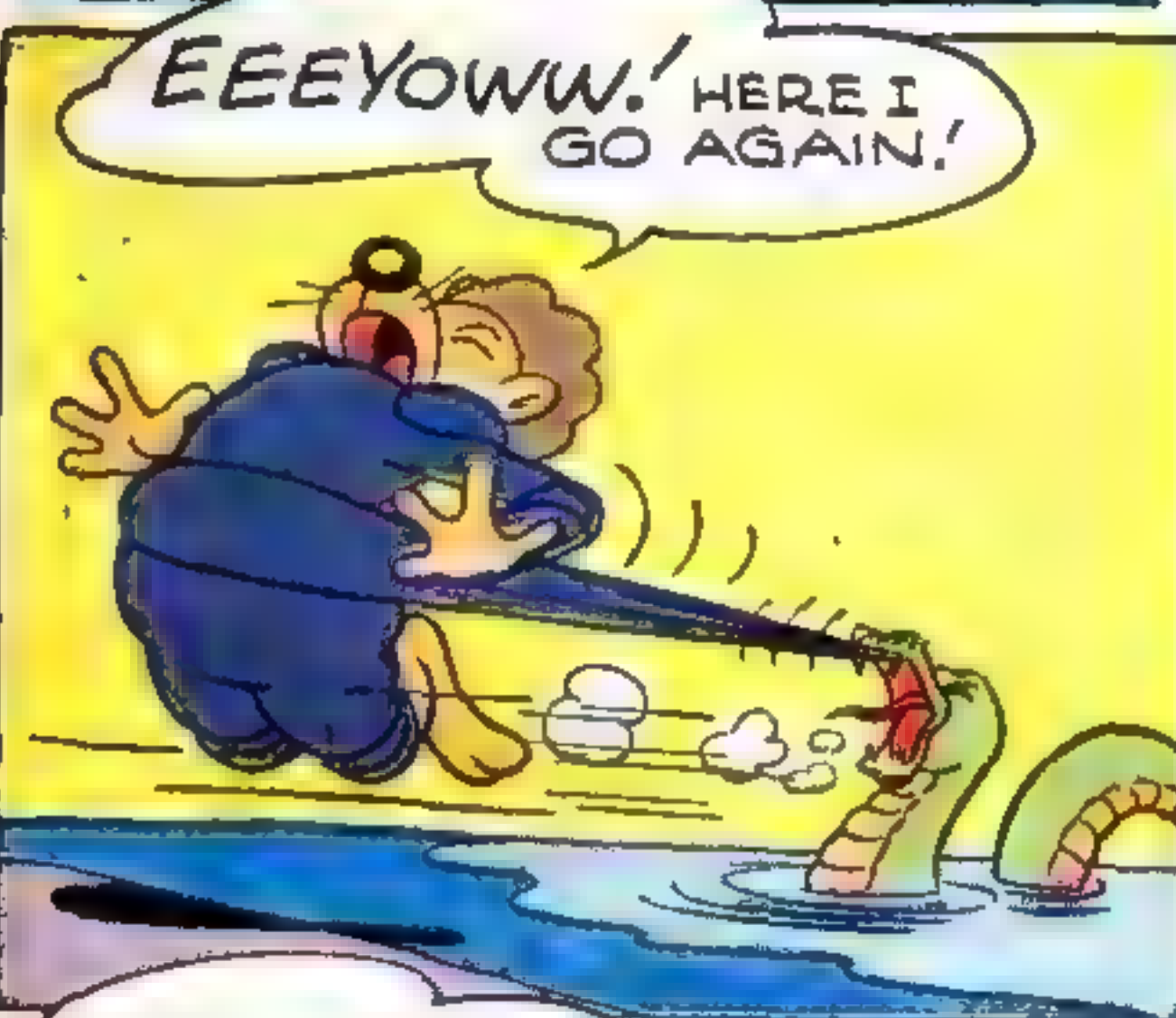
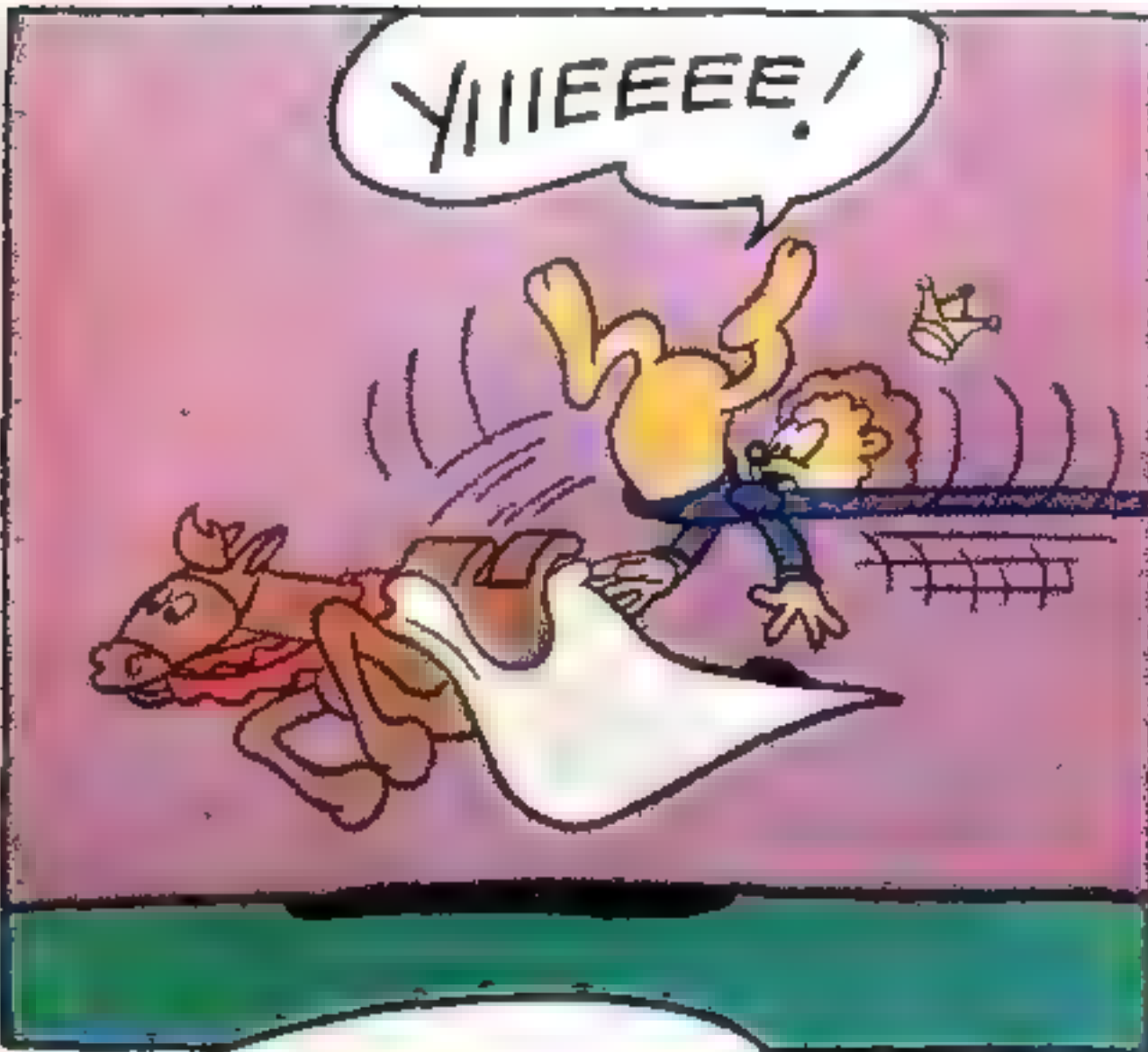
FEAR NOT, MY
ROYAL TURTLE
DOVE - AH,
HERE COMES
MY SCOUT, SIR
AWGOWAN!

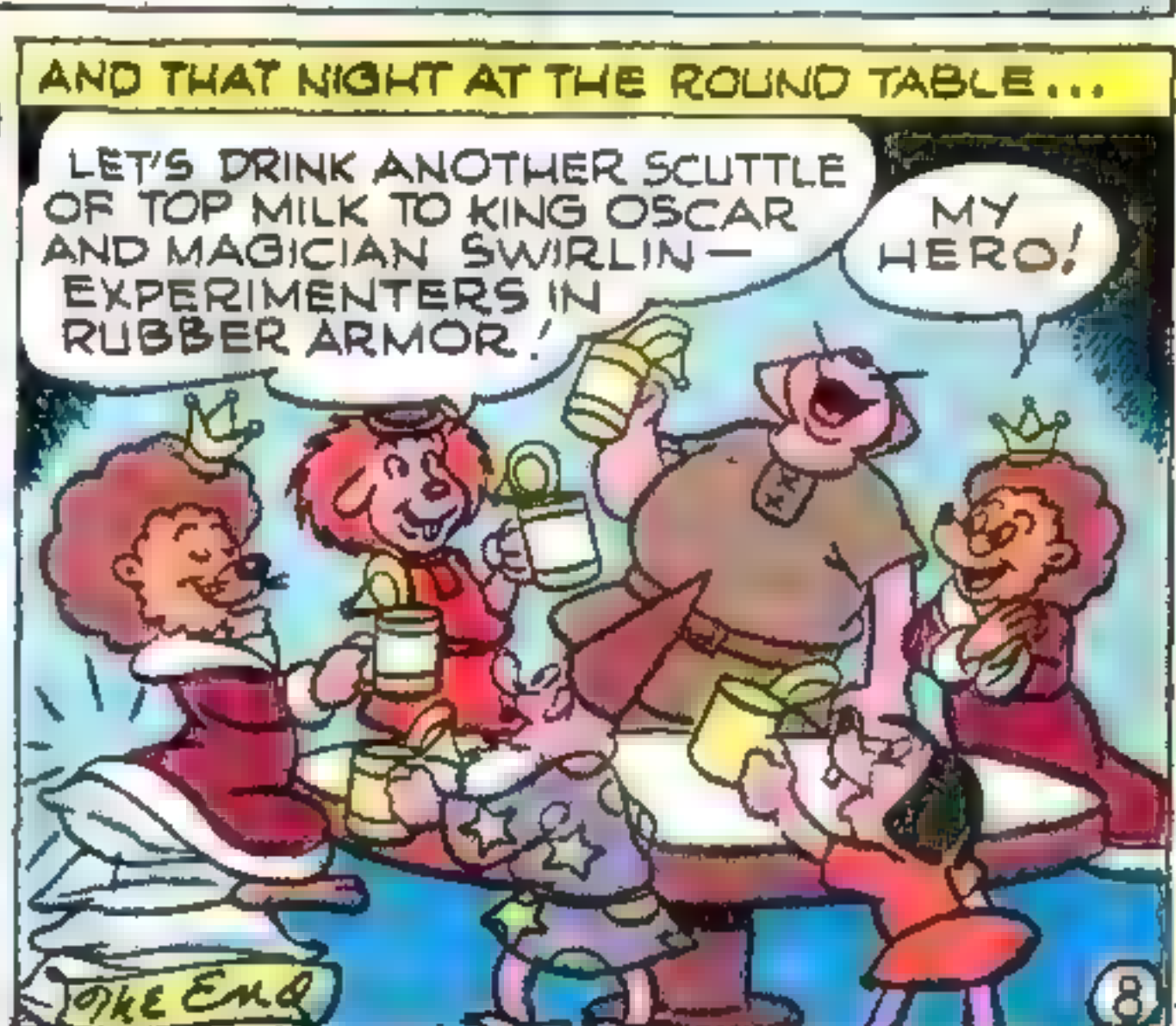
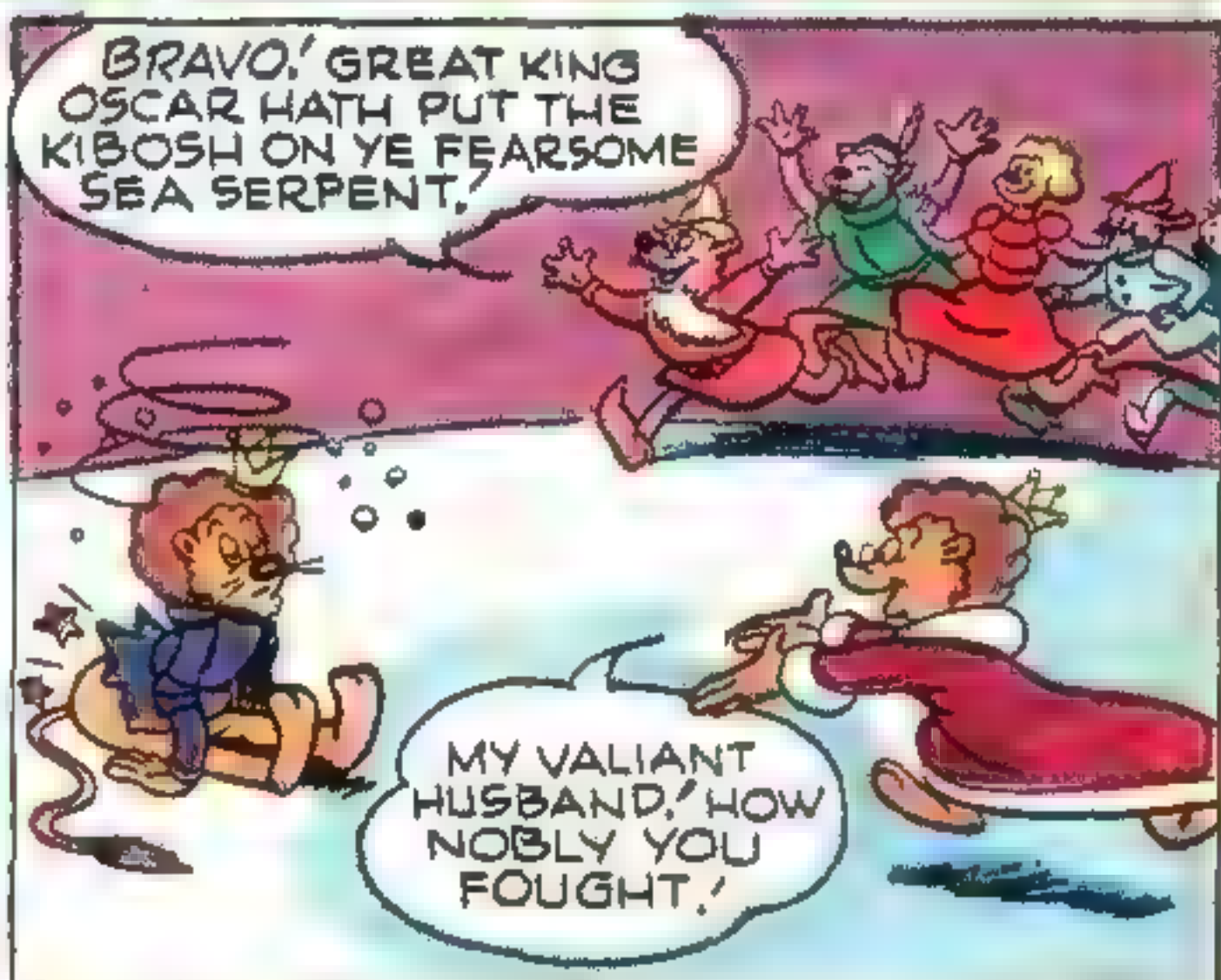
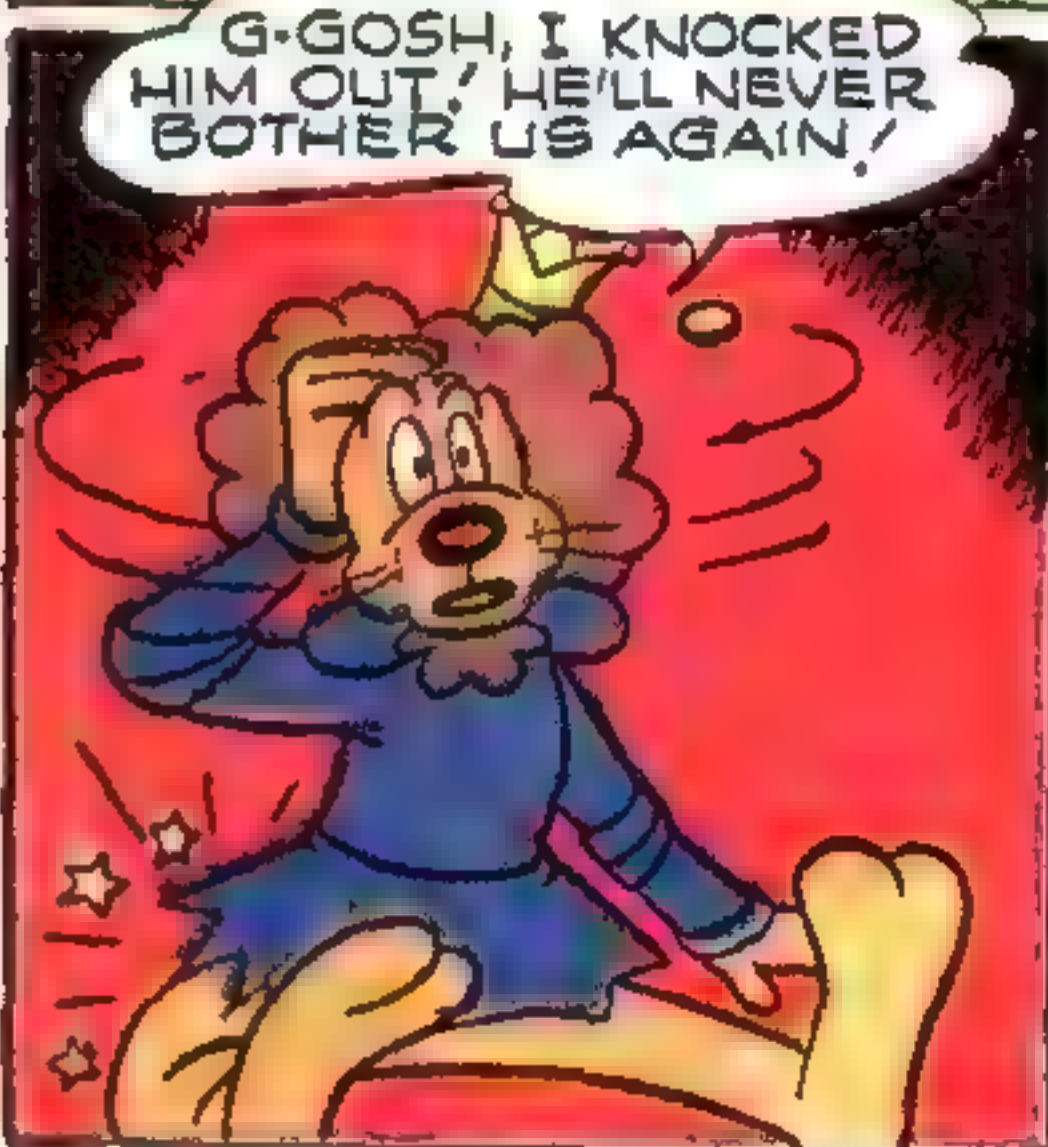
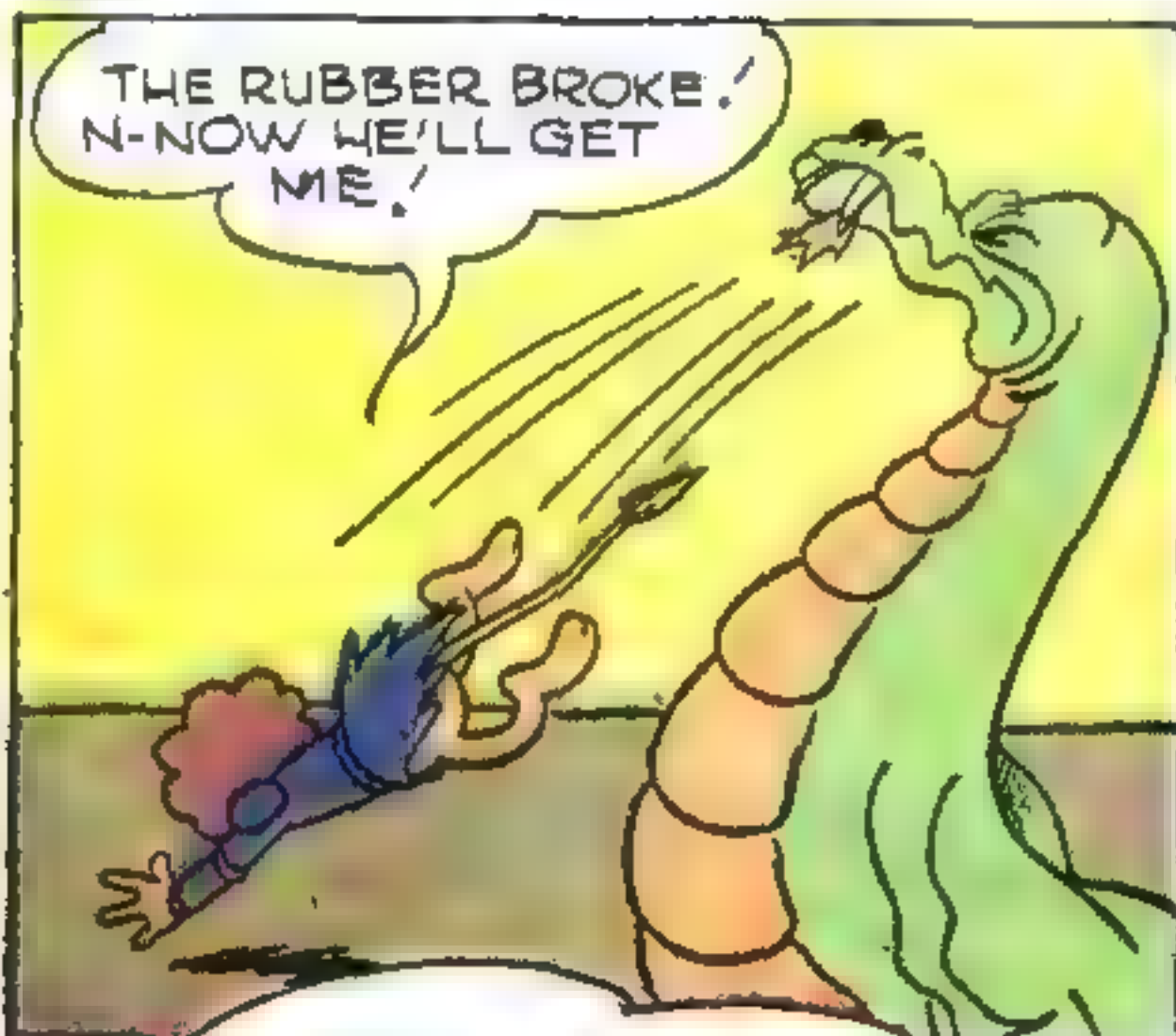


DAH-DAH-DAH-DAH
DAH-BUB-BUB-BUB-
BUB-BUB-TH-TH-
TH-S-S-S-S-//
SERPENT..

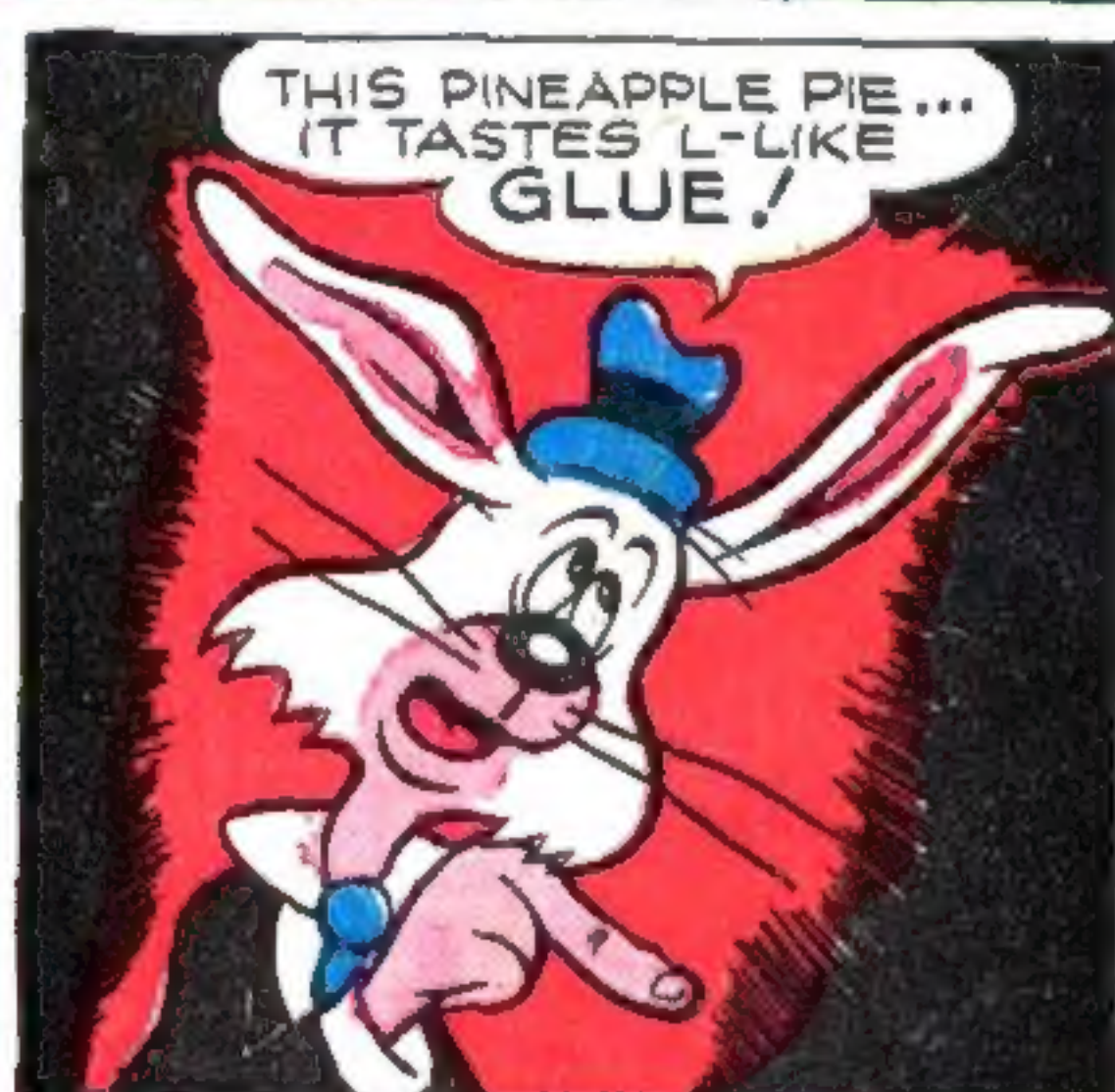
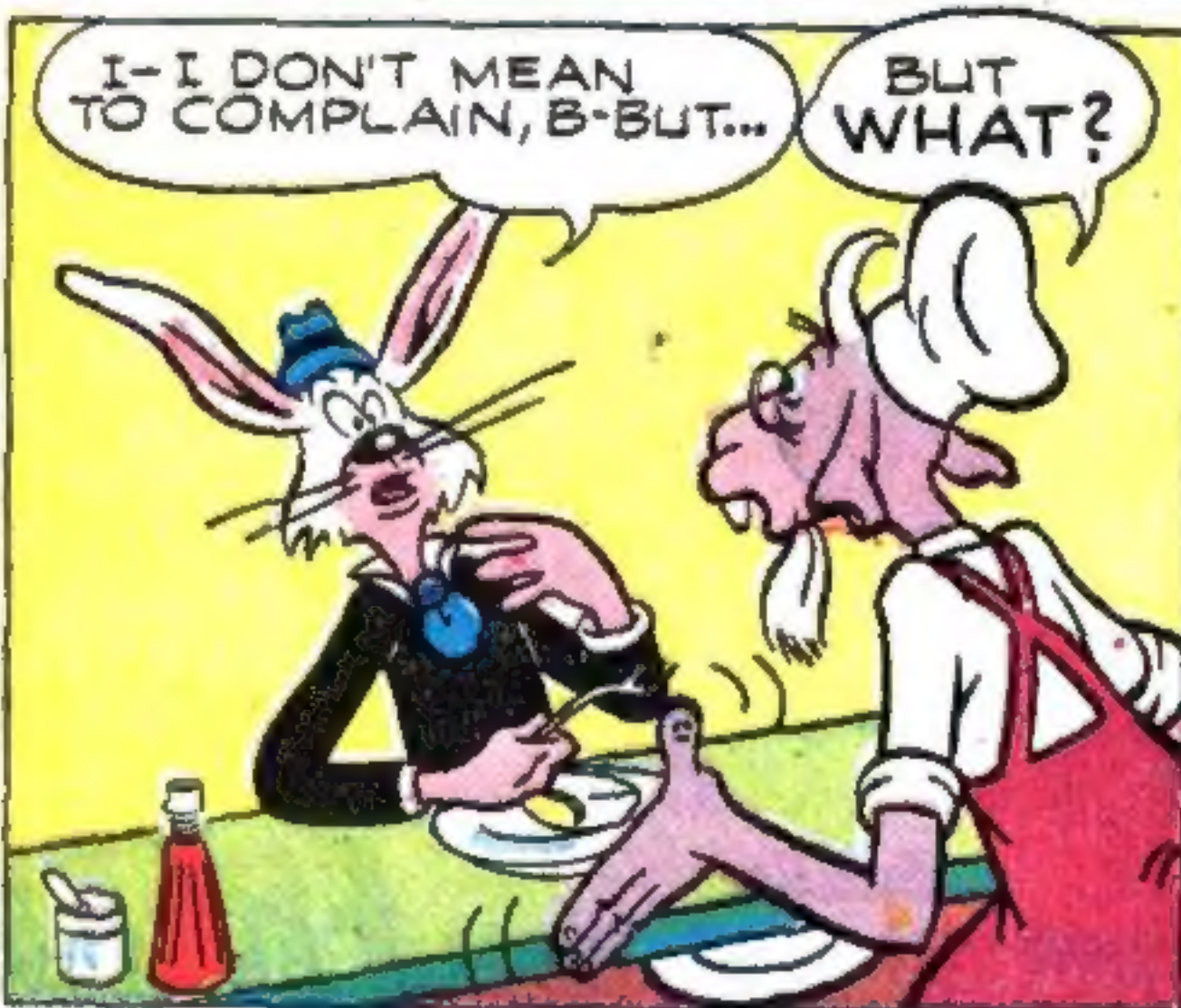
AH, YOU'VE
LOCATED HIM?
GOOD! P-S-ST!
GOOD ACTING, BUT
DON'T OVER-DO IT!





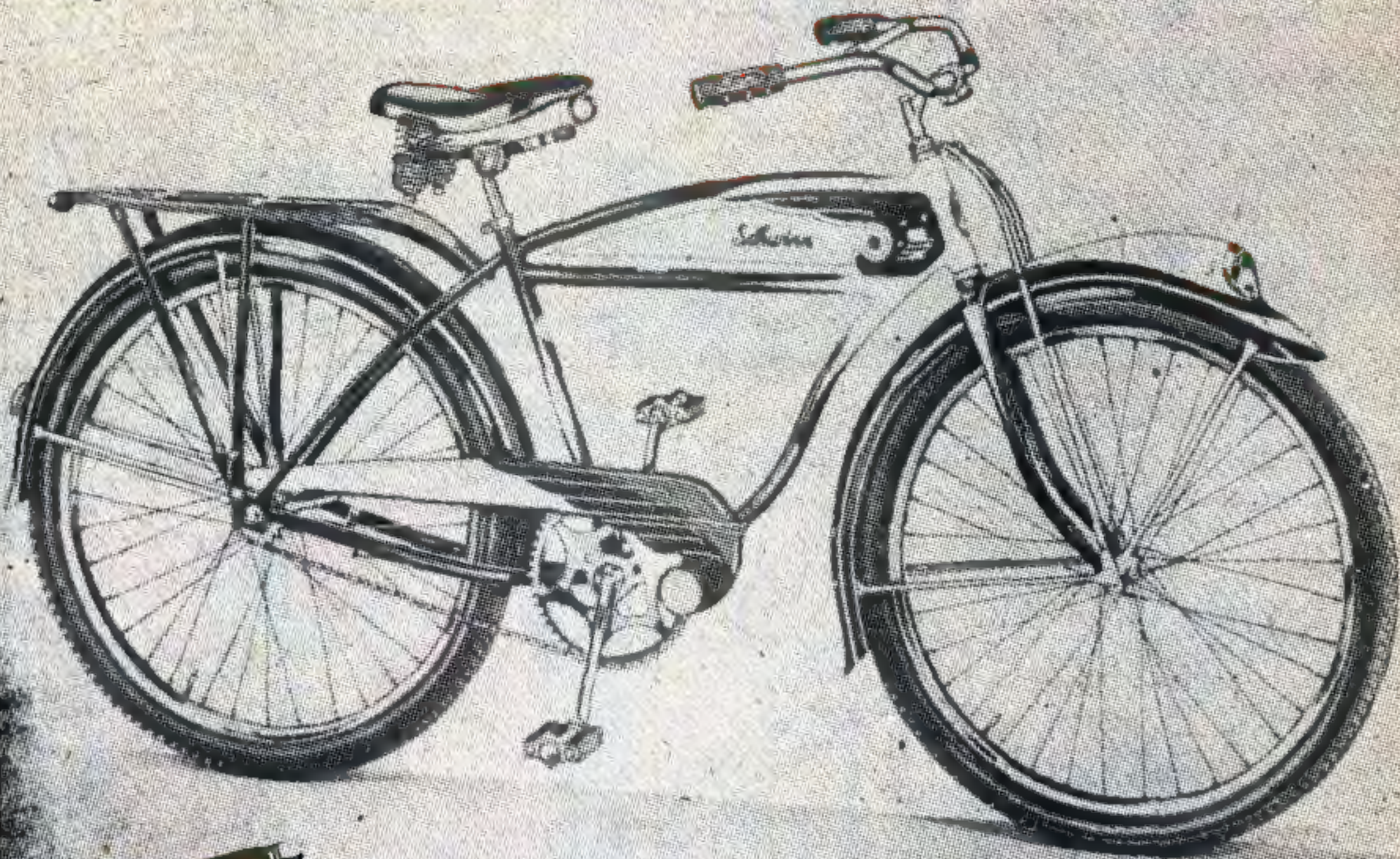


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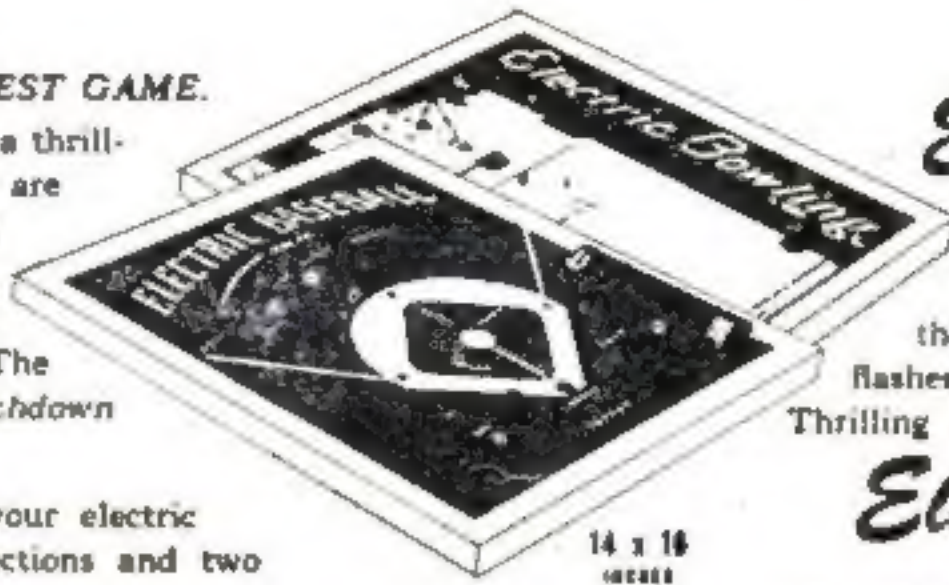
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SAFETY TIPS



BICYCLE SAFELY...

Careless bicycling may cause accidents! Always ride single file. Never "hitch on" to car or truck. Follow all traffic signs, rules. Avoid ruts. Ride close to right edge of road. Use hand signals for turns, stops.

ROLLER SKATE SAFELY...

Avoid roller skating accidents by being careful. Always skate on sidewalk. Come to stop at curbs. Cross streets at corners only. Do not "hitch" on to bicyclists. Cross small cracks at right angles.



DRIVE SAFELY...

An average of more than ONE MILLION children, women, men are injured every year in traffic accidents! Think that over, Buddy! Decide now that when you are old enough to get your driver's license—and after you get it—you will remember and follow the safety driving rules you learned.

CROSS STREETS SAFELY...

Always stop at curb, look right and left to see if street is clear. Cross streets only at corners. Obey signal lights. Remember, an auto moves faster than you can run. And don't run... walk!

AND SHOOT SAFE BUDDY!



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